WILD DISMAY.

Two Explosions in London in Une Night.

4 Government Building Shattered-An Attempt to Blow Up the Times Office.

The Outrages Laid at the Door of the Fenians.

London, March 16 .- At about 9 o'clock last night a disastrous explosion occurred in the offices of the local government board in Charles street, Whitehall, causing a large amount of damage, destroying all the windows and completely shattering the basement of the buildings.

The reverberation of the explosion was heard

throughout a great part of London, and caused the greatest excitement and consternation. No It is supposed that dynamite or nitro-glycerine

was the explosive agent employed. The police force in the district has been doubled and the troops at the different barracks doubled and the troops at the different barracks are under arms. The houses of Parliament and the various government offices are now guarded by both the police and the military. There is no clew whatever to the perpetrators of the outrage. Additional alarm was caused shortly after the first explosion by a desperate attempt to blow up the office of the London Times. Soon after the lights on the ground floor of the Times building had been extinguished last night the watchman noticed a man lottering in a suspicious manner in the court vard. On the watchman's going towards him, the man suddenly disappeared in a most mysterious manner. Immediately afterward a tremendous explosion occurred in the court yard, completely illuminating all the surrounding buildings and terrifying every one in the vicinity, but fortunately doing no damage beyond the breakage of a few windows.

A badly shattered tin box, with a fuse attached, was found in the court yard, but not the slightest trace of the perpetrators can be found. The watchman will be unable to identify the incendiary, as owing to the darkness he got only a brief glimpse of the man who fired the fuse. The feeling of consternation in the city is almost beyond description.

The force of the explosion ploughed up a large

youd description.

The force of the explosion ploughed up a large trench in front of the basement, and threw down enormous masses of masonry and brick work. All the windows in the immediate vicinity were smashed, and in many cases the window frames

smanled, and h hady cases are were blown out.

Several of the inmates of the building barely escaped with their lives, and it is little less than a miracle that any person within the structure at the moment of the explosion should have escaped

moment of the explosion should have escaped death.

The authorities have ordered a scientific analysis of the explosive used. They have not yet been able to decide how the explosive was fired. The explosive was, however, placed between the balustrace and the window, in the basement floor, close to the principal entrance. At the spot where the explosive materials were placed the destruction of masonry is very great, and the scene has the appearance of a bombardment. The window balustrades were hurled across the wide roadway and the large room above is knocked to pieces and the furniture smashed. The casements of the whole side of the block were blown out and the blinds and curtains torn to shreds. The damage is estimated at \$30,000. The Duke of Cambridge visited the scene in the afternoon. The journals comment in strong terms on the affair.

The Globe attributes the explosion to Mr. Gladstone's rejection of Mr. Parnell's land bill, by men whom Mr. Gladstone told that the Clerkenwell explosion brought the disestablishment of the Irish church. Of course they argue that the wrecking of the government offices will produce the destruction of landlordism. But the Globe warns the Irish against a continuance of a policy of violence, as it would necessitate a severe English retailation.

The St. James Cazette says that Mr. Parnell did

ant pull the wires which produced the explosion, any more than he pulled the wires which resulted in the Cavendish and Burke murders, but his association with those wire-pullers comes from the pursuit of a common object by different methods. It is doubtful whether what would satisfy Mr. Parnell would satisfy the dynamite party, but what irritates Parnell irritates them.

irritates them.

The Gazette urges the English government to treat these outrages patiently and coolly, but as firmly as if civil war existed.

The Pall Mall Gazette attributes the dynamite outrage to the jury of Irish conspirators. It deprecates the exasperation of these men, and adds that the world's experience shows that an intelligent and incessant police vigilance is the only remedy. only remedy.

The Standard in a leader this morning corrects the dynamite outrage with Parnell's menace to Parliament regarding the rejection of his new land bill and declares that it is a natural sequel to the complete discomfiture of the "Invincibles" in Ireland.

The foreign papers generally deprecate the outrage as compromising Ireland's prospects with a government which is earnestly trying to improve the condition of Ireland.

Excitement in London Still Intense-The Guilty Parties Not Yet Captured. LONDON, March 16 .- The home office has offered £1000 reward for any information leading to the £1000 reward for any information leading to the detection of the perpetrator of the dynamite outrage of last night. The proclamation states that the reward will be paid for information regarding either of the two explosions.

The excitement in the city continues intense, and the scene of the explosion is constantly thronged by thousands, who are not, however, permitted by the police to approach within 100 yards of the wrecked building. The police continue to guard the residences of the ministers and the houses of Parliament and the government offices.

offices.

The Scotland Yard detectives and a large number of special officers are busily at work endeavoring to find some clew by which to trace the perpetrators of the crime, and rumors are current to right that several arrests have been, made but cannot be traced to any authoritative source. The police officials are very reticent.

Strongest Terms-A Very Handsome Testimonial to be Tendered to Mr. Par-

NEW YORK, March 17 .- Mr. Mahan of the Irish American has received an important letter from Mr. Alexander M. Sullivan, late M. P. for Louth, and editor of the Dublin Nation. The letter may be briefly summarized as follows: The writer condemns in the most vigorous language the dynamite policy of warfare advocated by Messrs. Donovan O'Rossa and other Nationalists in America. The ground upon which his sweeping denunciations rest is a high moral one. He contends that if these murderous methods are justifiable, if there is no God, no religion, no morality, no conscience to judge and regulate human conduct by, that men may imitate the tiger and hyena, and all results will prove the same, but the Irish people believe in God and in a tribunal established by Him to justly judge and wisely direct the thoughts and actions of mankind. Of all subjects blood spilling or life taking is the one on which, among Catholies especially, individuals are not allowed to be the sole judges for themselves. After pointing out the fact that such methods of murderous and secret warfare are bound to react against the Irish people at home by making the British government more coersive and tyrannical, an instance of which can be pointed out in the results following the Cavendish-Burke assassination, which has damaged the cause of Irish nationality both in England and America. The writer concludes by asking Nationalists in America to weigh fairly what he says, and says his remonstrances are wrung from him by considerations for the welfare of the Irish people and the honor of the Irish cause.

"The slanderous attack made by 'Buckshot' Forster in the House of Commons on Mr. Parnell Irish American has received an important letter from Mr. Alexander M. Sullivan, late M. P. for

is remonstrances are wrung from him by considerations for the welfare of the Irish people and the honor of the Irish cause.

"The slanderous attack made by 'Buckshot' Forster in the House of Commons on Mr. Parnell has aroused," said Mr. Mahan, "the utmost indignation throughout the whole island, and as a rebuke to it, and as a mark of loyalty and confidence, the Irish people have, under Mr. Parnell's leadership, a national testimonial, headed by Archbishop Croke, Lord Mayor Dawson of Dublin and Mr. E. Gray, M. P., editor of the Dublin Freeman, and joined in by the leading priests, members of Parliament and citizens, now being subscribed. It is intended to augment the Irish subscriptions by contributions from this side, and nearly \$5000 are already in hand for that purpose. The testimonial will take the shape of releasing Mr. Parnell's estate at Avondale, county Wicklow, of £15,000 incumbrances upon it; or in some other shape to be agreed upon by the national committee, who have the matter in charge."

ROSSA IS JUBILANT.

He Says It Was Dynamite and That There Will be More of it Used.

NEW YORK, March 16 .- The Irish skirmisher in the city are freely discussing the explosion in London, and O'Donovan Rossa is jubilant. "England is at war with Ireland, and Ireland should

be at war with England. I myself have been trampled on by the House of Commons. There was no accident in the explosion. It was dynamite, and a deliberate attempt to blow up the government offices. There will be more dynadynamite, and a deliberate attempt to blow up the government offices. There will be more dynamite unless England stops oppressing Ireland." Then O'Rossa got silent, after reading a telegram signed P. R. Horgan: "Do not open your lips to a mortal man or woman today on the subject of the explosion in London." O'Rossa claims to have received scores of congratulatory letters and telegrams, and subscriptions in money for carrying on the dynamite process of subduing England.

SHERIDAN'S VIEWS.

While He Does Not Countenance Violence He Sees No Other Remedy Left for the

Irish People. NEW YORK, March 17 .- Mr. P. J. Sheridan said this afternoon that he was glad to see that the British government has offered £1000 reward for the discovery of the parties who were implicated in the explosion conspiracy. He thought that this might have a tendency to induce some one to clear up the mystery, and nobody would be better satished than he to see it done. While he disclaimed all knowledge of the authors of the explosion, he did not doubt that they were connected with some firsh organization. Upon being asked whether he sympathized with such methods of political agitation, he replied; I see no other remedy left the Irish people than to give back blow for blow. Robbed as they are of their liberites, with their leaders bayoneted off the platform and gagged and kicked out of the House of Commons, I do not see what remains for them to do by constitutional means. The English government tramples on Ireland and endeavors to root out of the country the lawful owners of the discovery of the parties who were implicated see what remains for them to do by constitutional means. The English government tramples on Ireland and endeavors to root out of the country the lawful owners of the soil. I do not wonder in the least that the Irish people should turn upon their oppressors and have recourse to these desperate means of settling matters. In fact, if I am surprised at all, it is that something worse has not long ago been done by the outraged Irish people. There is a limit to human endurance. No courageous and patriotic people would tamely submit to the tyranny that is imposed upon the people of Ireland. The odds are too heavy against them in the battle-field and they wisely do not seek a settlement of their difficulties by the arbitration of the sword, but the "resources of civilization" with which Mr. Gladstone has been experimenting on the Irish people are equally within the reach of the Irish people, and I am not at all surprised that the latter should have recourse to his weapons to endeavor to convince Mr. Gladstone that England cannot rule Ireland, and that Irishmen must be granted the privilege of ruling themselves. I think the worst that Irishmen can do in the present state of affairs is more justifiable than the action of the English government in shooting down men, women and children in the streets of Irish towns. England has established a reign of terror in Ireland, and I would be more surprised and much disappointed if our people were not to establish a reign of terror in England, as they are abundantly able to do. There are pienty of Irishmen of course who are as vigorous in denunciation of this thing as are Englishmen themselves, but the counsels of such men have long since ceased to be regarded. They can do nothing to gain for Ireland the measure of justice she demands.

"There is no man," continued Mr. Sheridan, "who more deplores unnecessary suffering than I do. I would not needlessly inflict the slightest suffering on any member of the brute creation, much less on a fellow-creature, but at the same time, when I s

EXPLOSIVE MACHINERY. What Mr. Holgate, the Manufacturer, Says

Caused the Explosion-An Infernal Busi-PHILADELPHIA, March 16 .- George Holgate, the manufacturer of explosive machinery, who lives at No. 1502 South Jumper street, in this city, says that from the description of the effect of the explosion of the infernal machine under the government office in London, he feels confident that it was caused by a power much greater and more destructive than dynamite. Mr. Holgate, who makes no secret of the business in which he is engaged, has probably made more infernal machines than any man in this country. Within the past six weeks he has constructed four explosive machines, and sold them to parties in New York. Each contrivance can be placed in a cigar box, and possess an explosive force equal to 900 pounds of gunpowder. He has also, he says, constructed and sold two hurning machines, which can be set says that from the description of the effect possess an explosive force equal to 900 pounds of gunpowder. He has also, he says, constructed and sold two burning machines, which can be set for any number of hours and when sprung create a flame equal to a hundred gas jets and an intensity of heat equal to 1000 such jets.

"I know nothing," said he, "of the uses to which my machines are put. I no more ask a man when he buys one whether he proposes to blow up a czar or set fire to a palace any more than a gunsmith asks his customers where they are about to commit murder, or a match merchant asks if his purchaser is about to become an incendiary. I make the machines for those who want them. I don't believe in killing kings with bombs, nor do I think that it is proper to assassinate statesmen with knives. But I would not have the cutlery business stopped because bad men make improper use of the dagger. If the Niniists are in earnest, if they possess half the courage they are credited with, they will be supreme in a few years. I do not believe that the Czar will be crowned."

MORE DYNAMITE.

Large Quantities Found in the Moscow

Opera House. ST. PETERSBURG, March 16 .- It is reported tonight that despatches from Moscow announce the discovery in the basement of the Imperial Opera House in that city of a large quantity of Opera House in that city of a large quantity of dynamite and other explosives. The report has caused a feeling of consternation in court circles, as showing that the Nihilists have not relaxed their activity, and the outlook for the Czar's coronation is considered a gloomy one.

St. Petersburg, March 17.—It is reported that an attempt has been made to blow up the house of a banker with dynamite at Toganrag, on the sea of Azof, in the government of Tekartinostav.

DR. DIX ANSWERED.

Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake Mentions an Advantage That Would Result From

Having City Mothers. NEW YORK, March 18 .- Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake answered Dr. Dix's sixth lecture on "Woman's Mission" this evening. Mrs. Blake, in her opening, read the fourth chapter of Jude, giving an account of the heroic deeds of Deborah in her contests against the Canaanites, and the ultimate defeat and death of Sisera. She, as a woman, ruled her countrymen, while her husband was a hanger-on at court. Mrs. Blake stated that because women love their homes and their children that they ask for greater privileges. She said that New York would not have fifthy streets if there were city mothers instead of city fathers, and that if women were on the Board of Aldermen Mr. Vanderbilt would not impose upon the public as he does now. In war women had proved themselves invaluable and for the services rendered by the heroines of the late civil war the only reward they got was that meted out to Jefferson Davis, viz., disfranchisement. In conclusion she said that when woman's influence is felt in its proper place, men will be more human and their minds converted from brute force. an's Mission" this evening. Mrs. Blake, in her

Five Persons Escape Suffocation by Smoke, but Are Injured.

PORTLAND, March 19 .- No. 3 Tolman place, occupied by Mrs. A.L.Adams as a boarding house, was discovered to be on fire about 2.30 o'clock was discovered to be on fire about 2.30 o'clock this morning by her son, who rushed into his mother's room, shouting "Run for your lives." The family of five persons endeavored to get down stairs, but stifling smoke prevented and they were forced back into their rooms. The young man fortunately had a strong cord in his room and this he attached to his bedstead and ran it out of the window. Upon it all slid to the ground, a distance of twenty-five feet. They were all more or less injured. The fire was extinguished with a damage of \$350.

fact, affecting the whiskey interests, has come to light today. J. T. Pratt, secretary of the National light today. J. T. Pratt, secretary of the National Distillers' Association, was here Thursday, and had just returned from Canada. He stated to leading distillers that he had had an interview with Senator Macdonald of the Dominion Parliament, who had promised that he would have altered the clause of the Canadian customs law, which prohibits the importation of foreign liquors, except in packages of 100 gallons, if it could be done without violating the courtesy that should prevail between the two countries. The whiskey interests here are much relieved at the prospect, as such a change would save them a vast deal of ready money.

ready money. "ROUGH ON RATS." Clears out rats, mice, flies, caches, bedbugs, ants, vermin, chipmunks. 15c. THE ATTACK ON LADY DIXIE.

Assaulted While Walking by Two Disguised Men.

Her Life Probably Saved by Her Favorite St. Bernard Dog.

She Does Not Attribute Her Assault to the Irish People.

LONDON, March 18 .- The details of the attack on Lady Florence Dixie are as follows: Sir Beaumont and Lady Dixie were walking in a favorite part of the grounds of their residence, near Windsor, when Sir Beaumont walked on ahead, leaving Lady Florence alone. Immediately afterward two disguised men, whom it is supposed had been following her, assaulted Lady Florence. One of the men stabbed her in two places in the breast, but the steel ribs of her corsets deflected the point of the knife and prevented her from being wounded. During the struggle that ensued Lady Dixie fainted, and on regaining consciousness found the men had di sap-peared. It is believed that a huge St. Bernard dog, her special favorite, who was with her at the time, protected her from further assault by the ruffians, and probably saved her life. Lady Florence says that one of the men thrust filth in her mouth, preventing her from making an outery. Her gloves on both hands were cut across, as if with a sharp knife, Sir Beaumont Dixie says that he frequently received threatening letters during his residence in

The papers generally attribute the outrage to The Morning Post believes that the "Invin-cibles" have transferred their operations to Eng-

CORSETS AND A DOG.

Lady Dixie Tells What Saved Her Life-Thrown Upon the Ground and Stabbed Twice-She Does Not Attribute the As-

LONDON, March 19 .- A correspondent had an interview this morning with Lady Florence Dixie at her charming little residence, "The Fisheries," on the banks of the Thames, near Windsor, where she is staying with her husband, Sir Beaumont Dixie, and her brother, Lord James Douglas. The correspondent found Lady Florence in the road, surrounded by gentlemen, with whom she was conversing. Her ladyship was dressed in a cardinal jersey, her dress, animated appearance and manner showing no traces of the severe and terrible ordeal which she had gone through. Lady Florence said: "I returned from Ireland six weeks ago, and came here for the purthrough. Lady Florence said: "I returned from Ireland six weeks ago, and came here for the purpose of retirement and quiet, as I had a great deal of work to do. At this period of the year I invariably stay at our seat in Leleestershire. On Saturday afternoon at 4.45 I sauntered into our plantation, which adjoins "The Fisheries." with my St. Bernard dog, and had reached the gate opening into the Windsor road, when my attention was first attracted to some soldiers and women passing by. While looking after them, and mentally remarking the fine physique of the men, I was addressed by what appeared to be two tall women dressed inlong cloaks of dark stuff and wearing vells, who asked me to tell them the time. I replied that I had no watch upon me, and turned back again into the plantation. I was about crossing the stile when I noticed that the women followed me. This aroused my suspicion, as the ground was private, so I faced round to meet them. I had scarcely done so when they seized me by the throat, struck me violently on the head and threw me on the ground. I called loudly for help, when they pushed clay into my mouth. I then saw by their clean-shaved chins that they were men in the disguise of women's apparel. While prostrate I saw the other man raise a knife and aim a savage blow at my right breast. The knife struck the steel ribs or my corset and glanced off. Without uttering a word, he again made a stab, which I caught in my left hand. I remember seeing him raise his hand to strike another blow, which I received in my right hand. I also remember hearing the noise of a cart on the road and seeing a dog fly at the men. Then I swooned. I came to my senses a half hour afterward and found myself lying noise of a cart on the road and seeing a dog fly at the men. Then I swooned. I came to my senses a half hour afterward and found myself lying in the same spot where I fell. I got up and walked back to the house and told my husband and brother of the terrible outrage. They immediately departed for Windsor to lay the accounts before the authorities." The St. Bernard dog returned to the house after the arrival of Lady Florence. The Queen has requested a painting of the dog. The detectives have taken the corset worn by Lady Florence, who has suffered no injury beyond a slight scratch from one of the stabs, which, after glancing on her corset, just penetrated her chemise, and some cuts on the palms of both hands.

Lady Florence said: "The whole affair is most my sympathies for the Irish people have been openly avowed and are well known." It was assumed that the attack would be laid at the door of the Irish an assumption which she warmly repudiated, adding, "In these days even crime must be of Irish origin," The correbe laid at the door of the Irish an assumption which she warmly repudiated, adding, "In these days even crime must be of Irish origin." The correspondent afterward inspected the scene of the outrage. The plantation extends about 200 yards from the house in the direction of Windsor, having, for its boundaries the river on one side and the Windsor road on the other. It is very thinly wooded, the river being plainly seen from the roadway. "The Fisheries" enjoys some renown from the fact of having been occupied successively by all the reigning Georges. Visitors in an uninterrupted string called and left their cards all day yesterday, and they continued to come this morning, many being from the castle. The attack was committed close to the highway in open day, and within sight of the towers of

Lady Florence Dixie is the youngest child of the Marquis of Queensberry. She was married in 1875 to Sir Alexander Beaumont Churchill Dixie, Bart. She is a wonderful horsewoman, a good sailor, an enthusiastic traveller, and a trenchant writer. During the war in Zululand she acted as correspondent of the London Mormag Post, and made many appeals in behalf of Cetewayo. An equestrian trip across Patagonia is another of her exploits. Two of her books, "Across Patagonia," and "In the Land of Misfortune," have more than an ephemeral interest. In Irish affairs she has long been prominent, expressing her sympathy with Mr. Gray when he was imprisoned. Some time ago she attacked the Land League, claiming that no account of the expenditure of a large part of its funds was given in its report. Lady Florence Dixie came of a family who almed apparently to seek notoriety. Her father was the seventh Marquis of Queensberry, the famous amateur boxer, who was the author of the rules under which Sullivan and other ring notables box in exhibitions in this country, are mother was the daughter of General Sir William Clayton, who was accused of cowardice at Waterloo. Lady Florence was at one time made especially a mark of public comment because she appeared at a court reception without the prescribed feathers and veil, and wearing short hair, which called forth a letter from the lord chamberlain, prescribing court etiquette in the matter of dress at the Queen's reception. Lady Dixie is the sister of the Marquis of Queensberry, who rose in a London theatre and denounced Tennyson's latest play because of its treatment of free thinkers. Her mother was a strong Irish nationalist, and sent a liberal donation to the wife of the man who assassinated the English detective Talbot. To show his disapproval of this, the present to reclaiming street waifs. While in America on business connected with this charity, he left the orphanage in charge of a sister, Lady Gertrude Douglas, and she married the head baker of an orphanage, a youth of half her y Lady Florence Dixie is the youngest child of the

in open day, and within sight of the towers of Windsor.

EXCITEMENT IN LONDON.

Lady Dixie's Story Questioned-It is Said She is to Lecture in America. LONDON, March 19 .- Following closely on the explosion at the local government buildings at Westminster, the attempt to murder Lady Florence Dixie at Windsor has aroused public excitement to the highest pitch. These alleged Irish Syrup. The best remedy in the world,

o ages are the absorbing topic of the hour, and the executive is taking active measures in the emergency. The metropolitan police force has been increased by over a thousand men, and the detective force has been doubled during the nlight. Although the officials say that they have clews to the perpetrators of the Dixie outrage, no arrests have as yet been made. The affair is still shrouded in mystery. Lady Dixie is perfectly rational in her talk, but excited, and seems to know very little about the attack or its circumstances. That she had a struggle with the alleged assassins is not made clear. There is no evidence of any struggle having taken place, and the slightness of Lady Dixie's injuries is causing general distrust as to the entire truth of her story. There is now a vague undercurrent of opinion that the affair is either exaggerated or that it is the result of an over-wrought, hysterical imagination. That only a few insignificant cuts on her hands and dress should be all there is to show as the result of a murderous attack by two disguised, infuriated Fenians, burning with desire to punish an enemy of the cause, is regarded as somewhat suspicious. Gossip says that the whole affair may not be unconnected with a lecturing tour through the United States, which it is said Lady Dixie has had under consideration for some time. It is understood that if Lady Dixie goes to the United States it will be arranged to have her closely follow Mr. Parnell on his proposed route. his proposed route.

LADY DIXIE A FRAUD.

What Michael Gallagher, President of the

Parnell League in New York, Says. NEW YORK, March 19.-Michael Gallagher, a eweller, president of the Parnell Land League in this city, says: "Lady Florence Dixie is a fraud, and this agitation is all gotten up by the British government. We believe Lady Dixle is regarded by the league as a crank. She keeps repeating a lot of falsehoods about the league. Her statements have all been answered thoroughly, I suppose, however, that Lady Dixle may believe them herself. I cannot account for the attack upon Lady Dixle on Saturday, unless it was manufactured for a purpose against Parnell. Of course Forster would like to turn the whole Gladstone ministry over. Then, too, the English are afraid of Parnell coming over to the United States and talking with the Irish here. It seems to me they want to find some pretext for arresting him." government. We believe Lady Dixie is regarded

NEW YORK OPINION.

Generally Attributed by the Press to the Irish.

NEW YORK, March 19 .- The Tribune says: "The details of the attack on Lady Florence Dixie do not show conclusively that ber assailants were Irishmen, but it would not appear strange if it Irishmen, but it would not appear strange if it should finally appear that Lady Florence is the victim of Land League vengeance."

The Herald says: "From time immemorial the Irish have been rising against the English. There is now a growing fear that the English may rise against the Irish. There are 2,000,000 Irishmen living in England today, and they are absolutely at the mercy of the English."

The Times says: "The assault on Lady Dixie was probably prompted by that blind spirit of revenge which has been the mainspring of so many of the outrages that have disgraced the Irish name."

Charged to Irish Malcontents. (By Cable to The Boston Globe.)

LONDON, March 19 .- The papers generally attribute the outrage on Lady Florence Dixie to the Irish malcontents. The Morning Post believes that the "Invincibles" have transferred their operations to England.

HOW THE DARK BLUE WON.

Oxford's Defeat of Cambridge in the 'Varsity Race-Great Excitement Because the Latter was the Favorite at the

LONDON, March 15 .- The fortieth university oat race was rowed on the Thames this afterwas very large, the dense crowds cheerfully facing the keen east wind and snow showers. The water the keen east wind and snow showers. The water was rough, thereby favoring the chances of the light bines, who supplanted Oxford in popular favor, being considered the stronger crew. Cambridge had the Middlesex side of the river and Oxford was on the Surrey side, or on the left of Cambridge. Considerable delay occurred from one cause and another, and the boats were not started till 5.41 o'clock. As soon as they got away, Oxford, with vigorous stroke, began to draw ahead; at the Duke's Head Inn, an eighth of a mile from the starting point, was a length to the good, and open water was seen between the boats off the London Boat Club house. Cambridge spurted again and again and tried in vain to hold the Oxford oarsmen; whenever they did gain slightly it was while Oxford was slowing up in preparation for another dash. Oxford kept the lead and improved the advantage past Hammersmith bridge and through Corney reach, and at Barnes' bridge, and through Corney reach, and at Barnes' bridge, and through Corney reach, and at Barnes' bridge, and oxford went over the line showing two lengths in the lead. Both crews rallied toward the finish and Oxford went over the line showing two lengths of clear water to the good.

COLDEN NEW HAMBENHEE

COLD IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Alarm Felt Along the Pemigewasset Valley -Much Damage Probable. PLYMOUTH, N. H., March 19 .- Considerable neasiness and alarm is felt in all the towns in the Pemigewasset Valley over the approach of spring and its effect on the river. The intense cold of the winter, the average temperature in January being 10°, has served to make an unusual thickbeing 10°, has served to make an unusual thickness of strong, tough ice, which will not easily break up as in ordinary years, and a slight rise of water will pile the ice against bridge, piers and abutments, making a pressure which nothing can withstand. About five feet of snow lies on a level in this valley, and a warm rain or a few warm spring days would suffice to send down a body of water and ice which would sweep all before it, doing damage to the extent of thousands of dollars to public and private property. Two at least of the bridges on the new Pemigewasset Valley railroad are declared by old residents to be below the danger line, and their destruction is confidently predicted. It heir destruction is confidently predicted. It eems absolutely certain that a destructive reshet or a cold late spring, working great hard

o melt snow in the roads a particle having yet ap-THREE STEEL CRUISERS.

ship to the farming interest, must result, the mer-cury having stood at zero yesterday and at 24° within a week, and no weather sufficiently warm

Them and for a Despatch Boat. Washington, March 19.—Secretary Chandler has issued the following notice to parties interested: "The naval appropriation act of March 3,

1883, provides that in case the three steel cruisers and despatch boat, authorized by law, shall be and despatch boat, authorized by law, shall be built by contract, proposals shall be Invited from 'all American shipbuilders, whose shipyards are fully equipped for building or repairing iron and steel steamships, and constructors of marine engines, machinery and boilers,'"

All American shipbuilders and constructors of marine engines who may desire to bid for the construction of such vessels are requested to communicate immediately with the Navy Department, stating the facilities furnished by their establishments for doing the required work.

(Signed) WILLIAM E. CHANDLER, Secretary of the Navy.

PROCLAIMED FROM THE HOUSETOP. The Top of a Church for a Pulpit and Skiffs for Pews.

HELENA, Ark., March 19.4The waters are slowly subsiding. The country is submerged to the mouth of the White river, 200 miles, and thirty miles wide. Mrs. J. H. Hanna, near Austhirty miles wide. Mrs. J. H. Hanna, hear Austin, seeing her house submerged, committed suicide with morphine. The colored church at Austin is half-full of water. Wednesday the pastor climbed to the roof and preached a sermon to the congregation attending in skiffs. Thomas Brown and Aaron Smith were drowned at Austin and Adam Bacon at Australia Landing. Two men were drowned at Little Cypret.

A Mystery of the Sea. NEW YORK, March 19 .- Last Monday evening a large schooner was seen at anchor three mues off Fresh Pond landing, on the south shore of Long Island, with the American flag at half-mast. There being no boats at the landing in a seaworthy condition, no attempt was made to board her that night, but preparations were made to get a boat in readiness to go off early yesterday morning. When the morning came the vessel was gone Only one man was seen on board and the gone. Only one man was seen on board, and the sails were in a damaged condition, as seen from the shore with a glass. Yesterday afternoon a quantity of wreck stuff was found on the shore some two miles east of the landing. Whether it came from the schooner or not could not be ascertained.

Building Into the Yellowstone Park ST. PAUL, Minn., March 19 .- A contract has been let for the construction of the Yellowstone Park division of the Northern Pacific railroad Park division of the Northern Facine railroad, which starts from Livingstone. Work is to begin at once, and be pushed with sufficient rapidity to ensure the completion and equipment of the road by July 1, which will be ample time for the expected inroads of tourists. The road will be sixty miles long.

For Incipient Consumption use Dr. Bull's Cough Symm. The best remedy in the world.

A MYSTERIOUS MURDER.

Mrs. Etta B. Carlton of Watertown the Victim.

Called to Her Door in the Night Time and Pounded With a Paving-Stone.

No Motive for the Terrible Deed Assigned-The Police at Work.

A mysterious murder occurred Sunday night just over the line between Watertown and Cambridge, in the former place, on Mount Auburn street, near Norwood park. The victim is Mrs. Etta B. Carlton, wife of Edward E. Carlton, a restaurant keeper at 149 Cambridge street, Boston. The facts are as follows: At 7.30 Sunday evening as, Mrs Carlton was sitting talking with her

children that she had just put into bed, there was a sharp ring at the door-bell, followed immediately by others that were rung more moderately. Mrs. Carlton went down stairs to answer the call, and after some time her little girl, Fanny, hearing a noise down in the hallway and some loud talk, got up in her night-clothes and went down stairs to see why her mother did not return, and on getting down fell over her body, which was lying on the floor. The child got up and ran out into the street, going to the house of D. Channey, a neighbor, and, hastening into a room where the family were, cried out: "Something is the matter with mamma."

Mr. Channey immediately went to the house where he discovered Mrs. Carlton lying on the

Her head was towards the door and her feet lay near to the stairs, one foot being on the lower step. Mrs. Carlton exclaimed: "Help me up, I am dying." He assisted her to rise, and, striking a light, got her up stairs and placed her on a bed, when he found there was a ragged wound extending nearly across her forehead. The bones of her forehead and nose were broken, and there was a wound on top of her head, another back of the left ear, and a bruise on the back of the right

On getting the lady into the bed, Mr. Channey On getting the lady into the bed, Mr. Channey ran out and summoned help. Two young men, John Lyons and Roderick Howe, were near by, and they came in, while he went for a doctor. Mr. Howe stayed up stairs with the dying lady, while the other young man kept guard below. She talked incoherently while Howe was in the room, and repeatedly asked, "Did you see him?"

The persons summoned soon arrived, Officer George T. Barrington of Cambridge reaching the house at 7.55, with Special Officer Carroll. Dr. Wyman of Cambridge and Drs. Kelley and Morse came soon after, followed by Medical Examiner Hosner.

A paying stone about six inches long and several

A paying stone about six inches long and several inches in width was found in the hallway where the deed was committed. Near the stairs was A Sheet Saturated With Blood,

and blood was on the carpet in several places. A sealed envelope unaddressed was also found near the sheet.

She continued in a half-conscious state until 9.30, when she died, but as far as can be learned she said nothing as to who committed the deed. Mrs. Carlton was 30 years old, and was a most handsome lady, of fair complexion. She was married to Edward B. Carlton in Newton six years ago, but they have lived apart for some time, only

Joseph Bird, who was passing by the house about 7 o'clock, saw a man sitting on the opposite side of the street, who wore a slouched hat, but beyond that he can give no definite discription.

Maggle Conlan, a young lady living near by, saw a man go to the house a little past 7 o'clock and ring the bell, but she cannot give any discription of him.

of him.

As soon as possible, after the affair, word was sent to Mr. Carlon's place of business to inform him of the murder, but he could not be found there, having gone to the South End to visit an uncle named Hunt. About 9 o'clock Mr. Carlton visited the Boston Dime Museum on Tremont row, where, on account of repairs being made, he was able to gain admission for the purpose of seeing Mr. Austin and wife, with whom he is well acquainted. Mr. Carlton

for the purpose of taking the 11 o'clock car for

Mr. Dutton when seen by a GLOBE reporter stated that he saw Mr. Cariton on board the car headed for Watertown, and feels confident that he had received no tidings of the sad affair up to that time, as he chatted and laughed all the way to the cars. Last Saturday evening Mr. Dutton was assaulted and Mr. Carlton being present at the time, was to have appeared in court this morning as a witness, and just as he got aboard the car he turned to Mr. Dutton and said: "I will meet you at the Museum at 9.30 o'clock tomorrow morning." Mr. Dutton, when asked if he thought it possible that Mr. Carlton could be aware of or implicated in the affair scouted the idea in the most emphatic terms. "Why." said Mr. Dutton, "it is only five weeks ago that Mr. Carlton, while in conversation with me, remarked that he had been married six years and had never had an unkind word with his wife during that time."

Mr. Carlton had two children, both girls, who are said to be very pretty and intelligent. that time, as he chatted and laughed all the

Mr. Carlton had two children, both girls, who are said to be very pretty and intelligent.
Carlton arrived home at 12 o'clock and, on learning of the murder, was very much overcome. He said he was at the South End during the evening, which corresponds with the statement of C. M. Dutton.
Officer Howard of Watertown came to this city at a late hour to ad in working up the case.

MR. CARLTON'S WHEREABOUTS Said to Have Been at a Cambridge Street Saloon at Six O'Clock and Again at a

"I don't see anything in the world to implicate Mr. Carlton in the affair," said Mr. Thomas Casey, the proprietor of the saloon at 149 Cambridge street, and the employer of Carlton, speaking to a GLOBE reporter this morning. Mr. Carlton couldn't have done it, for the simple reason that he wouldn't have had time to do it if he had wanted to. Mr. Carlton was here in the afternoon. When he went out I looked at my watch. It was just 6 o'clock. In the course of half an hour, I should say, he came back again. At about 7.45 he went out again, saying that he was going to his uncle's—Mr. flunt s—at the South End.

"What were Mr. Carlton's relations with his wife, so far as you know?"

"They were perfectly pleasant," responded Mr. Casey. "The lady has been in here once or twice to see him, and a very nice person she was. From their conversation I should judge they were on perfectly good terms; in fact, I never heard Mr. Carlton say anything which would lead me to believe that this was not the case."

"What kind of a man was Mr. Carlton?"

"So far as I know in all my relations with him he has been an honest, straightforward man, and one whom nobody would believe to be capable of such a deed as this."

Mr. Casey's statements about Carlton's being in the saloon were corroborated by the bar-tender, who was there all day Sunday. wanted to. Mr. Carlton was here in the afternoon.

NOTES OF THE TRAGEDY. Carlton's Assignment of His Property-His

Insane Parents. Carlton signed his property over to his wife a short time ago, and it was in her name at the time of the murder. The value of the property is not known, but it is not great. The place in which the

murder was committed was a hired house belonging to the Langmaid estate.

Dr. Holt has given orders that no one but the relatives of the deceased and the officers be

relatives of the deceased and the officers be allowed in the house. Carlton is at the house, but cannot be seen, the orders being that he shall not be interviewed or seen by any outside parties until after the inquest.

Officer Howard of Watertown visited Mr. Hunt, Carlton's uncle, this morning and interviewed him relative to Carlton being at his (Hunt's) house. Hunt stated that he was at his house at about 9 o'clock. No other facts were developed by the interview.

It is stated that the parents of Carlton died in an insane asylum. The family was well known in Newton, and great excitement has been created in that city. The morning papers were in great demand as soon as the story of the murder became noised about.

mand as soon as the story of the murder became noised about.

The records of the Municipal Court show that Edward E. Carlton was arrested January 29,1881, on a complaint charging him with the larceny of a promissory note for \$45.52 signed by him and dated November 17, 1880, payable in sixty days, to the order of J.M. Simmons & Co., the note at the time of the larceny being the property of Alpheus Mead. He was arraigned and held in \$200 for the

Superior Court, where on the 12th of March he pleaded not guilty. On the 18th he was defaulted, and on the 22d the default was declared off and the case placed on file, and upon costs being paid the ball was discharged, as settlement of the note already made precluded a successful trial of the indictment. WIGGINS GIVES IT AWAY.

The Theory on Which He Predicted His Storm - Caused by the Moon's Forces and the Ocean's Vibratory Motion. OTTAWA, March 19 .- Dr. Wiggins has given to

correspondent the theory on which the was predicted. He said: "This storm satisfies me that the theory of the opposite tide, which I advanced in 1864 is correct, namely, that it is caused by the vibratory motion of the ocean from east to west. If you will look at a terrestrial globe and see the pefrom east to west. If you will look at a terrestrial globe and see the peculiar position of the Gulf of Mexico and the tendency of Cape St. Rocque to glance northward, the tides moving west, you will not wonder at my alarm when observing that the moon's forces have been increased to the greatest possible extent, and that, too, when she is hastening with the other planets from south to north across the equator. This was exactly the condition of things during this storm, and only one element was lacking to have made this a terrible affair for the people of America. For mark it well, if the moon's conjunction with the sun had taken place at 1 o'clock on the meridian of London, instead of 4 o'clock in the morning, London time; in other words, if the conjunction had taken place over the Gulf of Guinea instead of the China sea — the whole Afferican coast, granting her to have been, as she was, in perigee, would have been put under water. A time will come when this will take place; and should Venus and Mercury happen at that moment to be at their inferior conjunction, and Jupiter, Mars and Saturn at the superior conjunction, the breakers will roar in the streets of New York City, and Florida will be under water. All astronomers, from the astronomer royal down, will please make this explanation to show scientific men that my system of fortelling storms is not only founded on science, but on the earth and the heavenly bodies."

AFTER TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS. How Mrs. Wiggin of Salem Found Her

Brother Through the Malley Trial. SALEM, March 19 .- Mrs. Benjamin T. Wiggin dead recently, came to Salem when 9 years of age from New Haven, Conn., to reside with her uncle For about ten years she kept up her correspondence with her family, and about that time her father died, and she went on to the funeral, but soon came back to Salem. Her brother and mother talked of going West, and she supposed they did so, as she falled to get any letters from them afterwards. She soon after married Benjamin T. Wiggin, and when the trial of the Malley brothers for the murder of Jensie Cramer was in progress she read an account of trial of the Malley brothers for the murder of Jennie Cramer was in progress she read an account of the trial, and among the names of the jurors saw that of Silas Benham, the name of a brother and uncle, and she intended to write, but neglected it. Later a sister-in-law did write to Mr. Benham, and he stated that he once had a niece named Grace E. Benham, but did not know whether she was living or not. He sent the latter to one of his nephews, who proved to be a brother of Mrs. Wiggin, and with another brother came on at once and found their long lost sister. They have two other brothers and a sister in Connecticut, their mother having been dead about five years. Few families are reunited after a lapse of twenty-eight years.

CORN AND WHEAT.

The Consumption and Distribution Through

out the Country up to March 1. WASHINGTON, March 16 .- A statement showing the consumption and distribution of corn and wheat throughout the country up to March 1 has been prepared at the department of agriculture. places the stock of corn on hand at that date about 580,000,000 bushels, or 36 per cent. of last year's crop. Of this 380,000,000 bushels are in the States of the central basin north of Tennessee, and 166,000,000 bushels in the Southern States. Most of the remainder is in the Southern States. Most of the remainder is in the Middle States. In comparison with the average stock of the past five years at the same date, there is scarcely any increase in the West or the Middle States. In the South the percentage of the crop remaining is 43, instead of 36. Taking all the States together, the increased stock is about 2 per cent. The seven surplus corn States, from Ohio west to Nebraska and Kansas, inclusive, had 33 per cent. of the crop on hand, against 27 per cent. of the crop on hand, against 27 per cent. of the crop of 1880 on the first of March, 1881, when the estimated stocks were 413,000,000 bushels. The present total is about 320,000,000 bushels, against 200,000,000 last March. In Illinois and Iowa the proportion on hand is less than the average of the previous five years. In Missouri and Kansas it is greater.

The proportion of wheat on hand March 1 is 28 per cent. of the crop, or about 140,000,000 bushels. The proportion remaining in the Southern States is 25 per cent. Instead of 22, the average of previous years. In the Pacific States the percentage is 23 instead of the former average of 26 per cent.

DISCUSTED OFFICIALS.

The Failure of Congress to Legislate on the Land Grant Question.

WASHINGTON, March 19 .- The failure of Congress to legislate upon the railroad land grant question is a source of deep disgust to the officials of the land bureau of the Interior Department, The commissioner of the general land office said today that Congress had, by its neglect, shifted the burden to the Interior Department, although the department could do nothing to answer the popular demand for a forfeiture of unearned railroad lands. The Supreme Court having decided that Congress alone had the power to restore these lands to the public domain, the question, he said, was becoming more complicated every day, and the department could do nothing. Congress, he thought, should have begun with the grants about which there could have begun with the grants about which there could have been no dispute. Where the companies to which they were granted had made no attempt to build their lines, then they should have taken up the cases of companies which had only constructed portions of their lines and declined to complete them, and, following these, should have come to the more complicated cases of companies whose lines had not been complete within a specified time, but which were pushing the work along with the intention of completing it. In this way he thought something might have been achieved. today that Congress had, by its neglect, shifted

FIFTY DOLLARS A DAY. The Rate at Which the Tariff Commis-

sioners Have Drawn Pay, WASHINGTON, March 19 .- The gross amount paid on account of the tariff commission, from the date of their appointment to the time the report was made to Congress, is \$69,000. The payments were on the order of John L. Hayes, president and disbursing officer of the commission. The amount thus paid is about \$50 a day for each member of the commission. The saiary anowed by the law is \$10 a day. What the remaining \$40 a day for each man was expended for is unknown, as a knowledge of the vouchers is barred at the Treasury Department. The law fixes no limit to the expenses of the commission beyond the \$10 per diem for each commissioner.

The Southern Cotton Crop. WASHINGTON, March 19 .- Returns to the Department of Agriculture, of the cotton sent to market from plantations, show an aggregate of market from plantations, show an aggregate of 5,900,000 bales gone forward up to March 1. This is about 86½ per cent. of the crop as indicated by the last returns of the product. The proportion by States are, North Carolina and Texas 83 per cent., South Carolina 85, Georgia and Tennessee 86, Arkansas 87, Louisiana, 88, Mississippi 89, Alabama 90, Florida 93.

Admiral Carcia on Peru's Condition. NEW YORK, March 19 .- Admiral Garcia, fornerly commander of the Peruvian navy, sailed hence for Europe. He fled from Peru to saled helice belong taken to Chili as a hostage. He states that Peru is in a hopeless condition, and attributes her misfortunes mainly to the action of ex-Minister Huribut. He says that Minister Logan has attempted the same role as Mr. Huribut.

PITTSFIELD, March 19 .- One week ago Patrick and Ann McDermott had five children; now they have but two. John, aged 1 year 7 months; Jane, 11 years old, and Thomas, aged 4 years 6 months, have just been laid away in one grave. They all died after a very brief illness of diphtheria.

Winnings of \$80,000 at Faro. NEW YORK, March 19 .- Dink Davis, the lucky Philadelphian, played faro in the big Barclay street game Thursday until the bank "turned up the box," and would no longer deal for him. He had won \$17,000. This makes his total winnings

After Living 107 Years. LOUISVILLE, March 19 .- Mrs. Ellen Beraingham is dead at the age of 107. She was born in Ireland, came to America forty years ago and had lived here twenty-eight years. Four months ago she lost her mental faculties. STRANGER THAN FICTION.

The Story of James Estabrook's Disappearance.

Two Men Made to Suffer for a Crime That May Never Have Been Committed.

One Dies in Prison and the Other is Pardoned After Many Years.

BURLINGTON, Vt., March 19 .- The pardon of Samuel Ulman, who was sentenced to the Michigan penitentiary for life in 1855, is the sequel to a gan penifentiary for life in 1855, is the sequel to a sad story of the sufferings of an innocent man. James Estabrook was a middle-aged bachelor who lived near Burlington. He became engaged to marry Miss Mary Wood, living near Leonidas, in southwestern Michigan. In 1853 he sold his Vermont farm for several thousand dollars, concealed his money about his person, and started for the home of his fiancee, intending to be married and take up his residence there. He reached Burr Oak on Saturday, November 12. The next morning he started from there with a team to drive to Miss Woods' house, but stopped for dinner at a cross-road's tavern three or four miles from the end of his journey. This tavern was kept by Haywood & Stillwell. Mr. Estabrook was never seen again. The next morning, the team was sent back to Burr Oak, and Haywood sent Estabrook's baggage on to Miss Wood with the message that it belonged to a stranger who would be along in a few days. He never came. No credible witnesses ever saw him after he passed the portals of the tavern. Not so much as a shred of his clothing was ever found, and the disappearance of James Estabrook is as much a mystery today as it was nearly thirty years ago. Not long after the disappearance Glies Harding, who lived in the vicinity, and whose reputation was not of the best, told a story charging Samuel Ulman and Thomas White with having murdered Estabrook. Harding confessed that he was implicated as an accessory. He said he saw Estabrook walking toward Miss Wood's on the evening of Sunday, November 13. Ulman and White came along in a wagon, invited Estabrook to ride, drove into the woods, and then killed him. Harding said that he got into the wagon as it moved along.

Harding was in jail for theft when he made the confession, was weak-minded and a notorious liar. This was shown at the trial. It was also shown that he had a grudge against both Ulman and White. Yet his story, improbable on its face and entirely unsupported, led to conviction. No doubt he expected to escape punishment sad story of the sufferings of an innocent man. James Estabrook was a middle-aged bachelor who

HEARTLESS PROVIDENCE PEOPLE. A Son Who Wants His Father Sent to a Charity Asylum in Chicago.

CHICAGO, March 19 .- On February 28. a man named John Silloway was sent to the county jail to be held for inquiry into his sanity. He could not tell much about himself, beyond that he had been for some time employed in the Norhe had been for some time employed in the Norfolk Navy Yard, and that he had a son and a brother at Providence, R. I., the latter being a civil engineer employed in the office of the city surveyor. Silloway would have been tried, and no doubt sent to the county pauper lunatic asylum, had it not been that the county agent procured a stay of proceedings that he might acquaint the son with his father's condition. He did so, but with a startling result. William H. Silloway, the son, replied on March 6, acknowledging the relationship, claiming that his father was discharged from the navy yard for mismanagement, that he had since "been a wanderer on the face of the earth," and saying that as he had made his bed he must lie on it. He also Insinuated that his father's complaint was not insanity, but delirium tremens. Finally, he suggests that he be sent to a charity asylum. The next day, March 7, it seems to have occurred to this pattern son that his letter was not what it should have been, and he wrote again, enclosing stamps for a reply, and asking to be informed of the disposal made of his father, but not receding from his original refusal to care for him. Silloway will be sent to Providence, where the law will compel his relations, especially his affectionate son, to suprelations, especially his affectionate son, to support him.

VINDICATING A SCHOOL-BOY.

The Teacher Had no Right to Expel Him for Speaking One of Ingersoll's Pieces. ST. PAUL, Minn., March 19 .- An interesting decision has been made by Attorney-General Hahn. The son of Judge Farmer of the sixth judicial district was assigned the task of delivering, on a trict was assigned the task of delivering, on a certain Friday, a declamation in the Spring Valley High School. He commenced an extract from one of Ingersoll's speeches; was told he must select something else. Declining to do so, he was expelled by the teacher. The affair created a great deal of talk, on account of the standing of the boy's family. The matter was referred to the State superintendent, and he in turn called for a decision from the attorney-general. The decision is that the expulsion was llegal, as no specification was made of what should be spoken, and the boy had a perfect right to choose excerpts from Ingersoll, they being neither vulgar nor objectionable. The gist of the matter is that the teacher's prejudice against Ingersoll is not sufficient ground for expulsion.

BURNED TO DEATH. Two Maiden Ladies of Middle Age Perish

in Flames at Hartford. HARTFORD, March 19 .- Soon after 1 o'clock Thursday the house occupied by Elizabeth and Jane Judson, maiden daughters of Jesse Judson, Jane Judson, maiden daughters of Jesse Judson, who lived alone in East Hartford in the Willow district, was discovered to be on fire. The flames devoured the building so rapidly that the two women, who were probably asleep, did not escape. Neighbors came to the scene but could render no assistance, no means for extinguishing fire being at hand. The house was an oid wooden building. It was soon consumed. Both women perished in the flames and in sight of people who could do nothing to save them. The ladies had lived there together for a number of years. They were about 40 years old and much respected.

Eloped With a Negro.

PATERSON, N. J., March 16 .- Ellen Gorman, a handsome young white woman, employed as a waitress in the United States Hotel, has eloped with John Rankin, a full-blooded negro, who was recently employed as steward of the hotel, and who leaves a destitute wife. The pair left the city hurriedly and are supposed to have gone to Boston.

Confessed to Burning the Newhall House MILWAUKEE, Wis., March 16.-It was rumored today that Captain Boner, father-in-law of George Scheller, the alleged Newhall house incendiary, confessed on his death-bed yesterday that he was the man who fired the hotel. Scheller and his family, however, tonight, deny the rumor and say that Boner was unconscious to the last moment.

Eight Years for Stealing \$209.000. St. Louis, March 17 .- Ibey E. Owen, the defaulting teller of the Third National Bank, who was convicted of embezzlement, and who yester-day confessed that his stealings amounted to \$209,000, all sunk in speculation, was today sen-tenced to eight years in the Chester, Ill., peni-

BRIDGEPORT, March 19.—While praying near the stove Friday, the clothing of Mrs. Ann Boland caught fire, and she was so badly burned that she died Saturday morning. Three daughters were badly burned in trying to extinguish the flames. She leaves eight children.

Fourth Death in One Family. PEARODY, Mass., March 17.—Eben A. Hooper, the well-known milkman, died this morning after a severe illness from scarlet fever and diphtheria. His entire family have been prostrated, and three have died. The others are still dangerously sick.

Whiskey Men Fail for \$425,000. CINCINNATI, March 19.--Pfirrmann & Pfau whiskey dealers, have suspended. Liabilities \$425,000.

SKINNY MEN. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, impotence. \$1.

TO OUR READERS. When you answer any of the advertise-

ments in this paper, please do us the favor to mention that you saw the same in THE BOSTON WEEKLY GLOBE.

PHILOSOPHY OF FERTILIZING.

Arguments Before the State Committee.

Soil and Manure are the Raw Materials from Which Crops are Made.

Matters Which Deserve the Serious Attention of Farmers.

(Written for The Boston Weekly Globe by ANDREW H. WARD.

Soil and manure are the raw materials from which crops are made, and farming is the convert ing or manufacturing of these raw materials into grass, grain, cotton, tobacco, roots, fruits, etc., and in order to grow the crops adapted to this section profitably it is of the first importance that manure be supplied; and, as stock is now kept to but a limited extent, the farmers are dependent in a great measure on phosphate of lime and chemicals, and the refuse from the fisheries and the abattors to supply themselves with manure to grow their crops; but the refuse from the fisheries and abattoirs do not pass to any considerable extent directly into the hands of farmers, and are not largely applied to land in the state in which they are first produced, but are sold to the compounders of superphosphates and other artificial fertilizers. In those forms purchased by farmers, and it is essential for them to know that plants can only live and thrive on food containing the elements of which they are composed, and animals are dependent upon this law of nature. Therefore, to learn how to feed plants and animals properly, first learn the elements of which they are composed and the relative quantity of each, and then supply food containing the proportion of the elements whether one or more kinds of food be required. Manufacturers purchase the raw material adapted to the article they are manufacturing, and they know what they want. A manufacturer n those forms purchased by farmers, and it rial adapted to the article they are manufacturing, and they know what they want. A manufacturer of soap knows the different ingredients he needs to produce the soap he wants and the effect of the separate articles he uses, and therefore buys those necessary, and uses them in the proportions needed to make the soap desired. If he did not know the nature and effect of the different articles he used, it would be mere chance if he made what he desired.

It is the Same With Farmers.

Those who know the relative effect of the different constituents entering into the growth of plants use the articles that will produce the desired results; but if ignorant of the nature of the articles used, and the form and condition in which they exist, it is chance if their crop proves what they desire or expect. To prosecute farming successfully, and that is profitably, apply what raw material and the quantity the crop grown needs; to apply what is not needed is productive of no good results, and sometimes is an injury. Fertilizers properly amplied adapted to the crop grown and purchased at fair prices will pay the fawmer well to use, and they are a necessity to enable him to grow crops in competition with a virgin soil from which the raw material in available form has not been abstracted in growing crops. Knowledge is not only needed of the kind and quantity of raw material required to be used to produce given results on a crop, but the form, combination and mechanical condition of compounded manures, as well as the materials to be used to produce given results on a crop, but the form, combination and mechanical condition of compounded manures, as well as the materials of which they are composed, without this a rational system of manuring is impossible. Present methods of analyzing fertilizers recognizes only a portion of the component parts of compounded manures, and the conclusions drawn are uncertain, unreliable and of questionable value, and the valuations founded on these analyses are altogether false and erroneous. In the analysis of fertilizers the difference in form, combination and mechanical condition in which the substances are found greatly affect their value in regard to introgen; the most costly we are not informed as to the amount of soluble or insoluble, but it is usually stated as organic substance, "yielding ammonia."

But We Are Left in Ignorance

as to when these changes take place in the soil. Phosphoric acid is required to be stated the amount of soluble, reverted and insoluble, and difamount of soluble, reverted and insoluble, and different prices are attached to cach, differing widely, and yet such authority as J. B. Lewes, writing
in the North Eritish Agriculturist, says: "The
relative value to agriculturists of finely-ground
phosphates, compared with the same phosphates
dissolved by acid, can never be properly estimated
by the continuous growth of roots. We have evidence that the gypsum which is present in large
quantities in soluble phosphates has a very beneficial effect upon clover, which forms part of a rotation, though the superphosphate had not been
applied directly to the clayer, but to the roots two tion, though the superphosphate had not been applied directly to the clover, but to the roots two state of division than can be effected by any mechanical operation, and as minuteness of division is one of the great objects to be obtained, it would be reasonable to conclude that a dissolved phosphate would be more efficacious than one that was merely ground. Although phosphates under every possible form have been under experiment here for forty years, I have nothing conclusive to bring forward in regard to the great superiority of soluble over insoluble phosphates." Professor S. W. Johnson says: "The utilinate effect of acting on bones with sulphuric acid is the same as extreme pulverization. Bone flour is as active and effectual a fertilizer as the sulphated bone. In other words, a given amount of money and labor expended in raw bone often goes farther and does better than when put in sulphated bones." Soluble phosphates cannot be taken in that condition by plants for if it was it goes farther and does better than when put in sulphated bones." Soluble phosphates cannot be
taken in that condition by plants, for if it was it
would act corrosively on their tender tissues, but
it reverts to its original condition, except it be now
in the finest possible state of division. Carbonic
acid appears to be the true solvent of phosphate of
ime, for water charged with carbonic acid dissolves large quantities of it. Besides the Highland
Society and the Aberdeenshire experiments, others
are being carried on in different parts of Scotland
with a view to solve certain manurial problems,
the Aberdeenshire association having discovered
that

Less Depended on the Question of Solubility than on the fineness of the state of division of the manures. Farmers who had so long been paying manures. Farmers who had so long been paying so much more for dissolved phosphate were rather startled by the results and became naturally anxious for further tests; hence the great interest taken in Mr. Lawson's experiments of 1880, which corroborate those of 1879, in showing that ground undissolved phosphate is an economical and valuable fertilizer for a turnip crop, and gives a better yield than dissolved phosphates. The great point to see to, however, is not so much its solubility as the fineness of the state of division. The percentage of potash is also required to be given, but not the combination in which it exists, although the estimated value of its different combinations vary from five to seven and one-half cents a pound. In regard to the other constituents contained in fertilizers usually comprising nine-tenths of the whole weight, no mention is made of them, as if they were valueless. When giving an analysis, the whole should be given, with the form and condition in which they exist; then it will be known what the fertilizer is composed of, and an estimate of its agricultural value, which is more important than its commercial value, can be formed; otherwise, by the present innerhod, which does not recognize these distinctions, the conclusions drawn from them are uncertain, unreliable and of no value. Farmers purchase fertilizers on the basis of fettilous valua. tilizers, five cents. In the annual report of the

Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station

for 1879 it states, "During the past season the unit of ammonia in fish blood, etc., has been worth in New York but from \$2 30 to \$2 60. At worth in New York but from \$2.50 to \$2.50. At \$2.50 per unit of ammonia the wholesale price of nitrogen would be ten and one-half cents per pound, with in general several per cent. of phosphoric acid thrown in. Now what justifies the station in valuing the same nitrogen when it comes into our retail market at twenty cents a pound ard at the same time allowing several cents a pound for the accompanying acid? The station can only answer that the retail market justifies the trade values it employs, and would, so far ne guanos, other than rerovan, are con-cerned, justify trade values higher than it ias employed. The station will retain for the coming year the valuations used in 1879, the present upward tendency of prices render it inex-pedient to make any change, and they auswer per-ectly well to compare one fertilizer with another." to pay more than a fair price for the article they

use. It is well stated that at the prices the manufacturers charge the station would be justified in employing trade values higher than it has employed. In the report of the station for 1879, page 54, is given the value of several fertilizers, also the manufacturers' price to consumers.

more than its commercial value, amounting to \$721,94418, and the valuations allowed to the manufacturers of fertilizers a profit of from 40 to 50 per cent. on the articles they used.

Can Farmers Pay These Exorbitant Prices

and Live? Can they use fertilizers to advantage to themselves at these valuations? At the prices they pay they may get a new dollar for an old one, taking the may get a new dollar for an old one, taking the risk, while the manufacturer of fertilizers reaps the gain. The manufacturers of fertilizers reaps the gain. The manufacturers of fertilizers could not have devised a shrewder plan to keep up the prices of fertilizers and enhance their profits than that adopted by the State inspectors of fertilizers, substituting fictitious for market values of the articles used in making commercial fertilizers, and the valuing the product on the basis of these fettitious prices, and calling it the commercial value because many are induced to pay these prices from relying upon the State inspectors of fertilizers to inform them of their composition and value; and suppose the prices established were based on market values instead of fictitious ones from forty to fifty per cent, above their market value, used for the purpose of comparing one fertilizer with another, are misled and deceived, and making no profits on their crops, become discouraged, wish for a virgin soil, which they can have only with the accompaniment of life in a new and sparsely settled country, the result is that many of our young, active, enterprising farmers emigrate and are lost to the State, and those left cultivate barely enough for existence, with no surplus for general consumption which we purchase elsewhere, and the deserted farmhouses and neglected farms are blighting examples of our folly. Dr. Voelcher says: "Such mere rule of three calculations frequently convey wrong impressions of the value of certain manures, and do not further the real interest of the consumers."

The British Association for the Advancement of Science sent to a large number of chemists this query: "What is your opinion of the statement of the commercial and agricultural value of manures." Without exception, these savaus reply: "It is highly undesirable that analysists shall express any opinion on the commercial value of manures."

In the Massachusetts Agricultural Report risk, while the manufacturer of fertilizers reaps

In the Massachusetts Agricultural Report for 1875-6, page 296, is Professor Goessmann's report as State inspector of fertilizers. He says: "Dealers in fertilizers ought to state the guaranpercentage of moisture to which the statement ap-

percentage of hoisture to the plies."

In that for 1873-4, page 356, he says: "A good and well-ground and dried fish guano belongs to the best class of substitutes for Peruvian guano;" it acts, however, slower, for various reasons, and on page 364 "agricultural chemists distinguishvery properly between actual and potential ammonia. The latter refers to the ammonia, which, in the course of time, will result from the decomposition of the nitrogen containing organic matter. In The latter refers to the ammonia, which, in the course of time, will result from the decomposition of the nitrogen containing organic matter. In some instances this happens very rapidly; in others it requires months, and even years, to bring out the full amount of nitrogen for action. Our dealers in fertilizers have not yet been seriously asked to recognize the great difference which exists between the Value of nitrogen in the form of ammonia compounds, as guano, meat, fish, blood, etc., and in that of hair, horn, woollen refuse, leather scraps, etc. (why not?), although in the form of the latter it is scarcely worth one-half the amount of the former;" and on page 367 he says: "Fertilizer dealers are charging 30 cents per pound for nitrogen without reference to the form in which it is present." In the report 1875-6, page 293, he says: "As the comparative cheapness of the different brands of so-called standard fertilizers will be decided in the future, not by their respective prices per ton, but more generally, as it ought to be, by their relative amount and peculiar condition of the phosphoric acid, potassium oxide and nitrogen. In his report for 1876-7, page 243, there is a table which states the nature of nitrogen in form of different articles varying in price from fifteen to twenty-five cents per pound; and in, other articles, not there mentioned, containing nitrogen, the difference is much larger; in the same table phosphoric acid as to form 3½ to 12½ cents, and potassium oxide 6 to 9 cents per pound. On page 258 he states: "The phosphoric in bones steamed and raw, genuine, is valued according to the mechanical condition of the bones."

The Same Rule Applies With Equal Force

The Same Rule Applies With Equal Force to the valuation of the nitrogen in their nitrogenous matter." In volume for 1874-5 he says: 'The most important information which the farmer needs to secure to himself the full agricultural value of any commercial fertilizer offered for sale consists in knowing the exact kind, the amount and the chemical and physical condition of the essential articles of plant-food it contains. of the essential articles of plant-food it contains. Without it a rational system of manuring becomes impossible." The present law does not require this information to be given; consequently, of what value is the law? In the analysis given of seventeen or more kinds of fertilizers (see report for 1876-7, pages 276-8), all that is represented as known of their component parts is about fifteen per cent, besides moisture varying from eight to thirty per cent. Are the other parts of no value? and may not some be directly injurious? All the component parts should be known in order to form a true estimate of the value of a fertilizer. In the report of 1874-5, page 355, he says: "There are other points besides 55, he says: "There are other points besides rst cost which the farmer has to consider when he proposes to utilize the German potash salts. It has been well proved that the form in which peculiar nature and the amounts of the compounds which usually accompany the potassium in its natural state, control to a great extent their action on various crops and upon different kinds of soils. Also, on page 359, the relative agricultural value of both series of compounds—chlorides and sulphates (potassium)—is also frequently in an unusual degree modified in consequence of larger or smaller quantities of certain saline compounds which are found associated with it at the nines." In the report for 1875-76, page 277, there is one feature, however, which feature, however, which

Deserves the Serious Attention of Farmers when using potash salts like the above named, which contain none or but a small percentage of either chloride of sodium or sulphate of mageither chloride of sodium or sulphate of magnesia, for itrequires in the latter case a longer time to diffuse the potash through the entire body of the soil." Potash salts, he says, on page 370 of his report for 1873-4, "like No. 1 and 2 above, are for several reasons quite objectionable; they are of an inferior character on account of the large admixture of chloride of magnesium, a compound which is known to be injurious to many of our farm plants, and they contain also a small quantity of potassium oxide accompanied by from 87 to 90 per cent. of compounds of but little value." Are not these good and sufficient reasons why the analyses of all of the component tle value." Are not these good and sufficient reasons why the analyses of all of the component parts of a fertilizer should be given, and the form and condition in which they exist? Professor Stockhardt of the Royal Academy of Agriculture, at Thorend, Germany, in his chemical field lectures, says: "If a farmer desires that a manure met with in commerce should undergo examination, he will act wisely in proposing to the chemist who is to institute the analysis the following questions:

First-What quantity does it contain in 100 parts of nitrogen? Second—What quantity does it contain in 100

parts of organic matter?

Third—What quantity does it contain in 100 parts of salts of potash?

Fourth—What quantity does it contain in 100 parts of salts of soda? Fifth—What quantity does it contain in 100 parts of phosphate lime?
Sixth—What quantity does it contain in 100 parts of gynsum?

parts of gypsum?

Seventh—What quantity does it contain in 100 parts in carbonate of lime with magnesia? parts in carbonate of lime with magnesia?

Then ask in what composition is the nitrogen principally present? as an animoniacal salt? as a nitrie acid salt? as an organic substance of easy or difficult decay? By the reply to the first inquiry he is placed in a position to calculate the approximate value in money of the manure in question, whilst from the subsequent answers he acquires tolerably certain information as to the slow or rapid action that may be anticipated from its use." These quotations from Professor Goessmann and others, all recognized authority, show the utter worthlessness of the law in regard to fertilizers to aid the farmers to a knowledge of the money value of the article he buys or of its crop producing capacity, and if their conclusions are correct, and there is no doubt of it, a law should be reported in accordance with the suggestions made by professor Goessnance. gestions made by Professor Goessmann m his annual reports. The present law misleads, is not complied with, and but partially executed, and benefits no one, either manufacturer or consumer. The law requires the label on the package shall state the percentage of nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash, but it is done with so large a latitude that practically it is of no value, for it is possible to guess as near as the labels state, 2 to 3 percent ammonia, 6 to 8 per cent of phosphoric acid, 8 to 10 per cent. potash Could any other articles be sold in this way, and to any one but farmers? Many other articles are sold by analysis. Who would buy any of the mineral ores on a basis so wide as 2 to 3 per cent. a variation of 50 per cent.? Who could sell or who would buy other merchandise in this way?

ments in this paper, please do ut the favor to mention that you saw the same in THE

AROUND THE FARM.

[BY OUR AGRICULTURAL EDITOR.] THE GARDEN.

Strawberries and Their Culture, by Marshall P. Wilder.

The strawberry is one of the most capricious of plants. A variety may do well in a certain locality and in another not far distant may be an entire failure. There are some varieties, like other fruits, such as the Baldwin apple, the Bartlett pear and the Concord grape, that are adapted to a wide extent of territory. Such is the fact with the Wilson strawberry, being starred in the catalogue of the Pomological Society for thirty States and Territories, while no other has more than twentyeight stars. We must, therefore, study the characteristics of our soils, locations and climate, and elect such varieties as are best adapted to them. The acclimation of tender or half-hardy plants is fallacy, and we shall at last be forced to rely on the fitness of things to the conditions in which we live. Strawberry culture has assumed a rank of great importance among our cultivated fruits. Great progress has been made in the introduction of new and fine kinds; but there is room still for improvement. Improvement is the destiny of our race. The instincts of nature, whether we believe in "evolution" or not, are all in the line of improvement. So it is with the fruits of the earth, and I know of no reason why we may not produce strawberries of the first quality and such as are adapted to every section of our vast territory. To produce improved varieties we should select as breeders those that possess the characteristics we wish to obtain. To make sure of a perfect cross I have chosen pistillate or female kinds, and imprepated them with those of the greatest excellence. As an illustration, I have taken the Crescent, although of a second quality, as the female parent on account of its extraordinary hardiness, productiveness, good form and color, and have crossed it with the President Wilder, Henry Davis Duncan, Triple Crown and other high-flavored, well formed, good colored varieties. From these and other crosses I have obtained some very promising kinds, which I hope to present for your examination the coming season. The time is fast approaching when the people will not be satisfied with so poor a strawberry as the Wilson, and if we can produce a better one it will disappear from our markets. If we can produce another here of the quality and productiveness of the Hovey in former years and better suited to general cuitivation—and we can—should we not do it? our race. The instincts of nature, whether What we Want are Varieties of Excellence

that Everybody Can Grow,

In regard to culture I have to say that the straw berry plant is a gross feeder, and without a wellprepared soil, an abundant supply of proper food, prepared soil, an abundant supply of proper food, and at the proper time, no great success can or ought to be anticipated. We should not plant on land which has for some years been occupied with the strawberry. Manure and prepare most thoroughly before planting; give a good top dressing immediately after the fruiting season; repeat this in the spring, being very careful not to disturb the roots. Well-rotted stable manure is good. Ground bone and woodashes, or, as a substitute, muriate of potash are excellent fortilizers, and these and roots. Well-rotted stable manure is good. Ground bone and woodashes, or, as a substitute, muriate of potash are excellent fertilizers, and these are all the better if composted with soil or manure and allowed to heat before using. In this climate the spring is the best time for general planting. But when all the prerequisites are taken, we have often to contend with the heat and drought of summer, which are the most formidable of all difficulties. No plant in its fruiting season is more benefited by a constant supply of water than the strawberry, and I repeat my former advice, "Give the strawberry water, water, and still a little more water." We cannot control the clouds, and if I were to grow the strawberry on a large scale for warket, I would provide the means of Irrigation so that water might be given when it is needed. Some varieties require to be grown in hills and the runners to be cut off as soon as they appear. Such are the Sharpless, Bidwell, Triomphe de Gand, Some are pistillate varieties, and require the bi-sexual kinds to be started near by and be in bloom at the same time. Such are the Hovey, Crescent, Jersey Queen, Manchester. For the want of the proper impregnation these kinds often fall of a good crop, but with a suitable companion the pistillate varieties produce the very large crops, as did the Hovey of forty years ago, and if I mistake not Mr. Hovey will show that it can do so how. Some varieties produce a large number of trusses, and give promise when in bloom of extraordinary crops, but do not yield so much as those of less pretentious appearances. The truth is, there is a superabundance of flowers only a portion will set their fruit and carry it out to perfection without excessive stimulation. Another cause of failure may be traced to a deficiency of pollen in some of their bi-sexual varieties, and it is well to plant near them such as are furnished with an abundance of it. Among the varieties which are taking the place of Wilson and other inferior kinds is the near them such as are furnished with an abundance of it. Among the varieties which are taking the place of Wilson and other inferior kinds is the Charles Downing. Although not quite hard enough for long transportation it is for home and near markets assuming prominent place for general cultivation. While the Wilson, which has been known for forty years, has added on the catalogue of the American Pomological Society only three stars in the last eight years, the Charles Downing, not half so old,

and stands today second on the list of forty-one varieties for cultivation. This variety blights in some seasons, but has never done so with me for fifteen years, and there is no variety with which I am acquainted of its quality which is now so generally cultivated. As to the system of planting I need say but little. For garden culture I like the method of planting in rows three feet apart, with plants one foot in the row, allowing each to make two to four shoulder runners, and no more, for the first season. These by autumn will constitute a thrifty row of strong bearing plants, and will produce more than the common matted beds. For field culture place four feet apart in rows and one foot in the row, and where wide beds are allowed it will be found of great benefit to pinch off all superfluous runners, so as to have none but strong plants. The degeneracy or wearing out of varieties, as it is called, I think may often be traced to the exhaustion of proper elements in the soil and to bad manipulation of the plants. The strawberry should not be grown on the same soil for more than two or three years without intervening crops. Give it fresh, rich soil and strong, uniform plants, and we shall hear but little of the running out of varieties. In our rage for novelties, such as are described as the "best in the world," we meet with many disappointments, sometimes become disgusted with their failure, and cast them out as worthless kinds without a fair trial. So with some of our old kinds which have not been so much cultivated as in former years, such as the Hovey, Jucunda, Triomphe de Gand and others which were once popular. I think it would be a wise measure for this society to offer a special premium, for the restoration of those old vainable varieties of me general cultivation. Of the new varieties of the strawberry now being promulgated as possessing extraordinary good characteristies are the Manchester, Jersey Queen, Ironclad, James Vick and Big Bob, and should any one of these varieties come up to the merits claimed fer them we should need no other kinds. But, m varieties for cultivation. This variety blights in some seasons, but has never done so with me for

Stable and Stock Notes. I can't see how any one is willing to do without a manure ditch in the cow stable. With it a cow scarcely ever gets dirty, and without it she is seldom clean. I have the ditch eight inches deep and two feet wide. I keep a hoe hanging in the stable, and morning, noon and night we scrape down into the ditch any manure or soiled litter there may be on the floor. I prefer to have it cleaned out every day, but can let it go three days if necessary. For bedding there is nothing I can get so good as sawdust. It swells when wet, and does not stain as straw will, and is cleaner and pleasanter in every way. A much less bulk of it than of straw will save the liquid and keep the stock clean. I have never used stanchions for tying my cows, for it seems to me they cannot be so comfortable as a rope tie, and I think they are no more convenient if the mangers are so arranged that you can walk through them in arranged that you can walk through them in front of the cows to the them. My plan is to keep a strap or rope round the horns, with sliding ring on it, and then have a short rope with a snap attached to the manger. The snap can be fastened or loosened in a second. If I were to remodel my stable, I would make the manger fight and dispense entirely with feed boxes, feeding the meal or corn on the floor of the manger. My reason for this is that the cows will drop some of their meal over the box where they cannot reach it, and the dirt and sour meal gather in the corners made by the boxes. With a manger made as I direct, one could sweep it clean, for there would be no partition or obstruction from end to end. I have visited two successful cattle feeders lately, and find that they both feed corn cut into lengths of about two inches with a hatchet, and neither of them would feed ground corn, if you would take it to mill and

box filled with fresh. He tells me that he has had years of experience, and find there is no more danger of cattle overeating and injuring themselves on corn than on grass, if proper care is taken at the beginning.

I Find the Men Who Make the Most Money Out of Cattle as a rule do little winter feeding. They either sell in the fall or winter without grain, except for a few weeks before turning to pasture, and then market

weeks before turning to pasture, and then marked early in June, when the butchers find it most difficult to get beef, and are obliged to pay the best prices. The farmer who feeds cattle from November till April ought to get an advance of two cents a pound if he expects to make anything, but if he buys good cattle in April and grazes through the summer he can sell at the same per pound that he gives and make a good profit. There is no more important point in handiing cattle than to know when to sell. The owner should never let a week pass without carefully inspecting his herd. If any are not thriving well the sooner they are sold the better, while the thrifty ones should be kept. No wise farmer will allow the butcher to cull his herds of young cattle. It is often wiser to sell a scrub at a loss than to keep it to cause a still greater loss; while a smooth, thrifty young animal can often be kept with more profit than can be realized if it is sold even above the market price. In buying cattle to pasture I try to get an even lot, and think it best to get all steers, or else all heifers. If I buy steers I reject stags, even though I can get them half a cent a pound cheaper. Quite a large per cent, of calves are not castrated till a year old, and the horns and necks of these will show it, and prevent their ever making first-class animals, and it does not pay to handle them at all. I have adopted the plan of salting with rock salt, so as to keep it always before the stock. I can buy it in lumps of 100 pounds, and I find that it does not waste much, and with one or two of these large lumps in the pasture the cattle will take just what they need. Although this salt costs considerably more per pound than common salt, I do not think the expense for a season much greater, as it is so much stronger. I wish, while talking about cattle, to recommend that farmers cat more beef. For several years I have killed, in November or early December, a heifer that will dress about 400 pounds. We can often keep it firsh a month, but when early in June, when the butchers find it most diffi-cult to get beef, and are obliged to pay the best

THE APIARY.

Removing Bees from Winter Quarters. During the latter part of March or the early part of April we are often favored with a few warm and really spring-like days; and some bee-keepers, thinking, perhaps, that warm weather has come to stay, make haste to remove the bees from their snug winter quarters: Of course the bees fly far and near in a fruitless search for opening flowers, and in bringing water to the hives. This activity stimulates breeding, and if these balmy days were not interrupted by a return of winter weather all would be well; but when very cold weather comes after considerable brood has been started in this manner, much of the brood is apt to be chilled. And then, if there follow bright, sunshiny days that entice the bees from their hives when cold, raw winds are blowing, many bees are lost, and 'spring dwindling" is the usual result. Bee keepers who have been the most successful with in-door ers who have been the most successful with in-door wintering do not remove their bees from the wintering repository until there are flowers to furnish honey and pollen. I have read and heard of several instances where, either from neglect or some other cause, a few colonies were left in the cellar until some time in May, and when finally placed upon their summer stands, these colonies soon equalled, and in some cases outstripped, the others. As a general rule

Bees Should be Left in the Cellar as long as they remain quiet. In order to keep the temperature so low that the bees would remain quiet, ice has been carried into the cellar, or the outside cellar doors left open nights and kept closed during the day. In some instances air has been conducted into the cellar through a pipe that passes several times through the contents of an ice-house, which very effectually kept the cellar at a low temperature. If the bees cannot be kept quiet and are beginning to show symptoms of dysentery, it might be well to carry them out some warm day, allow them to have a good, purifying flight, and then return them to the cellar. Before placing their bees in winter quarters many beekeepers number each hive and the stand that it occupies, and are particular, when carrying the bees out in the spring, that each live is placed upon its own stand. Although bees always circle about and "take their bearings" the first time that they leave the hive after being taken from the cellar, yet I cannot say from experience what would be the result of setting them out promiscuously; but let the result be what it might, I think it just as well, probably better, that each hive should occupy its accustomed stand. If there is any time that bees need tucking up with chaff, cushions and the like, it is from the time that they are taken from the cellar until about the first of June. At this time the combs are filling up with brood, and the old bees, whose vitality is nearly exhausted, are taxed to their utmost in caring for so many little "baby bees," and when the brood nest is surrounded by some thick, warm substance, rew bees are required quiet, ice has been carried into the cellar, or the bees," and when the brood nest is surrounded by some thick, warm substance, few bees are required to keep up the proper temperature, consequently more bees can be spared to labor in the fields, and there is little danger of the brood being chilled.

THE RICE CROP.

Considerable attention is now being directed to the culture of upland rice. Until recently the erroneous opinion prevailed that rice could be grown successfully only in low, wet soils. Although there are numerous varieties of rice, it is practically divided into two kinds, the upland and the lowland, or mountain rice and aquatic rice, the latter being cultivated in the Southern States. In South Carolina, where upland rice is commonly grown, and where the soil is level, sandy and inclined to moisture, a vield of three bushels of rice to one of corn has been obtained from the same field. In Alabama level uplands with sandy loam, or stiff clay uplands, have produced crops beyond expectation. Also, in many parts of Georgia, even in the Chattahoochee valley, 1000 feet above the sea level, successful crops have been raised. Now that the practicability and the profits of upland rice culture have bility and the profits of upland rice culture have been demonstrated, it is assuming an important place in agriculture. Of all the cereal crops grown there is, perhaps, no other that will give as good returns for the small amount of labor and expense attending its cultivation. It has never been known to rust and has fewer insect enemies than any other cereal; and there is always a ready cash market for it, either in the rough or cleaned, which in the rice mills is worth about \$1.25 to \$1.50 per bushel, and for seed rice \$2 is the usual price. The profits of rice culture, where it has received proper attention, have in some cases been 100 per cent. on the capital invested. Good, paying crops,

Can be Raised on Any of the Ordinary

Lands. pine or hammock, wet or dry. Very fine results have been obtained on new pine lands, and still pine or hammock, wet or dry. Very fine results have been obtained on new pine lands, and still better crops on older lands. There are in some parts of Florida cultivators of poor pine lands, who grow rice in a small way, harvesting from twenty-five to fifty bushels to the acre. On the rich hammock lands from sixty to ninety bushels is not an unusual yield of rough rice, or rice in the hull. In many places lands that have been worthless for any other purpose have produced a fair crop of rice, thus giving almost a clear gain, when the entire unfitness of the land for anything else is taken into account, and the very small outlay for seed rice, and an inconsiderable amount for labor—the average yield being fifteen bushels to the acre, worth from seventy-five cents to \$1 a bushel. The culture of the rice is very simple. It can be sown on the land from which the last year's vegetable crop has been harvested, or in the same fields with corn, sugar cane or cotton. Rice needs good cultivation till it gets well started in growth; then it will take care of itself until harvest time, when it may be cut and handled much like wheat or other grain. It is said by those who have had experience in the business that rice can be cultivated with much less expense and labor than cotton, and can be gathered cheaper. The straw, when properly handled, makes an excellent fodder for cattle. There are thousands of acres of unreclaimed and undeveloped land in the Southern States, particularly in Louisiana, which would make the very best kind of rice land, that can be had all the way from twenty-five cents to \$125 per acre, which, with a little expense and can be had all the way from twenty-five cents to \$1 25 per acre, which, with a little expense and preparation, could be made to yield incredible

THE CLOVER.

The Mammoth or Red Sapling Clover. This variety, which is also known as English clover, Perennial Red clover, Giant clover, Peavine, but more commonly as the Mammoth or Sapling, is beginning to attract more attention than heretofore from the owners of elay uplands that have been exhausted to a considerable degree by constant cropping with wheat and corn.

It has been by close observation and experi-ce that the requisite skill in its management is been obtained. The varying seasons, whether et or dry, each require that the farmer should now when to continue or discontinue the pastur-g of it. In central Ohlo the best plan, when ed is wanted, is to pasture it until about the first June. If the season is dry, then not quite so te. During the last week sheep are allowed the of June. If the season is dry, then not quite so late. During the last week sheep are allowed the range of the field. Managed in this way the clover plant stools well, and the straw will be short and the heads large. The first crop can, if the season is suitable, be

Cut for Hay as Soon as it Begins to Bloom, and the second allowed to go to seed. The yield of seed is usually about three bushels. Experience in the management of this variety seems to ence in the management of this variety seems to depends largely upon the period at which it is cut. If cut before the blossom appears it will usually allow of two good euttings in a season—one early in June, the other in August. Where two crops are cut in this way there will be no loss from blossoming, and the tendency to grow coarse and lodge badly will be obviated. Should the weather be unfavorable to curing the clover when cut at so succulent a period of its growth, there will be no difficulty in curing if it can be exposed to the sun until it is thoroughly wilted, and then put into cocks and capped with cloth covers. Clover is unquestionably the cheapest manure. It has been estimated that the cost of seed and growing will not exceed \$1 per acre. A bushel of seed is sufficient for six to eight acres, and ten cents per acre will cover the cost of sowing. It is a good day's work for a man and team to haul barn-yard manure a reasonable distance and cover an acre of ground. If clover is used as a fertilizer one man can seed down ten acres in the same time, and the result of such seeding will be that he will have added more fertility to the soil than is contained in 100 loads of ordinary barnyard manure. An essential matter in the growing of lover successfully is not to allow stock to trample upon the very young plants during the first season of its growth, and never to pasture it so late in the season that it will not form top enough to mulch or cover the crowns of the plants-and give them the necessary winter protection.—[Farm and Fireside. be the only reliable guide. Its value as a hay crop

THE CORN CROP.

Experiments in the Culture of Corn.

Since the discovery of America corn has been raised in all sections and under all circumstances. Two and a half centuries have proved it to be the most valuable of all cereals. It has been cultivated in every conceivable manner, and improved in almost every possible way, and yet there is still room for improvement. But few who produce it make it a paying crop. Where labor is cheap, land productive and the markets good for corn, or the stock that eat it, it is profitable, provided it is economically handled. Forty bushels per acre, at fifty cents, does not generally pay for raising the grain alone, when the taxes and interest on the land are counted. From my own experiments with corn I think the field for its improvement is as yet only entered, and that by but few. Experiments have proved beyond a doubt in almost every State that it has by no means reached its fullest capacity. There are still many ways to make the crop more prolific, of better quality, and better suited to soils and climates. When corn is raised for the grain alone, without reference to the stover, but few realize more than 20 per cent. They spend at least ize more than 20 per cent. They spend at least 80 per cent. of their labor and money in raising the stalks on which it grows, therefore making it a losing business. Experiments in Illinois show an average of forty bushels per acre, at a cost of twenty-seven cents; in Indiana, forty-eight, and in Ohio, forty-five bushels at thirty-nine cents. Extra labor in the preparation of the soil, the use of fertilizers and selection of seed has often and in many sections doubled these averages at a proportionately less cost. The utmost capacity of corn has been exhibited, perhaps, by a few experimenters in different sections. The largest yield of shelled corn on record produced on a measured acre, was made by S. C. Cox, near Selma, Ala. His whole crop, both of stalks and grain, when cured, weighed a little over seventeen tons, five and three-quarter tons, or 206 bushels of which were shelled corn. Dr. J. W. Parker of Columbia, S. C., produced 200 bushels and twelve quarts from a measured acre. The stalks and fodder, when cured, weighed acre. The stalks and fodder, when cured, weighed fourteen and a half tons.

When Planted for Fodder Alone Most

Enormous Crops are Produced. R. H. Mack of Parma, O., raised twenty-two tons of cured fodder from a single acre; John G. Webb of Utica, twenty-five tons, and S. H. Hall of Elmira averaged thirty tons on a field of ten aeres, Hundreds of instances are on record of like yields. When we compare what has been done with corn by way of experiments, and what is being done in general culture, the discrepancy is so great that it seems the farmers might benefit themselves immensely by giving a little more attention to their seed. Good seed is a much more important factor in successful and profitable corn raising than we are willing to admit. So important have repeated experiments proved to be, that as high as twenty bushels more per acre have been raised on the same field under the same treatment from seed that had been carefully bred up, than from seed of the same corn taken from the bin. For an example ten acres of fine corn ground were prepared, five of which were planted with seed selected from the corn in the pile, and the other five with seed of the same corn that had been carefully raised, bred up and selected in the Hundreds of instances are on record of like yields. with seed selected from the corn in the pile, and the other five with seed of the same corn that had been carefully raised, bred up and selected in the field. The first made 262 bushels, the last rive acres 378 bushels. The selection and breeding of seed of any kind is as necessary to success as selecting and breeding live stock. When pure and genuine it will in all cases do better and yield more. Farmers must select their own seed every year. They say they do. How? "Why, we take the best ears we can find, braid up by the husk, and hang them safely away from rats and moisture." Such saving is well enough, but it don't amount to much. Every ear so selected is more or less affected with the pollen of barren stalks, and stalks that are a bane and detriment to any crop. Good, genuine seed, as has been proved by a few, will always pay the farmer many times the labor he has taken to make it so. Every ear designed for seed must be protected from the influence of all foreign varieties, and especially from its own injurious productions. There are but few farmers who have failed to notice the large number of poor and earless stalks in the crop, but few can give any reason. They have often seen a good stalk and a poor one in the same hill—one with perhaps two good ears, the other with none on it. Just as long as we select as we do, and fail to improve on our system of saving seeds, we shall have more earless stalks han prolific ones. Corn prove on our system of saving seeds, we shall have more earless stalks than prolific ones. Corn mixes so readily, and is so susceptible to the effects of its coarser and degrading neighbors, that selection must be resorted to every year to keep up the standard in quality and genuineness.

FARM FENCES.

Fencing to Enclose Cattle Said to be a Useless Expense.

It is claimed by theorists, and also by some practical farmers, that all fencing to enclose cattle is a useless expense, made necessary only by the costly system of pasturage. That soiling or the keeping of stock in the stable or yard the year round may be profitable under some circumstances is not denied, but that it can be adopted in general practice in our country, at least in the Eastern States, is not to be expected, for few farms are in whole arable, adapted to plough and to mowing; hence, fences are a necessity, and the question is, what style is most desirable. Taking into account cost, durability and efficacy, none is equal to a good stone wall, and, in the long run, none cheaper where material is available. On many farms stones must be removed for convenience of cultivation, and if removed to where permanent fences are wanted, such as line fences or other permanent divisions, the material for the best permanent divisions, the material for the best fences is there for all time, and the building of a wall is no more expensive than the material and labor of any good wood fence, and if well built will last fifty years or longer with but little repairs, the material being always on the spot when rebuilding becomes necessary. A stone wall standing four and a half feet high will turn any animal that should be allowed to run at nasture; and if ing four and a half feet high will turn any animal that should be allowed to run at pasture; and if pigs are turned in to glean the grain stubbles there is no danger of their getting through into other fields. Cattle and horses that will jump a wood fence of the same height will keep clear of a stone wall. To construct a good stone fence the surface should be tahen off to the depth of six inches or more, according to soil. This can be done with plough and scraper at small expense, and earth taken out should be banked up to the wall after it is built. The foundation should be about three feet broad and the wall tapered up on each side equally to one foot on top, to be capped with one stone. When the stones are small, as is usual with field stone, three or four courses of flat sticks should be laid across to hold it from falling down by the action of frost on the foundations.

For this Purpose Ccdar Timber is Best,

For this Purpose Cedar Timber is Best, but any timber that splits freely will do, and even old staves and refuse boards are often used. Where field or quarry stone are not found on the farm for feneing, either wood or iron must be used. The best wood fence is the old Virginia used. The best wood fence is the old Virginia "worm." both as to durability and cheapness, where timber is pieoty and suitable. Any lasting timber, such as cedar, chestnut, white oak or black ash, makes good rails for wood fence, and when laid with stakes and wire support makes a very efficient and lasting tence against all domestic animals. The objection that it occupies too much space is true where land is used for cultivation exclusively, but not when used for cultivation exclusively, but not when used for pasturage. The corners are quite liable to become filled with briers and foul weeds, but the thorough farmer will find time to destroy all such unsightly and wasteful growth. The common post and board fence has at least the merit of neatness when new and in perfect repair, but it is the most expensive fence the farmer builds, considering its lack of durability—from ten to fifteen inches with a hatchet, and neither of them would feed ground corn, if you would take it to mill and grind it for nothing. They tell me the eattle eat the corn to corn better than meal, and are less liable to indigestion or scours, and that with horse to follow there is absolutely no waste. They estimate the corn to be worth nearly half as much for logs as it would be if feed directly to them. These men follow different plans in feeding, but both depend entirely on straw for rough feed. One of them feeds in box are smothered out and destroyed. On lands stacks for shelter, and feeds in boxes set up on legs out or reach of the hogs. He begins feeding corn sparingly, and increases gradually until his corn red variety, the other red variety, the other three feaths at the superbox stalks are smothered out and destroyed. On lands of this kind not more than one-fourth the total amount of seed to the acre should be of the mammoth red variety, the other referents as such for our land the plants themselves are smothered by the winds, the boards torn cattle are on full feed, which will take perhaps a month, and then he fills the troughs and keeps corn before them all the time. If the corn in a trough gets soiled it is thrown to the hogs and the

vices, but none of them have come into common use on the farm. Barbed wire will be but little used when other material is convenient. On the Western prairies, for fencing against eattle only, it has considerable merit. The three named and most common farm fences in this State cost the farmer per rod about as follows, each to be 4½ feet high: Hauling stone-for wall, \$1; sticks, 10 cents; building, \$1; total, \$2 10. Boards, at \$14 per thousand, \$2½ feet, \$1 15; posts and mails, 50 cents; building, 20 cents; total, \$1 85. Ralls, sixteen at 5 cents, 80 cents; four stakes at 3 cents, 12 cents; building and wire for stakes, 10 cents; total, \$1 02. I have several miles of stone fence on my farm; much of it has been standing forty and some fifty years, and is yet substantial, only needing trifling repairs occasionally. I have also rail and board fences, neither of which require so little repairs as the stone wall. Board fences standing but fifteen years are now almost worthless; rail fences standing twice as long are much better,—[The Tribune.

THE GRAPE.

Culture of the Hardy Grape.

It might be considered almost superfluous to say anything on this subject, as so much has been already said by others in articles and published in book form, giving the various opinions and differing methods of culture. This reminds me of a parson I once heard of, the rector of a small village in the old country, who had his sermons printed to last him, one for every Sunday in the year, and when he got through he started on the same batch again, So with grape culture; it will same batch again. So with grape culture; it will stand going over again. It would be impossible for me to enter into details on this subject. I don't think it would be necessary even if I could, so I will be brief and sum it all up in a nutshell. If good grapes are expected it is necessary they should have good naterial to grow in. A prepared border should be made, excavated two and a half feet deep and four or five feet wide, with a layer of four or five inches of rough materials at bottom, such as brickbats, old mortar, oyster shells, etc., to act as a drainage. This is an important element in the matter, especially if the ground is heavy, in which case the border should be filled up with rotten sod and a good mixture of cow dung. Horse dung is not suitable for grape borders, as it contains too much fungus. Three-year-old vines should be selected for planting. Vines which have been grown in pots can be procured of any nurseryman in the neighborhood at a moderate charge. They should be planted about six feet apart, in a straight line up the middle of the border, and not allowed to bear fruit the first year. The second season they may be allowed to bear four or five bunches on each vine; and if everything goes well a good average crop may be expected the following year. As to the management of vines I think

Pruning May be Done at Any Time stand going over again. It would be impossible

Pruning May be Done at Any Time from the first of January to the middle of March. If this matter is delayed longer than the latter If this matter is delayed longer than the latter time they are apt to bleed too much, which is injurious to the vines, as grapes grow on the wood they make the current year. It is indispensably necessary that this growth should come from the preceding year's wood; hence the necessity of pruning down to within two or three eyes of the last season's growth. I find the system of pruning generally in vogue is to leave old canes year after year, until they have no good eyes or joints capable of producing fruit-bearing wood, except a little growth at the extremities of the canes, which you have to depend on for your next year's fruit, and very poor stock at that. I think this system ought to be discouraged, and, instead, young canes layered of the preceding year's growth in the spring, which, when sufficiently strong and well rooted, will take the place of the old cane, which can be cut away. In the process of growth and fruiting, if the latter comes too thick, the vines should be gone over and the bunches regulated out with the thumb and finger according to your own judgment and the strength of the vines. When the young shoots have made growth three joints from the iruit, one joint should be pinched off, leaving two from the bunch, thus giving a tendency to check the flow of sap, which is favorable to the fruiting. This operation will need repeating again during the season. Vine borders should be mulched at all times with about four or five inches of cow dung. A good sowing of bone dust in the fall of the year will be beneficial. Mulching protects the roots in winter, keeps them moist in summer, and acts as a stimulant to the vines. The coarse manure may be raked off in the spring and the rest lightly diug in with a fork and the border again mulched immediately.—[Gardeners' Monthly. time they are apt to bleed too much, which is in-

THE CALF.

Calves During the Next Ninety Days. Young things that have done exception

ally well during the past three months will, in the

same hands, undoubtedly go on to grass, as young growing stock always should, namely, with pliable hides and oily coats—two evidences that they have not put in the whole winter without making some growth. Yet even such as have done capitally up growth. Yet even such as have done capitally up to February will possibly require more attention from now till grass than they have from time of grass in the fall till the present time. As winter nears its close efforts are likely to be relaxed in view of the near approach of the spring bite, and due attention to the bad influence of the possibly changeable weather of February, and the worse weather of March, from the cold rains and mud under foot, so liable to come in all except the more northerly States, be neglected. These influences, added to the disturbed digestion, accompanied by a more or less disweather of March, from the cold rains and mud under foot, so liable to come in all except the more northerly States, be neglected. These influences, added to the disturbed digestion, accompanied by a more or less distended abdomen, in the case of calves that have not done well during the first half of winter, will call for extra care to the latter class. The coarse feed, especially straw, should be entirely ignored, no access being allowed to any other than concentrated food, except moderate allowances of fine, bright, well-cured hay. The trouble which usually comes to very young stock from feeding ground foods is the indigestion liable to overtake them through fermentation of the food given. For this reason oil-cake meal is undoubtedly the best food in use for calves. Farmers naturally have a prejudice against buying feed for farm stock of any kind, under the belief that the grains grown upon their own farms are good enough for any animal reared thereon. They forget that calves are usually reared artificially; that is, they are as a rule too early deprived of their natural sustenance, the milk of the mother. This involves the necessity of substituting as nearly an equivalent as can be found. On account of the tendency to fermentation of ground foods, when given freely to young things, and the cake meal being only in a slight degree, compared to some other feeds, liable to ferment in the stomach of the cali, the latter is adopted, especially in Europe, by pretty much all who rear cattle and sheep, as the most important food at their command. Especially is this true as regards their management of young stock; nor do they restrict its use to growing things, but use it freely as a basis for foods during the entire process of fattening. Now is a good time for observing men, with judgment well matured in such matters, to look up and buy young stock to rear, as the discerning eye will see the evidences of good strains in the breeding and good care in the wintering where these are present. Calves that have been proper WHAT FARMERS SHOULD KNOW.

Hints About the Farm.

Grease is akin to scratches on the heels, but is more injurious to the horse, and not so easily cured. Wheat bran is a good sedative for such affections, and should be fed at least half and half with Indian meal or whole corn, and one-tourth to one-third of oats, rye or barley. The horse should also be kept well satted. A teaspoonful, even full or heaping, according to his size, and mixed up well with the bran at night, is a fair dose.

An acre of clover on rich land will feed forty-five An acre of clover on rich land will feed forty-nye cows fifteen days if cut and feed as a soiling crop. In this respect it is much more productive than rye, oats or barley cut green, and it is also a better food than either of these alone. Corn for soiling is more productive than clover, but not so much more productive as is supposed, since the clover can be cut several times in a season.

cut several times in a season.

Early hatched chickens are more vigorous than those produced later in the season, when hot and dry weather addles half the eggs while incubation is in progress. It is more trouble to care for the very earliest chickens during cold, wet weather in March or April; but the cockerels will bring fancy prices as early broilers, and the pullets will be good layers next wihter.

Blackberries should be set out very early. Six feet apart each way is a good distance. Set a stake six feet high to each. See that plants that are to bear this year are well tied to their stakes.

Mr. J. H. Gregory quotes an experienced Boston market gardener as saying that the blanching of celery is merely a matter of fashion, and that a man eating a well-grown specimen in the dark cannot tell whether it is blanched or not.



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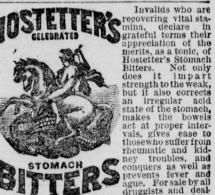
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THE WOMAN'S HOUR.

About the People Who Are Good But Not Great.

Varied Views. Containing a Glimpse of Cornell, and Other Matters.

Concerning Polonaises and How They Are Made-Echoes.

"She has completely spoiled my pet theory." said a young woman of gentle disposition and lovely nature as an older one of recognized intellectual ability, but unfortunately possessed of a disagreeable personality, left the room. "I have always insisted," she went on, "that mental strength and brilliance will compensate for every other defect, and that the person who possesses intellect possesses the one most desirable at tribute of all the world. But after the last hour's experience I find I don't believe so any longer."

She had listened for an hour or more to a rasping voice, an ungenerous, illiberal and egotistical tongue. To be sure, the rasping voice had said some brilliant things, and the unkind tongue had uttered, along with its sharpness and narrowness, sentiments of deep and thrilling meaning. But the young woman found herself at the close of the hour in an entirely different attitude toward certain things from that she had occupied at the beginning. She did not appreciate intellect, mental power and brilliance less than before, but she found herself moved by a much greater admiration for moral qualities, sweetness and largeness of nature and loveable personality. And, on the whole, her point of view had become much more commendable, her discernment of the actual relative importance of things was much

nearer the truth than it was before. But she had only gotten these things askew in But she had only gotten these things askew in the same disproportioned way in which the most of her countrymen see them. Americans all have an exaggerated esteem for mental ability and a consedently depreciated estimation of moral qualities. They worship "smartness"; they find nothing so admirable as keen, forcibic intellect. But in their admiration for this, they think less of moral strength and beauty than they should. Intellect is not the only worthy attribute of the individual, nor is it of more importance than the moral qualities. A sweet, serene nature, loveable generous, large and strong is as desirable and of just as much importance to the world as a keen, brilliant intellect. Intellectual qualities furnish the propelling power people who have but little mental ability, who are yet so genuinely good, who have such clear insight into the truth of things, and such power to walk straightforward in the way they see that they destraightforward in the way they see that they deserve the reverence of those more favored intellectually. They may be hewers of wood and drawers of water, doing for society its most menial services, and yet the lavish dower of the milk of human kindness which nature has bestowed upon them makes them the peer, if the world saw things rightly, of those more gifted whose services they perform. The people who have "a genius for goodness" are in reality as great as those who possess genius of any intellectual sort. The world has not learned yet of how much value they really are. Consequently, it does not esteem them as it should. But some day intellectual ability and moral worth will be placed on that equality where they should stand.

Varied Views.

A writer in Lippincott's has this to say about feminine "types": "Among the various types of the women of the period the type intellectual pretellectual I refer not to the representatives of any particular movement or reform, but to those large classes of women scattered throughout our great cities who by means of the various opportunities offered in club and classwork make a hobby of the difficult art of self-improvement. The ambition for intellectual culture has become an absolute for intellectual culture has become an absolute mania with a large number of women whose efforts to gain the universal information of which they are in search often display more zeal than intelligent discrimination, and frequently react most painfully upon themselves in respects both mental and physical. The wonderful amount of information possessed by a certain type of 'literary' woman is equalled only by her amazing ignorance in other directions."

A newspaper correspondent has been writing

directions."

A newspaper correspondent has been writing about Cornell University, and says, among other things: "Since coming here I have talked with professors and non-professors, with men and women students and with such as are not students, and the general verdict is that there is no question whatever as to the success of co-education. It operates as naturally, healthfully, and as much to the positive benefit of both sexes as can the best and most elevating social relations. The best and most elevating social relations. The men and women behave better and are more selfrespecting than when educated in one-sex schools. The presence of women is regarded in precisely the same light as men regard the presence of women in churches, in theatres, at lectures

ence of women in churches, in theatres, at lectures or in the street. It is simply an accustomed fact, and nothing more is thought of it."

The lectures of Rev. Dr. Dix in New York, to which we have several times alluded, have called forth comments and answers many and severe. Several ministers of that city have preached sermons in reply. One, by Rev. James M. Pullman, concluded as follows: "I hold that a man and a woman constitute the equal halves of a complete whole. One has faculties and characteristics that supplement the qualities possessed by the other. It is no more than right that woman shall have as good a chance to develop all of her faculties as woman's rights by reasoning from pulpits and lecture platforms. It can only be settled by practical experience—by giving women a chance."

Polonaises made of the light-weight wooller stuffs used for spring suits, says Harper's Bazar, are more bouffantly draped than the pelisse-like garments of heavy cloths or velvets worn during the winter. In some cases this fulness is made entirely by additional breadth below the waist, laid in hollow pleats in the three seams of the back, but in others there is the cross seam, called the Newmarket seam, curved across the hips in a way that gives fuller drapery. The fronts of the polonaises are ditte plain, single-breasted, and usually slope away toward the sides to disclose a pleated skirt beneath. The waist is fitted as smoothly as a cutrass, and extends low and smooth over the hips in Jersey style, giving the becoming effect formerly so bopular in the Marguerite polonaise. A youthful-looking over-dress called the revers polonaise has each front turned back below the hip seam, and this revers extends all around the sides quite plainly to meet the seams next the middle forms of the back, where there is additional fulness held in two great double box-pleats. The revers slope narrower as they pass backward and extend upward to meet the back drapery. Another polonaise, giving much greater fulness, has the Newmarket seam across the hips, and its fronts slope away from this, not by being turned back in revers, but by being drawn upward and back in a full cluster of pleats on the fournure in the seams that join the side forms to the middle back; the middle seam of the back has similar fulness, and this gives a very bouffant over-dress. The waist is left perfectly plain over the hips, and is the objective point for trimming, as the skirt is merely hemmed or deeply faced with silk. This trimming on the waist may be of passementerie, or of soutache braid, in leaves, palms, wheels, or gothic points that extend down each side of the fronts and across the hips to the seams next the middle back forms, where there may be rosettes or tassels of braid, or else merely the plain box-pleating is left there without being crossed by trimming. An English standing collar of the wool material is made to these polonaises; laid in hollow pleats in the three seams of the back, but in others there is the cross seam, called the plain box-pleating is left there without being crossed by trimming. An English standing collar of the wool material is made to these polonaises; this is a high band with the corners slightly turned over in points, and there may be a lining of gay satin inside, either orange-color or straw-berry pink, and a fine wire is placed inside this little collar to hold it erect. The skirt may have only five sets of box pleats its entire length, looking, in their unusual breadth, like panels with side pleats between.

The revival of snmmer silks seems an accepted act among leaders of fashion. The Jersey coat, fitting smoothly around the hips and made of fine "corkscrew" cloth or Jersey cloth in some color matching the suit of the wearer, is a stylish choice this spring for a young lady's wrap.

wearer, is a stylish choice this spring for a young lady's wrap.

Sashes of yellow ribbon with white muslin dresses are in true æsthetic taste, and these are worn not alone by brunettes, but by blondes, who quote Worth as saying there is no more reason why a blonde should not wear yellow than that she should not sit in the sunlight.

Should not sit in the sunlight.

Something new is at last seen in the designs for then lawns that have hitherto been common-place and stereotyped. Now the designs of satteens with large flowers are copied on tinted linen grounds of ecru or gray, while white grounds have large linked rings, blocks, stripes, bars and balls, as well as sprays of flowers. Thicker gray linens have small white designs in the natterns of broaders. well as sprays of flowers. Thicker gray linens have small white designs in the patterns of brocades. Smoothly woven wool stuffs, like tamise cloth of very firm quality, are imported in plain colors and in plaids, blocks, checks and stripes, for spring dressess. There are dresses made entirely of the plaids, in very dashing styles, but it is more usual to buy the plain goods for the over-dress and plaid or stripes for the skirt. The strawberry plaids are fashionable for these, combining all the plak and red shades that are now called strawberry, with either deeper red shades or with the new treens—stem-of-Dink. reseda and saze—or with

the dark ivy greens, also with navy or with corn-flower blue. There are also very finely checked wools showing all the new red shades with white, blue with white, green with white, brown with

Darned net is coming into fashion again. It is very effective as trimming for dresses or as bordering for fine clothes or cushions. It can be worked in various ways with different materials, fine lace thread, colored purse silks, or with floss and filoselles either upon white, colored or black

nets.

The fancy for the new yellow shades is seen in the sudden appearance of clusters of three or six silk pompons of bright pepita yellow on the left side of the dark blue, green, brown or black velvet turbans worn by young ladies; or of a yellow panache of ostrich feathers, with an algrette of heron feathers erect in its centre, as a trimming for small velvet capotes; the dark nasturtium and mandarin orange shades are used in the same way.

same way.

Paniered basques are as fashionably worn as ever, but they are not very deep, and are rounded over the hips, where they often connect with the drapery at the back, the skirt being trimmed with ruffles, or plaitings, or alternate ruffles of lace or embroidery, and plaitings of the material. Sagging puffs are also employed, of graduated width, and with ruffles of embroidery between, or heading the puffs, or with insertion, or lines of shirring between upon which the edges of the puffing fall, but only lightly, the fulness being somewhat straight and scant.

FANCY-WORK.

Shetland Shawls for Summer.

No. 1-About twenty ounces of Shetland or Germantown wool will make a large double shawl, for which I will give you two patterns. Use No. 6 or 7 needles, and cast on any number of stitches that will divide by six, adding two at each end for the edges, always to be knitted plain, slipping off the first one; then first row, slip off the first stitch, knit one plain (this is the edge), * throw the thread over, slip one, knit two together, pass slipped stitch over, three plain; repeat from * to the end (except edge stitches). Second row-edge stitches as directed; then purl to the end again. Third row-(edge stitches) then three plain, over, * slip one, knit two together, pass slipped stitch over, over, repeat from *. Repeat from first row.

NO. 2-STRIPED PATTERN. Same needles, cast on any number that may be divided by twenty-four, adding two at each end, for edge stitches, always to be knitted plain, and will never be mentioned. First row—Two plain, over, knit two together, three plain, over, knit two together, over, knit two together twice, pass the one over the other—forming one stitch, over, three plain, over, knit two together; repeat from the

beginning.
Second row—Purl (after the edge stitches, which always remember); every alternate row is purled.
Third row—One plain, knit two together, over, three plain, knit two together, over, knit two together, over, knit two together, over, three plain, two together, over, two together, over, three over, three over, three over, two together, over, three over, two together, over, three over, th plain, two together, over, one plain; repeat from urth (and each alternate row), purl.

Fourth (and each alternate row), purl.
Fifth row—Edge, two plain, over, two together, one plain, two together, over, two together.

over, two together, over, two together, we plain, over, two together. Sixth row—Repeat from edge stitches. Seventh row—One plain, two together, over, one plain, two together, over; two together, over; two together, over; two together, over; two together over; two together wice; pass one over the other as before, over, one plain.

plain.
Eighth row—Repeat.
Ninth row—Two plain, over, two together, one plain, over, two together, over, two together, over, two together, over, two together, two plain, over, two together, two plain, over, two together, over,

plain, over, two together, over, two together, over, one plain, two together.

Tenth row—Repeat from edge stitches.

Eleventh row—One plain, knit two together, over, three plain, over, two together, over, t

Select a medium-sized Japanese umbrella, one with a plain ground and gilt figures is prettiest. The knob or point is to be securely glued into a large square or circular block, which it will be necessary to have made by a carpenter, as it must necessary to have made by a carpenter, as it must be smoothly finished to look well after it has been painted. This block must also be heavy enough to act as a stand for the umbrella to hold it steadily in its upright position, that it may not be easily knocked over. The block is then to be painted the color of the umbrella, and decorated like it with gitt figures. To prevent the umbrella from falling open the points of the ribs which project beyond the paper covering are interlaced with satin ribbon. Either several shades of the narrowest ribbons are turned in and out of the ribs or sticks like basket work, or a wide ribbon may be used instead of the narrow. Sew the seams with silk to match the shade of the ribbons. The umbrella should be not quite half open. A piece of gilt paper is cut to fit round the inside of the umbrella to cover the sticks, and thus prevent papers and scraps from falling through to the point, from whence it is difficult to remove them. If narrow ribbons are used for the lacings, tie a bunch of them round the handle with long loops and ends, and their many colors make a gay trimming; or should the wider ribbon be used, tie a full bow of it round the handle. The gilt paper which is used as a lining to cover the sticks and hold the scraps must be glued to keep it in place. This can easily be done without in juring the covering of the umbrella by touching each stick with a little. umbrella by touching each stick with a little strong glue or gum, and press the paper against it. When it dries the paper will adhere and keep in place nicely. They are very odd and pretty scrap baskets and are not difficult to make.

Ribbon Embroidery.

This work is very beautiful and easy of execution, for the flowers, instead of being embroidered in the usual manner, are made of either the narrowest satin ribbon, or small bits of colored satin. in the usual manner, are made of either the narrowest satin ribbon, or small bits of colored satin. Fine flowers, such as forget-me-nots or daisies, either white or yellow, are the simplest to work, as only one stitch is required for each petal. For forget-me-nots thread an ordinary worsted needle with the narrowest blue satin ribbon, and knot the end to keep it from pulling out of the material when drawing it through. Take one stitch from the point of the petal to where it joins the stamens; fiatten the ribbon in the middle, and the slight puckering at either end gives it a more natural appearance. In order to shade the leaves light and dark two shades of blue ribbon may be used, working two of the leaves light and three dark. The stamens should be worked with yellow slik in knot stitch; the stems and leaves embroidered with crewels in Kensington stitch. For rosebuds a small bit of satin is doubled, using the folded point for the tip of the bud; the edges are gathered and sewed to the material. The calyx is embrordered with green crewel, the light shades silk. If the design is of moss rosebuds they can be very beautifullyland perfectly executed by using arrasene for the calyx of the buds and the foliage, as it has the apearance of moss. Arrasene is a sort of worsted chenille, not expensive, and may be procured in most of the large worsted stores. For the roses a piece of satin is doubled and gathered in the same manner as for the buds, and a skilful touch will give each petal the exact look of a rose leaf. The stamens are worked knot stitch with embroidery slik. The foliage is to be embroidered in Kensington, with crewels for the darker shades and slik for the light. Daisies or any flowers having narrow petals may be executed after the directions given for forget-me-nots, any flowers having narrow petals may be executed after the directions given for forget-me-nots,

Couching Embroidery.

Darning stitches are taken in parallel lines of long and short stitches unevenly distributed. The outline of the pattern is usually worked first, and outline of the pattern is usually worked first, and generally consists of some large floriated pattern, and the background darned in silk of contrasting color. Flowers in dull yellow and a background of dull blue is a favorite combination. Another method, rarely seen and used only on rich materials, is to outline the design and fill it in with darning stitches, leaving the background plåin. A specimen of this work exhibited at the Society of Decorative Art in New York was a square of ivory satin bordered with olive velvet. The satin was covered with a design of large flowers outlined in specimen of this work exhibited at the Society of Decorative Art in New York was a square of ivory satin bordered with olive velvet. The satin was covered with a design of large flowers outlined in twisted chain stitch, with dark blue filoseile, and the entire ground darned with old gold silk. The couching or laid work is akin to darning and includes all forms of embroidery when the threads of whatever sort are laid upon the surface and secured by threads coming from the back of the material. The outline couching is most valuable for applique or for coarse work in large patterns. This is simply a thick strand of crewels laid down and stitched at intervals by threads crossing the couching line at right angles. Filoselle is used with crewel. Silk cord and gold cord held by stitches of strong silk are also used. For plain couching (filled in embroidery) lay your threads evenly from side to side of the outlined pattern, then pass the needle through to the back and bring it up again at a distance, allowing an intermediate stitch to be taken backward. When this is completed the threads may be laid again at right angles and at regular intervals and caught down again by stitches from behind. The fastening stitches may be taken so as to form a pattern on the laid surface, and is then called diaper couching. A Perfume Sachet.

The materials necessary for these very dainty sachets will be half a yard of light blue satin ribbon eight inches wide, one yard of narrow satin ribbon half an inch wide, five cents' worth of helicotrope sachet powder, or whatever other perfume may be preferred, and half a sheet of white wadding. Satin may be used instead of ribbon, but the fringe will not be so full and pretty. Either end of the wide satin ribbon should be fringed an eighth of a yard deep, and this will leave a quarter yard of plain ribbon between fringed ends. Sew the edges of the plain piece together on the wrong side, and then turn it right side out, taking care not to crumple the fringe. Make a roll of the wadding, first placing the perfume in it. Let the roll fit exactly from end to end of the satin cover, and have it only large enough round to slip in easily. Cut the narrow satin ribbon in half, using a piece for each end. Tie as tightly as possible round either end of the little satin roll first where the fringe begins. Sew it fast to the satin to hold it in place, and tie in a bow with ends. A pretty design in water colors should be painted on either side, and this bon eight inches wide, one yard of narrow satin

may be done either before or after making up. They are very pretty for Easter or birthday cards with an appropriate motto and date painted on one side, a design of flowers on the other. They may also be varied in color, but light instead of dark colors should be selected, as they are far more dainty.

Gspsy Table.

If an old table it is first varnished with ebony varnish, which, if brushed over evenly, is very little trouble to do; then glue on a wreath of translittle trouble to do; then glue on a wreath of transfer flowers, and varnish over the entire top with transparent varnish. Another pretty design is to cover the top with the same material as the lambrequins, and embroider the monogram of the owner in the centre. The border is cut in vandykes, with the points a trifle rounded, and a design embroidered in each vandyke. Make the stitches very long and spiky, and the effect is much more desirable. White jessamine and leaves on either dark red or pale blue are pretty. Old gold satin, with a running design of large purple clematis, is particularly effective, and the same flowers on crean color would be quite novel. When the embroidery is finished line the border

flowers on cream color would be quite novel. When the embroidery is finished line the border with sain or silesia by running the edges of the points together and turning, which is all the finish the edge requires. Put a tassel on each of the small points. There are four large points and eight small ones in the design of the border given. Macrame Lace Tidy. One of the newest chair backs that I have seen is made of macrame or knotted lace. Take a pattern that has a row of single, double, or open chain, to the depth of an inch, or two inches if you like. Then make a row of leaves, followed by the chain row, until you have as many open rows as you may wish, to make your chair back the width you desire it. Finish the lower edge of the insertion the same as the top line, passing the threads to the back, sew them down to the work and cut close. You can then make a border of macrame by making a row of chain half an inch in depth, followed by a row of leaves finished with a fringe or a deep, scalloped border. Take a ribbon of any colors, say pale blue and olive green, or dandelion yellow and a paler primrose, or rose and pale primrose, of the width of the row of chain work, and insert it in this row. Put bows of loops at each upper corner of the chair back. The border should only extend across the bottom of the tidy. This tidy may be made of ecru liax thread. tern that has a row of single, double, or open

Coral Brackets.

Articles-Wire, twine, wax, vermilion. any design to suit your fancy, tying with twine such as grocer's use. After completed, tie on uneven bits of twine over the bracket; of course not too thick, or it will spoil the effect. Then take of white wax about three cakes, put in a vessel (one that will never be used for anything else, as it is poison), with enough red vermilion to give the desired color. Place the vessel in another of boiling water, stir constantly until melted; then hold the bracket, and with a spoon dip and pour over the bracket until completely covered. It will harden almost as soon as it is poured on. When the wax becomes too thick set in the boiling water again. Another pretty way to use the wax is to get a small open work basket such as florists use. The on a few pieces of twine and pour on the wax. After you have completed the basket fill with wax flowers, if you understand making them. Get a glass for them and I think you will be surprised at their beauty. For the basket I think the wax prettier a pink instead of a red color. such as grocer's use. After completed, tie on

Novelties in Decorations for Toilet Tables. Any table can be converted into a dressing-table by adding a board to form the back and top. Cover the board at the back and the top of the table with red turkey twill, and arrange drapery below in large vandykes of red twill and white crash or dimity, having the red one above joining the top. Add an edge of coarse antique lace round the table, and three access a scarf one and a half yards wide of whice material, embroidered with red ingrain cotton and edged with lace at each end. Arrange side curtains to correspond with the rest of the decorations, looping them back with large rosettes of satin ribbon. Another design is very effective made of unbleached muslin, with a band of pink embroidered in large Illies and green leaves. The edges are everywhere outlined with chain-stitch, as well as long spiked stitches. The same design borders the curtains and bedspread.

Music Portfolio. Cover the board at the back and the top of the

Music Portfolio.

Cut four pieces of cardboard 15x11 inches square. Cover two of them with silesia for the inside. The outside covering is of dark red satin, inside. The outside covering is of dark red satin, cloth or velvet, embroidered in chain and feather stitch, the pattern representing the flower known as the bachelor's button or ragged sailor. Colors used for working should be shaded blue and pink for the flowers, and the olive shade for the vine and leaves. When the embroidery is finished stretch over the cardboard, and then overhand an inside and outside plece together. Finish the edge all round with a cord, and make handles of the same. The hinges are made of ribbon sewed same. The hinges are made of ribbon sewed across and tied in bows afterward; or cord and tassels can take the place of ribbon, and be far more effective. The word "musique" can be made in silver, as the single letters are to be had in the large fancy stores.

Knitting Scraps of Silk into Rugs, Curtains or Portieres. Take all sorts of silk scraps, cut them into half-

inch wide strips, sew them together at the ends very tight and knit them the plain "garter stitch." using very large wooden needles, as large, if not larger, than a curling stick. Gentlemen's old ties, old ribbons (if soiled, wash them), old dress bindold ribbons (it solied, wash them), old dress blud-ings (whether straight or bias does not matter), any kind or cut of silk, only sewed tightly into one long string, and not too much of one color to-gether. Then, too, you can do the same as above, only winding the silk into pound and a quarter balls for the square yard, and have it woven wherever they weave rag carpets, and have it woven as the colors come, not in stripes a la rag carpet. It looks very much like Turkish rugs, and well pays for the trouble. The latter takes the least silk, as the linen warp fills up. A Clothes Bag.

Take three yards of cretonne of contrasting colors, and, forming a bag of them, gather them at the top over a strip of wood about six inches long. the top over a strip of wood about six inches long. Fasten this securely, and then fasten a large gilt or ivory ring to the wood, with a ribbon bow to hang it up by. The openings are to be on each side, and must be securely finished, so as to render them proof against tearing down. The bottom of the bag can be finished by a cord across it, with loops and cords with tassels. This bag recommends itself to persons occupying small rooms, where every available space must be utilized.

Table Spreads. I send a description of a table-spread which is very handsome: Take squares of cretonne nine inches each way, alternating light and dark, and sew them together. Then sew a strip of the same width all around it for a border, and finish the edge of that with worsted furniture fringe a "finger" wide. Each seam must be covered with black dress braid, cross-stitched on with yellow embroidery silk. The spread is much better for heine lined.

being lined. Japanese Squares.

They can be prettily made up for antimacassars by laying them between bands of velvet, bordering them with the same, and adding ball pompons them with the same, and adding ball pompons at the edge. They are also effective appliqued on to cream-colored muslin and edged with gold braid, the muslin having Japanese designs painted on it. They also look well bound with velvet thus sewn together and bordered with fringe. New Fringe Out of Old.

one has a supply. The worsted dress fringe so much worn a year or two ago can now be made use of. It is also serviceable as a finish to mats made of burlap. If the fringe is dark colored it may be brightened by tying in lengths of gay worsted.

Cretonne table covers and mantel lambrequins

may be finished with fringe of which almost every

Two Bullets for a Lion's Two Eyes. [Denver Republican.] Larimer county comes to the front with a good hunting story. Two men named Charley Heidrich and "Gus" Stouse tracked a big mountain lion to a cave, and when the animal poked his head out to ask who was there, one of the hunters put a builtet through his head. This enraged the beast, and he started to interview his visitors, when each fired at the animal's head, and he died. Upon examina-tion of the carcass it was discovered that each of the marksmen had shot the lion in an eye, destroy-

A Good Friend to the Chinese. SAN FRANCISCO .- Consul A. F. Bee of the Chi nese Consulate Office expresses himself clearly in saying that he, as well as his family, have suffered saying that he, as were as his raintly, have suffered severely from rheumatism and neuralgia, and that medicines were used in vain. At last St. Jacobs Oil was tried, which effected immediate cures in every case. The consul regards the oil as the greatest pain-curing remedy in existence.

They Will Have a Heavy Mail Sunday.

tProvidence Telegram, Saturday.! There is a young lady in this city—one of the elite-who gets up at 4 o'clock Monday morning does a week's washing before breakfast, gets that meal, does the housework, is nicely dressed before dinnner, is at her leisure in the afternoon, is the very embodiment of an elegant lady, white hands and all, in the evening, and—is not married. Name and address furnished on receipt of three cent stamp.

HOUSEHOLD ART.

The Bedroom-Its Floor and Color of the Walls-The Bedstead-Other Furniture-How to Arrange a Luxurious Room.

Remembering the first rule of order and cleanli-

liness for a bedroom, it is only necessary to say of floors that it is cleaner to have bare hard wood or even painted floors with a rug or square of carpet for the centre of the room. This can be easily taken up and shaken. In sickness the bedroom must be the sick room, and in cases of fever or contagious sickness the carpet can be removed at carpeting an entire room: "You have heard from teachers like Dr. Richardson what a nasty un wholesome custom this is, so I will only say that it looks nasty and unwholesome. Happily, however, it is now a custom so much broken into that we may consider it doomed, for in all houses that pretend to any taste of arrangement the carpet is now a rug, large it may be, but at any rate not looking unmovable, and not being a trap for dust in the corners." When the rug or carpet in the corners." When the rug or carpet covers only the middle of the room, for the same money a better and handsomer material can be bought, as fewer square yards of material are needed. Instead of an ingrain a Brussels might be had, or instead of a Brussels an eastern rug. A good rug is a thing for a lifetime, and not for a few years' wear, so no careless haste should be used in selecting it. Still the charm of a room depends on the combination of shades of color, rather than on richness of material. I have known a sitting-room with dull red walls and red brown floor, with only a square of terra cotta ingrain Morris carpet, maroon curtains, a few pictures and photographs, with only a vase of flowers on the plano, and the covers of books on the table to brighten the soft reds and red browns of the room, have a feeling of artistic taste and refined comfort.

This was Not Due to Richness of Materials. This was Not Due to Richness of Materials,

but to a careful blending of colors. If the room is small and low, one tint on the side wall or one pattern of paper is enough. Two or three may be used for a very high room. Ordinary bedrooms will not need more than two divisions. There may be a frieze at the top and a color or wall paper below, or a dado below with wall hanging above to the ceiling. The first division seems to me best for bedrooms, as the decoration or color at the top in the frieze is not lost or Indden by furniture as a dado would be; besides, a low picture ord below the wide frieze is a great convenience when one wishes to change the position of a picture or plaque. The dado is more useful in hall or dining-room, where the chair rail above is needed to protect the walls. Sunny rooms can bear a darker colored wall, and dark rooms need the lighter tint. William Morris says: "There are not many tints fit to color a wall with. This is my list of them as far as I know—a solid red, not very deep, but rather describable as a full pink, and toned both with yellow and blue, a very fine color if you can hit it; a light orangy pink, to be used rather sparingly; a pale golden tint, i. e., a yellowish brown, a very difficult color to hit; a color between these two last, call it a pale copper color. All these three you must be careful over, for if you get them muddy or dirty, you are lost. Tints of green from pure and pale to deepish and gray; always remembering that the purer the paler, and the deeper the grayer. Tints of pure pale blue from a gray ultramarine color, hard to use because so full of color, but incomparable when right. In these you must carefully avoid the point at which the green overcomes the blue and turns rank, or that at which the red overcomes the blue and turns rank, or that at which the red overcomes the blue and turns rank, or that at which the red overcomes the blue and turns rank, or that at which the red overcomes the blue and turns rank, or that at which the red overcomes the blue and turns rank, or that a which the red overcomes the blue and turns rank, or that a which the pren overcomes the blue and turns rank, or that a whi tern of paper is enough. Two or three may be used for a very high room. Ordinary bedrooms

These Birections for Wall Color are Helpful,

but may seem too uncertain to follow by any one who is not professionally an artist and a judge of colors. If it is so hard to hit the right snade, how is colors. If it is so hard to hit the right snade, how is an inexperienced person to go to the Morris art rooms and select a sample of stuff of the colors that seem most suitable for the room, whether it be solid red or orangy pink, pale or gray green, golden yellow or blue. This can be used afterward for a chair seat or sofa pillow. The colors of whatever sample you select will be in good shades and artistically combined. Then see that your painter or decorator really mixes his colors according to the sample given. This requires personal oversight. A sample of good wall paper could be used in the same way. Painted walls in flat color are without doubt cleaner and healthier than wall papers, but the first expense is large, and a wise choice of color difficult. There are so many good and inexpensive as well as artistic wall papers now, that no one need be at a loss. A frieze can be made of a width of paper of a lighter and brighter design above while a plain diaper, set figure or cartridge-paper covers the space below. The yellow cartridge or butchers' paper gives warmth and almost an effect of sunshine to a dark or cold room. This color is especially good as a background for oil paintings, and is not always suitable for bedrooms, where a lighter and more varied wall hanging can be used. Bedroom walls are sometimes hung entirely with chintz. This gives a look of warmth and comfort, but seems a decoration more suitable to the colder English sky and ellmate. A space back of a picture or any portion of the wall surface could be hung with a stuff in color harmonizing well with the general wall color, without covering the whole room with wall hangings. After our floor and walls are cared for the bedroom demands next the bed. If a large portion of a person's life must be spent in sleep, then it is wise and suitable that an inexperienced person to get it? It would be bed. If a large portion of a person's life must be spent in sleep, then it is wise and suitable that care be taken to make our beds and bedsteads wholly confortable, and, as we cannot escape or get rid of them, they should not be ugly.

The Bedstead Must be Strong and Honestly Made.

It is wiser to put the expense into good material and good work rather than into ornament. Re-member a good mattress and good springs are a' member a good mattress and good springs are a necessity, and let the bedstead itself be simple, if need be. For the bedstead itself there is every possible shape and fashion, from the heavy, carved, four-post curtained bedstead of our grand-mother's day to the costly, bright, airy brass ones of the present day. The carved bedstead demands other furniture suitable with it, and also ample curtains. The brass bedstead is beautiful but expensive. When absolutely little expense is necessary a single bedstead can be made of oak by a good carpenter for less than \$4. Your wood can be oak, but the work must be simple. The legs can be four posts chamfered at the corners, but leaving the full square at the top and bottom of the post, the outer ends of the squares being also chamfered. The headboard must be higher than the footboard, with only the corners of both cut off; the sides straight, with the sharp corners chamfered away. A strong strip of wood with sockets is fastened to the head and foot to hold the slats. The proper fastenings are put at the sides and casters to the legs of the bed. This is all that can be done for the money, but this little is simple and inoffensive because unpretentious. If one understands carving, a monogram or a few lines or set figures can be cut in sides or headboard. A good carpenter can make a more elaborate bedstead quite inexpensively, if a person with taste and judgment directs the work. Indeed, I have known bureaus, washstands and wardrobes, as well as bedsteads, all made at home by a regular carpenter, and they were stronger, handsomer and cheaper than those made at the shops. Of course there is besides the advantage of having your piece of furniture always fit the place for which it is made. But all this is impossible without some one of judgment to direct the work. But whether the furniture is made under home eyes or bought at the shops, let the material and workmanship be good.

Buy Fewer Things and Let the Few be Choice.

Morris gives the rule, "Put nothing in your room that you do not believe to be beautiful or know to be useful." If possible let your furniture be both that you do not believe to be beautiful or know to be useful." If possible let your furniture be both beautiful and useful. So much has been written and said of late about well-made and artistic furniture, that the demand has brought the thing into the market. But do not let the haste to gain a new Eastlake bureau or table cause you to cast aside any piece of old furniture that is really good. The best thing is not the finest, but more generally the simplest. A rich gown needs little trimming, and real woods, as oak and mahogany, are handsome without ornament. Still, as handsome lace increases the beauty of the velvet, so real carving enriches a noble wood; but this is luxury. Bedsteads are more picturesque with curtains, and in summer some light hangings are a comfort as a protection from the sleepless mosquito. The heavier curtains are not necessary in our furnace-heated houses, but they add much to the beauty of the room. Supports holding a half circle above is covered with a color contrasting well with the heavy curtains, which are also lined with this color. These curtains should not quite touch the floor. If heavy curtains are not desired, light ones of creamy lace, serims or Madras muslin can be suspended on a rod hung from one or two hooks fastened in the ceiling over the head of the bed. These can be drawn back by day and closed at night. Bed curtains may be of every material. I have seen exceedingly pretty ones embroidered, some with silk, others with crewel in two shades of blue on round thread linen every material. I have seen exceeding processions embroidered, some with silk, others with crewel in two shades of blue on round thread linen crewel in two shades of powentional designs in New in large scattered conventional designs in New England stitch. Of course the same embroidery may be used on the soft India silks in many colors when the room demands richer materials.

SLOBE RECEIPTS.

Hard Soap from Refuse Grease.

This recipe, which has been used in my mother's family for several years, will be found excellent for all household purposes, except for the toilet, and it may be for very nice paint, and the beauty of it is that refuse grease which is needed for nothing else can be used. Materials are three pounds of solid grease, three pounds of common washing soda, one and three-fourth pounds of lime, one-half pound of lump borax, two gallons of soft water; boil water, lime and soda all together, until soda and lime are melted, then pour

into a pail, leaving it to stand until next morning that it shall be settled; then pour off the water into the vessel you intend boiling it in, place on the fire, adding grease and borax, let it boil slowly for two hours without a cover, then pour into pans, or a shallow box, let stand until pour into pans, or a shallow box, let stand until firm, cut into pieces about four four inches square, and put away to harden. If soft soap is needed let the above boil only about an hour, then turn into a tub slowly, stirring in about six quarts of water or enough to make a hard, white jelly. The grease should be well melled and allowed to stand after straining, then only the hard cake on the top used, scraping away any dirt or extraneous mater. We use the skimmings of everything, not fit for other purposes, even candle ends and grease, and if mutton fat predominates the soap is harder. Of course, like all other soap, the older it is the better.

Eentucky Fried Chicken

Kentucky Fried Chicken.

After thoroughly washing the chicken drain all he water off; never let chicken soak in water. When you are ready to fry it take a clean towel. ay it on the table, lay the pieces of chicken on it, and turn the towel over them, so as to soak up all he moisture; then pepper and salt it and dip and turn the towel over them, so as to soak up all the moisture; then pepper and salt it and dip lightly in flour; fry in lard and use pienty of it; lard is better than butter to fry chicken in; have your frying-pan hot when you put the chicken in, and give it plenty of time to cook; when it is done, it it is not browned evenly, set it in the oven a few minutes; take it up as soon as done; never let it stand in the grease. To make the gravy put a sufficient quantity of flour in the grease to make a thin paste, and stir it until it is perfectly smooth; then put in sweet milk until it is the right consistency; don't get it too thick, and let it boil about five minutes, and season to taste; then pour it over the chicken.

Yeast Cakes. At night make a sponge of flour, a pint of warm

water and two yeast-cakes that you are certain are sweet and good. In the morning boil for one-half sweet and good. In the morning boil for one-half hour two quarts of loose hops in water enough to cover them; then strain out the hops, and into the scalding liquid stir all the cornmeal that it will wet up. When the meal is lukewarm, nix in the bowl of light sponge and let it stand from one to two hours to rise. When light pinch off little pats, shape them into cakes and lay them on the molding board to rise again. When light, set the board in an open window, or other airy place, and turn the cakes quite frequently for two or three days until they are thoroughly dry, then pack away in paper bags, paper bags. Bread Pudding.

Put crumbs and crust of bread into a quart bowl cover them with sweet milk and place in the back oven, covered tightly, for about half an hour, to oven, covered tightly, for about half an hour, to become soft. Then with a spoon mash the bread through a colander; add a handful of Smyrna raisins, a small cupful of currants, a teacupful of sugar, half a cupful of sweet milk, the grated peel of a lemon, or a tablespoonful of orange marmalade, and one well-beaten egg: stir in a tablespoonful of melted butter. Butter a pudding-dish, turn the pudding in, put bits of butter on the top, with a little brown sugar, and bake in a moderate oven three-quarters of an hour.

Beefsteak Pic.

Take two pounds of steak; cut into slices half an inch thick; season well with pepper and salt: dlp each piece into flour and lay in a small pie dish dip each piece into flour and lay in a small pie dish much higher in the centre than at the edges; add a gill of water; have ready some good biscuit deugh; cut off a small piece, make into a roll, which lay around the edge of the dish; then roll out the remainder of the dough, and lay over the whole dish, having previously wetted that already in the dish; make a hole in the centre; egg over the top with paste brush, and ornament the top as your fancy dictates with the trimmings from the edge.

To Clean Oil Paintings. To Clean Oil Paintings.

The best thing to cleanse and preserve an oil painting with is megilp. A tube of it can be obtained for ten or fifteen cents, and it should be applied with a piece of old, soft silk, and after it has been well applied, wipe off with another piece of the silk. This effectually cleanses the painting, besides making it look quite fresh, especially if it be an old painting. It prevents the painting from cracking, but should not be applied oftener than once a year, while once in two years is sufficiently often. Carolina Way of Cooking Rice.

Pick rice over carefully, wash in two or three waters, drain dry, and put it into a pot of boiling water with a very little salt; allow a quart of

water to half pint of rice. Boil twenty minutes or more, drain off the water as dry as possible, set it on a hot place with cover off, let it dry thus for fifteen minutes; then turn it into a deep dish, loosen, and toss it up with forks in each hand until each kernel seems to stand alone. Economical Soup. Put into a saucepan one pound of pieces of stale bread, three large onions sliced, a small cabbage cut fine, a carrot and turnip and a small head of

celery, or any remains of cold vegetables, a tea-spoonful of salt, a teaspoon of pepper, a bunch of parsiey, a sprig of marjoram and thyme; put these into two quarts of any weak stock and let boll two hours, rub through a fine hair sieve, add a pint of new milk, boil up and serve at once. Frying Fish. Wash and wipe perfectly dry; rub them over lightly with flour, cover then with yolk of egg and bread crumbs; place them in a pan of boiling lard or drippings, having sufficient to completely cover the fish; cook a nice brown. When done, place them on a hot dish in a warm place until taken to the table. Be sure you have plenty of fat and that it is hot, or your fish will not be nice.

Indian Padding.

meal, half a pound of sugar and a quarter of a pound of butter, and the juice and grated rind of one lemon; beat the sugar and butter together till light, then break the eggs in the dish with them and beat briskly; then stir in the meal; bake in a quick over; serve in saucers, and pour over it some thin jelly or jam or fruit sance. Economy Pudding.

Half pound of rice, half pound of sugar, one pint of milk, some preserve; boil half a pound of rice in water until nearly soft, then add the milk and boil water thin hearly sole, then and the misk and boil again, stirring it all the time; add the sugar. Dip moulds in water, fill with rice when hard, turn on to a flat dish. Eat with preserve of any kind, sugar and cream, or custard. This is simple and very attractive to children.

Soft Gingerbread.

Soft gingerbread, if eaten while fresh and warm soft gingeroread, it eater with the result and warm, may well take the place of more expensive cake. One egg, one cup of molasses, one-third of a cup of melted butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of ginger two and one-half cups of flour, and a little salt; dissolve the soda in a very little hot water. Bake Baked Codfish.

Pick up the fish and freshen a little as for cooking, then into a dish put a layer of eracker crumbs, then one of fish, over each layer sprinkle pepper and butter, continue until you have two layers of fish and three of erackers; lastly, beat two eggs with milk enough to cover the whole, bake about three-quarters of an hour. Virginia Corn Pone. one heaping coffeecup of boiled hominy

heat it, and stir in a tablespoonful of butter, three eggs and nearly a pint of sweet milk; add as much cornmeal as will serve to thicken this till it is like the batter for "johnny cake." Bake in a quick oven and serve hot.

Baked Apple Pudding. Boil six apples well; take out the cores; put in half a pint of milk thickened with three eggs, a little lemon peel and sugar to taste; put puff paste around the dish, bake in a slow oven, grate sugar over it, and send it to the table hot. French Toast.

Beat four eggs very light; stir with them a pint of milk; slice some bread; dip the pieces into the egg; lay them in a pan of hot lard; fry brown; sprinkle a little powdered sugar and cinnamon on each piece and serve hot. Roast Lamb.

Baste well all the time it is cooking, sprinkle fine salt over it and empty the contents of the dripping pan, to which has been added a small cup of water, over the meat, after straining.

THE FLOWER CARDEN. April Work-What Seeds to Sow-Planting

of Bulbs-Window Gardening, Etc. Sow the seed of every kind of annual flowers Sow German and English ten-week stocks, Bromp ton stocks and asters, particularly the quilled

ton stocks and asters, particularly the quilled kind.

Sow auriculas and polyanthus seeds in a shady border, and in very fine soil. If the border is dry give it a soaking of water before sowing the seeds, and keep damp afterwards.

Transplant any biennial or perennial fibrous-rooted plants only the first week in April, and each must have a good ball of earth around them. In the latter part of April sow the seeds of hardy herbaceous perennial plants, as campanulas, Canterbury bells and others; hollyhocks, lunaria or honesty, rockets of all colors, mallows, wall flowers, evening primroses, both tail and low kinds; sweet-williams of all colors, spirea japonica, with its pretty white spikes of flowers; delphinium in all its varieties, which include the larkspur; the phlox and its varieties, peony, pentstemon, the iberis sempervirens and iberis Gibraltarica, the white, yellow and blue iris, lilium longiforum, the purple lathyrus, the blue veronica and the lovely Tradescantia Virginica, better known as the spiderwort, a plant brought from Virginia by Mr. Tradescantia Virginica, better known as the spiderwort, a plant brought from Virginia by Mr. Tradescantia Virginica, better known as the spiderwort, a plant brought from Virginia by Mr. Tradescantia Virginica, better known as the spiderwort, a plant brought from Virginia by Mr. Tradescantia Virginica, better known as the spiderwort, a plant brought from Virginia by Mr. Tradescantia (been lizabeth's reign. These and many other hardy herbaceous plants often remain from year to year in the same places, but this is wrong to permit. They should be removed every two years, and laid together with the roots in the ground, then the border be trenched and well manured, and then the plants replaced.

Chrysanthemums—Divide the roots, and plant those portions which have suckers.

Pansy roots divide and plant for autumn blooming.

Take up hyacinths, tulips, narcissus, crocus and

ing.

Take up hyacinths, tulips, narcissus, crocus and other bulbs, and replant them in a spare ground, to gain strength and form bulbs for winter use. In the autumn put them in small pots in a light,

rich soil, and cover them with a few inches of light soil and loose litter to protect from frost; and when the early flowers of snowdrops and winter acoultes fade away, these potted sorts taken out of the pots can be planted close to the vacant places, but not exactly in the spot where the others have stood. It crocuses are kept in the ground they invariably sink deep into the earth, and send up only a few leaves—no flowers.

An herb garden should never be missing from a lady's flower garden. Roots do not always thrive when divided and planted for propagation, therefore in April the seeds of sweet basil, marjoram, thyme and winter savory may be sowed; the latter and knotted marjoram are among the chief herbs that give flavor to savory stuffing.

thyme and winter savory may be sowed; the latter and knotted marjoram are among the chief herbs that give flavor to savory stuffing.

Mr. Shirley Hibberd, in the Gardener's Magazine, recommends that in the last week in April window-boxes and trays, which fit into vases and rustle baskets, should be emptied of the spring flowering plants and be refilled with those intended to bloom through the summer. Zonale geraniums are the most desirable plants, as they stand draught better than any other, and these mixed with a few lobelias for drooping over the sides; the effect is better than with a number of flowers, and also other flowers perish before the summer is half over, while these continue till the last.

The soil to be good loam and rotten manure, for light soils are of little use.

The management after planting—Place the boxes either in a cold frame for a fortnight, or in some out-of-door place where they can be protected from cold, and then, if the weather be favorable, put them in their places.

The chief plants in flower in April are daises, the symbol of innocence: gilli-flowers (Gilofres) of lasting beauty; cyclamens, of diffidence; anemones, of sickness, also symbolical of being forsaken; the iris, a message of friendship or love; pansies (pensees), my thoughts are with you, and think of me; evening primrose, inconstancy; tulip, declaration of love; jonquil, desire to win you; crown imperial, dignity; violets, sweetness of disposition.

Rock work in a garden is not only pleasant to look at, but is convenient in shutting out an unsightly spot.

A north aspect is the best for ferns and Alpine

Rock work in a garden is not only pleasant to look at, but is convenient in shutting out an unsightly spot.

A north aspect is the best for ferns and Alpine flowers. In constructing elevated mounds for ferns and Alpine flowers the base should be of building rubbish, faced with burrs from brick-kilns, or with large blocks of stone or flint, if such are plentiful in the district.

If any of your house plants wilt badly and get dry often, the reason probably is that the bail of earth is dry in the middle or at the bottom. By turning the plant out of the pot or otherwise, satisfy yourself whether or not this is the case, and if it is let the plant stand in a tub or pail full of water for an hour or more, so that the ball of earth may become thoroughly wetted. If your Paris Daisy or any other of your plants is growing a good deal but not blooming, and the growths are soft and sappy, probably the temperature is too high for them, and in that case you had better remove them to a cooler room.

Iron filings placed on the soil over the roots of hydrangea Hortensis are said to have the effect of changing the color of the flowers to blue; but we know the plants sometimes produce bluish colored flowers without any application to the soil. The petals are undeveloped in the showy hydrangea, the flowers consisting merely of a white or colored calyx. This is a fact, and the reason for it is inquired for, but no one knows.

The bluk oxalis can be rapidly increased by division. Cut the crown of the root in small pleces and plant singly in small pots. The bulbous varieties increase naturally, several new bulbs taking the place of the old one; these should be potted singly, or there may be three or four bulbs planted in a six-inch pot.

Sweet pease require very rich soil. They should

potted singly, or there may be three or four builds planted in a six-inch pot.

Sweet pease require very rich soil. They should be sown at least an inch apart in the row and five inches in depth. To keep up the bloom from early summer until frost the seed pods must be promptly removed, as the growth and ripening of the seeds exhausts the strength of the plant.

THE VALUE OF MEMORY.

A Board of Trade Man's Experience Related in the Chicago Tribune, MESSRS. EDITORS:

When the subscriber was a young man the place where Chicago now stands was almost emphatically, as the Western orator once said, "a howling wilderness." I can remember well how rapidly it has grown. I have seen it as a village, as a city and as a metropolitan centre. One notes many things in a life of threescore and fifteen, but nothing more impresses him than the growth of cities on this continent. I have been identified with this great city. I have here lived and done business for many years, and as one of the oldest inhabi-tants, and possibly one of the best known, I hope to claim more attention for what I am now about

tants, and possibly one of the best known, I hope to claim more attention for what I am now about to relate.

Fitty years ago, when a young man, I felt that I was destined to long life, and I hoped, usefulness. I had not inherited a very vigorous constitution from my ancestors, but I expected to grow stronger as I grew older. My health was, however, less and less promising as the years came on. My stomach at first gave me a great deal of trouble, but I paid little attention to it, thinking it unmanly to be sick. Nevertheless, I was often prostrated with severe illness. I had frequent sick headaches, my body seemed full of strange rheumatic disorders. Of course I consulted physician after physician, not letting my friends know it, because I was too proud to admit I was getting old and feeble, but they never seemed to do me any permanent good. They encouraged me to take frequent vacations, to lighten my work as much as possible, to regulate my diet, and not allow my mind to be too much engrossed with my business. This advice did not please me. I saw no good reason why I could not transact business like any other man, and I did not propose to be bluffed out of commercial life in this fashion.

I was a very foolish man, as I can now very readily see. I ought to have husbanded my strength, and nursed my waning energies. But I had no confidence in what my doctors told me, for it did not seem to me that they understood my case. When they were treating me for stomach derangements I noticed that among the symptoms I had were an irritated, hot, dry skin; an alternately ravenous and feeble appetite. In the morning my mouth was coated and tasted bad; I was unable to do any physical work without quick fatigue; my head ached frequently; my sleep was

ing my mouth was coated and tasted bad; I was unable to do any physical work without quick fatigue; my head ached frequently; my sleep was disturbed; my memory became impaired; I had frequent attacks of chills and fever; my bowds were much constipated; I had cold, nervous sensations all over my body, and my breathing was at times very difficult. Now, I did not believe a disordered stomach could produce all these things, and hence derided the treatment of the physicians.

things, and hence derided the treatment of the physicians.

Ten years ago, however, I got really and thoroughly alarmed. My eyes began to pulf out; my legs and ankles were so swolien I could scarcely walk; my flesh disappeared; my strength almost left me; my heart pained me so severely I could sleep only in one position; my water scalded like fire, and was filled with brick-dust and mucous matter. And yet some days I felt splendidly, and did my offlee work without much difficulty. Indeed, after a few weeks I thought I had got rid of my mysterious disorder forever. I seemed unaccountably well.

What a delusion the sequel will show. On one of these days, as I was wending my way along to

What a delusion the sequel will show. On one of these days, as I was wending my way along to the Board of Trade rooms, I became deathly sick. My head whirled, my senses left me, and I fell as one dead. I was conveyed home, and suffered for weeks. And, indeed, I was in a desperate condition. I had what they call casts and albumen in my fluids which indicated extreme disorder. I lost forty pounds of flesh in a few weeks, my legs were as large as an elephant's, and were covered with sores, my heart felt as if punctured with needles, I was full of rheumatism, my face was bloodless; indeed, I could not have suffered worse if every organ in my body had been torn out of me. When in this desperate condition my friends told me that the physicians said I had a disease for which there was no cure. "No cure!" I exclaimed. "I know better. I know better." I did not know at the time why I should have so protested, but, bad as my memory was, there seemed to be in my and as my memory was, there seemed to be in my mind a dim idea that I had heard of authentic mind a dim idea that I had heard of authentic cures of that malady when physicians and friends had given the patient up, and firmly impressed with this idea I sent word to my druggists, described my case, and asked him to send me a bottle of that famous remedy—whose name I could not recall. He sent me haif a dozen different kinds, most of them being worthless imitations, but among the number I found the right one. I began its use, took it according to directions, and I am happy to say it saved me from death by Bright's disease, and restored me to perfect health. This wonderful remedy was Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. I am enthusiastic over this medicine, as all my friends can testify, and why should I not be? It saved my life, and I feel as well as ever I did in my best days. I had heard much about this remarkable remedy, but never suspecting I had any kidney disease, I had not paid much attention to it, but I remembered hearing a friend teil of some of its wonderful cures, and to that fact, and the extraordinary power of the remedy, I owe my life. You will do me a very great favor, Mr. Editor,

You will do me a very great favor, Mr. Editor, if you will publish my statement to the world, as I am satisfied now that there are thousands of persons all lover this country suffering as I did from that terrible disorder without the remotest suspicion of what really ails them. They are, perhaps, neglecting every warning, as I did (for I now see how all my sufferings were caused by kidney-poisoned blood), and suffering years of needless misery, whereas by prompt attention to the manifest indications of any such disorder they may save their life as I have saved mine.

J. S. JOHNSON, (Ex-member Chicago Board of Trade), 3403 Wabash avenue.

A \$10,000 Romance. A true romance in real life recently took place

A true romance in real life recently took place in Louisville, Ky. The circumstances were these: Miss Alcene Vanderespt, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of our well-known and esteemed druggist, had a well-known young gentleman, also of Louisville, paying her attentions, and both being possessed of speculative spirit, and unknown to the other, purchased a \$1 ticket in the Commonwealth Distribution Company. It so happened that each took a half ticket with the same number, and when the drawing terminated they had drawn \$5000 each, their number having drawn the \$10,000 prize. When the young gentleman called to tell his good forume, his surprise was great to find his sweetheart was also entitled to congratulations. Of course a wedding soon followed, for it was self-evident they were intended for each other, and the young gentleman is now the owner of a prosperous business, and at his request we refrain from giving his name also. Now let all young ladies and gentlemen go and do likewise, March 31. Address, R. M. Boardman, Louisville, Ky.

many people are doing. They don't know just what is the matter, but they have a combination of pains and aches, and each month they grow worse.

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> Jos. McCawley.

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Boston Weekly Globe.

TUESDAY, MARCH 20, 1883.

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About April 3 Donald Dyke will tell in THE WEEKLY GLOBE of the thrilling adventure on account of which he was obliged to retire from the detective service. This narrative will give the most interesting and final chapter of his remarkable record of brilliant services in protecting the ives and property of Boston citizens. Only two months longer of the fourteen months' offer. Form clubs before it is too late.

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ADVERTISING RATES.

Ordinary Advertising 30 cts. per line. About 8 words average a line. Editorial Notices 50 cts. per nonpareil line. Discounts: 5 per cent. on \$100; 10 on \$200.

The pastor of a church in Jersey City does not believe in church fairs. When his congregation proposed to hold one recently he persuaded them instead to take up a special collection on an appointed day, to be known as "Fair Sunday." They did so and got \$600-more than twice as much as the most sanguine expected to realize from the fair. Pastors of Massachusetts churches may take a hint from his experience.

Mr. Tabor, who enjoyed the high honor of sitting for thirty-two days as a senator of the United States, and who cheated a clergyman out of a nupany time. Push The Globe and tial benediction, figured also in the society papers somewhat prominently, because he was the pos sessor of half a dozen night-shirts which cost \$250 apiece. No description of these precious articles was given, and the public curiosity was considerably aroused. A correspondent writes to a Chicago paper to complain of the omission, saying: "For all we know it (the night-shirt) may have been linen lawn, trimmed with sealskin, or coonskin trimmed with point lace. Ease our minds at once by giving us an idea of how a \$250 night-shirt looks." Here is a chance for the enterprising reporter. Let him hunt Tabor down, get a peep at the night-shirt and gratify a landable curiosity.

> Before his death, Dr. Mudd, who was sent to the Dry Tortugas for complicity in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, completed a treatise on epidemic and endemic diseases, and giving an account of his terrible experience among the victims of vellow fever during his confinement. After the death of the regular physician, Dr. Mudd took charge of the hospital. "So far as propagation is concerned." he wrote, "I found the disease innocuous when isolated from its cause. It is purely a disease of infection. From the evidence ibjoined it will be seen how the disease advanced, attacking one, then another, following the sleepers in their beds in a regular and unbroken order of succession, spreading as the flames of a conflagration are spread by sparks from house to house, rapidly in the direction of the wind and slowly against it. Not, however, attacking one here and another there indiscriminately, as it would have done had the poison been in the atmosphere in and around the fort, but marching from bed to bed and from company to company in a line of unroken continuity."

One may get an idea of what it costs to support the drones of society known as the royal families of Europe from this statement in the London World: "The late Prince Charles of Prussia has left a fortune of £1,350,000 in cash, of which £600,000 is bequeathed to his son, Prince Frederick Charles (the father of the Duchess of Connaught), £300,000 to each of his daughters, £50,-000 to the order of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, to be devoted to the erection and endowment of a convalescent home at Lichterfelde; £50,000 is divided amongst charities, and 250,000 is left to the Kaiser to be distributed by him at his discretion. Prince Frederick Charles also inherits the 'usufruct' of the estates of Flatow and Crojanke in west Prussia, the splendid schloss of Sonnenburg and the house and grounds of Ghenike, near Potsdam. The prince also comes into possession of the stud of eighty horses, the mous pack of bloodhounds, the magnificent armory and most of the art collections. The na!ace on the Wilhelmsplatz at Berlin, which was inhabited by the deceased prince, belongs to the crown fiscus, but has been granted to Prince Frederick Charles, who is also to engage the court and household of his father."

A gentleman named Alexander died recently in Holwood, Kent, and thus the favorite retreat and estate of William Pitt came into the market once more. The house in which the great statesman resided was long since razed, and a fine modern mansion erected near its site, which was for many years owned and occupied by the late Lord Chancellor Crenworth, who zealously preserved-as also did Mr. Alexander-all memorials of the famous statesman. A large part of the grounds of Holwood has now been bought by Lord Derby, to add to his own. Pitt's favorite oak, under which he sat when he assured Wilberforce that he would support him in his abolition scheme, is said to be still standing. Pitt's birthplace, Hayes, which up to a recent date was much as when Lord Chatham delighted in it, is in the same neighborhood, and association probably dictated his son's purchase of Holwood. Burton Pynsent, the seat in Somersetshire which was bequeathed to Lord Chatham. with an estate of \$15,000 a year, by an ecceptric baronet, Sir William Pynsent, became the home of Lady Chatham in her widowhood, and in 1805 the

furniture and materials of the vast and splendid on the estate erected to Lord Chatham at great cost being sold piecemeal. Pitt's only and very dull brother, the second earl of Chatham, died without issue in 1835.

THE DANGEROUS CLASSES.

When we see in the public prints references to "dangerous classes" of society, we instinctively think of the lower strata of social life, the masses of the people. It is from their ranks that we expect the recruiting of these forces which are expected to do violence to public order, to tear down the structure of civil society and construct over its ruins a terrible system of anarchy

Dr. Howard Crosby has a different notion. He

seems to think that the "dangerous classes" are to be found higher up in the scale. It is true, as he points out in the current number of the North American Review, that the revolutions which have established democracies in Greece, Rome and France were carried on by the populace, but the causes which led to these terrible explosions were to be found in the tyrannica oppressions of despots. If it had not been for the corruptions of the courts of Louis XIV, and Louis XV., which made the peasant a beast of burden and a tool of rapacity, the French revolution might not have occurred. "Gunpowder," says Dr. Crosby, "is innocent till you ignite it. The coarse vice which prevails in the lowest classes can be perilous to the state at large only as it is turned into insurrectionary channels by the gross injustice of the higher classes. This coarse vice may, indeed, do local harm. It may generate thieves and burglars and murderers, and it certainly will do this, but the ordinary machinery of government is sufficient to keep these developments in check. The motives which lead to local crimes are not those which produce revolutions. They are simply personal greed or enmity. These local crimes can seldom move a multitude, or, if they do, the movement takes the shape of a temporary riot. The lowest classes are, in themselves, the dangerous classes only so far as this."

The really dangerous classes, Dr. Crosby thinks, are the rich and powerful, who make encroachments on the rights of the people and force the latter in sheer self-defence into united resistance. Demagogues cannot stir up a revolt unless the elements are favorable; unless a real grievance exists, and unless it is of such formidable proportions that it is practically unbearable. "Herr Most," says Dr. Crosby, "is only ludicrous in America, but in Russia he would be a firebrand to a magazine." As long as individual liberty is recognized as the prevailing feature of our form of government, as long as the rights of the masses are respected, so long will the work of the Nihilist bring forth no fruit here. But when the strong oppress the weak, when injustice is done to the people and there come into our social system the elements of discontent and distress, which have for centuries been developing in the older countries, then the Herr Mosts and Denis Kearneys will become a source of danger, and not till then.

Dr. Crosby lays it down as a proposition that power-units are the cause of oppression everywhere. Whatever danger threatens us, he thinks, comes from "units of vast money-power." Dynastic and military power he does not regard as a present or even prospective danger, except as outcomes of revolution brought on by abuses of the money power. The accumulation of money is fostered, he holds, in America on all sides and under all circumstances. Our vast resources of material wealth, our facilities for rapid communication and the habits of our people, all tend to promote moneygetting on a large scale, and also the rapid concentration of wealth, whether represented by corporations or by individuals, for mutual protection and consequently for the oppression of others. This oppression makes its appearance in a very innocent and apparently harmless way; it assumes a virtuous regard for law and then sees that the law is framed to suit. "But." says Dr. Crosby, "is not this bribery?" And he answers: "Of course it is. It is bribery so sinuously practiced and on so colossal a scale that the public eye is dazed and

the public mind deceived or bewildered." It is in the corruption practiced by money influences, the debasing of the public morals through bribery and peculation, and the flagrant violation of the plainest principles of upright government, that Dr. Crosby sees the dangers which threaten the future of the republic. "If," he says, "the wealthy and educated classes of America treat fraud as a virtue, we shall have dishonests the characteristic of the whole nation." While we think that the reverend doctor is disposed somewhat exaggerate the difficulties that lie in our path as a nation, we are yet constrained to concede that his diagnosis of our national ailment is nearly correct. The remedy, he says, hes in the election of honest and upright men to office; the enactment of laws to defend the poor man against the vast aggregations of capital which seek to oppress him, and the employment of honest, fearless men to enact these laws. "No man," he says, "should be allowed to lord it over the industries of the land; no man should be allowed to hold sway over the highways of the nation in an irresponsible absolutism. There must be a limit to individual wealth if we are to be preserved as a republic. Then corporate wealth should be under strict supervision and its manage-

ment subject to just governmental control." THE ENGLISH-IRISH STRUGGLE.

Mr. Henry Labouchere, himself a member of the House of Commons, takes occasion to sharply criticise the record of the present session of Parliament on the Queen's speech. The debate on the address, he says, has been exceedingly dull. Only four speeches of note were made, and these by Messrs. Forster, Trevelyan, Parnell and Chamberlain. Mr. Forster, the great Radical, calls a wellmeaning man of the most positive views and notions vindictive and stubborn. He found Ireland in a bad condition and left it in a worse. "Ireland," says Mr. Labouchere, "has gained, law has gained, and order has gained by the substitution of Mr. Trevelyan for Mr. Forster. I doubt whether there is one single man, English or Irish, Conservative, Liberal or Radical, who would question this, except Mr. Forster and Mr. Arnold Forster." Here is his summary of the charges made by the ex-secretary against Mr. Parnell: "One portion of his speech was devoted to an attack upon his former colleagues, other to an attack upon Mr. nell and the Land League. In the latter, Mr. Forster adduced no new point. All the extracts which he read had been referred to again and again, either by himself in the House of Commons, or by Mr. Arnold Forster in the press, and subsequently to these references Mr. Forster had stated that he regarded Mr. Parnell as an honorable man. To these extracts he appended certain vague allegations made by Carey, the informer, and then he proceeded to ask Mr. Parnell either to justify himself or to admit that he was a murderer. Rhetorically this may be effective, logically it is absurd."

Let American editors who declared that a 'case" had been made out against Mr. Parnell by Mr. Forster read these lines, written by an Englishman who was present during the debate, and who has as level a head on his shoulders as any man in the House. Let them also read the following:

in the House. Let them also read the following:

"As regards the recent disclosures at the Dublin Police Court, the allegation that they compromise Mr. Parnell is still more monstrous. We knew that murders had been committed; we knew that many people were banded together to commit them; and we knew that funds must have been provided. We now know the names of some of the men who did commit the murders, and the name of the association to which they belonged. Carey, with a rope round his neck, says that he thinks that he met Sheridan in connection with them, and that, talking with his associates, some of them suggested that the money which they received may have come from the Land League. Sheridan, on the other hand, denies that he ever met Carey. If, however, Sheridan was concerned in murder, it by the other hand, denies that he ever met Carey. If, however, Sheridan was concerned in murder, it by no means follows that because he was a Land Leaguer the league had anything to do with murder. I go even a step farther. Supposing that Sheridan obtained Land League, and abused his trust by handing over a portion of it to the 'Invincibles," this by no means incriminates Egan, unless it can be shown that he was aware of it. General vague denunciation is, to my mind, contemptible. Persons may agree with Mr. Parnell or not. They may hold that the aims and objects of the Land League were right or wrong. All this does not alter the laws of evidence. I deny that there is even a prima facie case against the league of having either directly or indirectly been concerned in murder. On the contrary, there is the clearest evidence that they

ought to put an end to the atroches committed by the secret societies, which had been brought atto existence owing to centuries of misrule." On the same sort of testimony the London press

cry out that Mr, Parnell is in some way responsible for the London explosions, and American papers take up the cry and send it along on its journey of slander and misrepresentation. Why should Mr. Parnell be held responsible for the doings and vaporings of a lot of cranks? He has no connection, and never had, with them, and no sympathy with their methods. He has been the steady advocate of law, order and peaceful agitation since he went into politics, and yet the whole strength of England is used to break him down and drive him into private life. Why? To stop outrages, for sooth! The moment he ceases to lead, the revolutionary dogs will be set loose, and crimes of all kinds will follow. That is what England wants; she wants an opportunity to use the troops in Ireland; to terrify the people by red-coats and glittering bayonets, and to hang or send into exile the local leaders of the people But Parnell will still hold on, and the National League is able to do some good work yet, not withstanding Carey's terrible revelations.

MR. PARNELL'SSPIRITED DEFENCE

The interview which our London correspondent had with Mr. Parnell on Saturday, and which he cabled to THE SUNDAY GLOBE, lets some light in on the condition of public opinion in England with regard to the Irish question. Those who best understand the actual situation of affairs will readily understand the delicacy of the Irish leader's own position. Every crime committed in England or Ireland which in the remotest way can be laid at the door of Fenians or "Invincibles," whether it is committed by Nihilists, Socialists or Anarchists. s promptly charged to the Irish party in general, and Mr. Parnell in particular. The ravings of O'Donovan Rossa, the wild utterances of Patrick Ford and the frothy vaporings of Crowe of Peoria, are set down in the public press as the natural outgrowth of Parnell's policy, and he is asked in the House of Commons repeatedly, and by responsible members of the ministry, to deny that he had any connection with outrages, or any direct responsibility for the utterances of political blatherskites in New York, Illinois, Timbuctoo and Freemantle. If he disdainfully refuses to do this a minister of the crown stands up and gravely declares that a prima facie case has been made out against him and his party. "It is the fashion now in England," says Mr.

Parnell, "to cry down Ireland." That this is true, anybody who studies the London papers, reads the speeches in Parliament, the letters to the Times and the editorial comments of all the leading journals, will be forced to admit. An explosion takes place in London. Immediately the country, nay the world, is told that it was the work of Fenians And the statement goes forth without a scrap of evidence to sustain it. Cordons of police and military are thrown around the scene of the accident; nobody but the detectives and the agents of the government are allowed to examine the premises. A theory is set up by these officials, and the facts and testi nony needed to sustain it are quickly arranged. Then the whole civilized world is informed that clood-thirsty Irish Nihilists have begun a cam paign of destruction and demolition in the heart of the British metropolis.

Without attempting to attribute the recent explosions to any particular element or body of men, the Irish chief says that he and his associates still cling to the con-stitutional method of agitation. The Irish party, he says, is honestly endeavoring to secure remedial legislation for the Irish peasants through the regular parliamentary machinery, He declares that it is not politic or expedient to resort to such methods, and that it is disgraceful to lay every outrage committed by fanatics of whatever race or political affiliation at the door of the National League and its directors and managers. For doing this he bitterly and justly ar raigns the London press, charging it with an attempt to check remedial legislation at a critical stage of the agitation by trying to blacken the character and impugn the motives of the men who are trying to induce England to do justice to Ireand, and thus stop the flow of outrage and crime

"I declare," Mr. Parnell solemnly says, "that the Irish party is absolutely innocent of all cause for the blame sought to be placed upon it." When a man of Mr. Parnell's character, integrity and position before the world publicly makes this dec laration, who shall disbelieve him? None but those who join in the fiendish crusade against individual liberty in Ireland-those who have been brought up to believe that nothing good could come from Ireland, and that her sons are un worthy of the great boon of self-government, freedom and contentment which the citizen of the United States enjoys through the immortal declaration issued over 100 years ago, and which England spent millions of treasure and hundreds of thousands of lives in trying to nullify.

HEART-BREAKING.

One by one the fancies and romantic superstitions of old are coming to grief under the calm scrutiny and merciless dissection of modern science. Poets have sung and maidens have sobbed over the deaths of lovers from broken hearts. And now to be told that death from such

a cause is well-nigh impossible is almost too much. But this is what a prominent doctor has ventured to tell us. "A healthy heart," he said, "is only a big muscle, and nobody can have grief enough to break it. When, therefore, a blooming young widow shows apparently inconceivable grief at the death of her husband, and in a short time recovers her equanimity, she ought not to be accused of hypocrisy. Neither may it be concluded that another widow who soon pines and dies has had more affection for her husband than the first. The first widow may have had even more affection than the other, but have been sus-

tained by physical health." This is a chilling statement of facts and will tend to dissipate many of the existing notions about affairs of the heart. The doctor who is quoted above says that grief is rarely the cause of heart breaking. His theory is that the prostration caused by a sudden sorrow may affect the heart, providing that that organ is already diseased or impaired in its functions. Women are supposed to be more liable to cardiac troubles as the result of bereavement than men; and yet it is a fact that more men die of heart disease than women. One record of cases observed showed that out of sixty-one cases of death from heart disease, thirty-seven were males. Another record showed seventeen males out of twenty-four cases. Another record showed that in sixty-two cases of rupture of the heart there was fatty degeneration existing. One observer recorded seventeen cases out of twentyfour where the heart was ruptured, and where fatty degeneration existed. In other words, when fat is substituted for muscle, the organ is easily broken. If any of these diseased people had been subjected to sudden grief they might have furnished illustrations of heart breaking. One medi cal observer records 100 cases of rupture of the heart where there was no grief to account for it. And so it seems that disease, and not grief, is the real cause of heart breaking. "A healthy heart is only a big muscle:" it is susceptible to

the influences of ordinary conditions of health or disease, and nothing more. The "heart-broken" maiden who loses her lover, pines away and dies, is simply a victim of dyspepsia or congestion. It was not a sudden snap of the heart strings that took her off; not at all: it was a defective liver or a pneumonic affection. "It is a Eurious fact," says our medical authority, "that the least dangerous heart disease often creates the most apprehension. Frequently patients who have only a functional or curable disorder will not be persuaded that calamity does not impend, although there may be no real danger. On the other hand, organic disease may exist unsuspected. There are sympathetic relations be tween the mind and the heart, and disorders of the heart are frequently traceable to mental excitement, either pleasurable or painful. Quick beating of the heart is no certain symptom of danger. It has been demonstrated that the pulse may safely range from 100 to 140 per minute for many years."

The Germans of Cincinnati are very indignant because the School Committee has discontinued the appropriation-some \$40,000 a year-for teaching German in the public schools. They claim as a right that their children should be taught German, in order that their nationality | asylum, She's only there to take care of her | for all forms of heart disease. Heraid

the object of our public schools and of the purposes of immigration. We want a homogenous, not a heterogenous, nation. This is a nation of Americans, not of German Americans, English Americans, Scotch Americans, or Irish Americans. Anything which tends to keep up distinctive races should be discouraged.

LITTLE RHODY'S REVOLUTION.

The old Rhode Island Republican ring f nenaced at last, and in a very serious way, by breaking up of its elements, and a popular rebellion against the tyranny of bossism. In perhaps no State in the Union has there been so little freedom of choice conceded to the masses by the managers of the g. o. p. as in "Little Rhody." Mr. Anthony and his benchmen in Washington and Providence directed affairs, parcelled out the honors and the offices among their faithful followers, directed the people how to vote and punished those who disobeyed! Was there a senator to be elected? Mr. Anthony picked him out. Was there a member of Congress or a governor to be elected, Mr. Anthony made the selection. The people might vote or not, as they saw fit. If they did vote, they had the redit of being on the winning side; if they did not they were marked for the displeasure of the autocrats, and in the parcelling out of the spoils they "got left." The voting list was kept conveniently small by the retention of un-American and un-democratic restrictions on the suffrage, and the bosses were supreme.

But the signs of dissolution of the g. o. p., which have been visible all over the land since November, reached the limited vision of Rhode Island, and there is a good-sized revolution on the boards. The people have grown tired, and the political "worker," who always wants to be on the winning side, seeing the drift of public sentiment, proceeds at once to "catch on," and assist in dethroning the magnates of the ring. The first move in the new crusade was made last Wednesday, when a large and respectable body of independent Republicans put ex-Governor Sprague in nomination for

Mr. Sprague has for some time been in open antagonism to the clique of bosses who controlled the affairs of the Republican party; he has shown decided leanings towards Democratic principles, and is known to be in favor of the abolition of the political proscription practised against naturalized citizens. That the opponents of this unrepublican spirit should rally around him at the outset is a healthy sign. They naturally the Democrats wno have the feelings of hostility towards the Republican coterie of autocrats to unite with them in support of Governor Sprague. Should the Democrats do this, we feel sure that the State would be redeemed from the clutches of Mr. Anthony and his close corporation.

We are sure they will act wisely and sagaciously in this matter and take advantage of the popular uprising against bossism to spread Democratic principles and place Rhode Island in the political mn in which she belongs and from which she has so long been excluded.

NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

Things are coming to a pretty pass in Kentucky, says the Christian at Work, when a preacher has his salary docked for time lost on a trip to fight a duel in a distant part of the State.

"When," asked the superintendent, fixing his eye on the teacher of the young ladies' Bible class, "when does man most keenly and fully and conscientiously recognize and realize his own utter nothingness?" And the young man, who led himself to the altar only two short weeks ago, blushed painfully and said, with faltering voice: "When he's being married."—[Exchange.

It is estimated that there are 9,000,000 children n the United States who are outside of all Sunday school education and influence. The children in the interior of Africa can sympathize with them. Here is a neat criticism by a mechanic: "The trouble with young Americans is that they are not taught to work, and to work hard. Too often does the father say: 'My boy must not work so hard as I have,' seeming to forget that his own hard work is the cause of his success."

Ex-Senator Tabor has presented his mother-inlaw with \$50,000. Probably many men would like the chance to quiet a mother-in-law in that

A parson in Philadelphia publishes a marriage notice with this addition: "No fee for the minister. Empty envelope dodge."

In San Francisco a poker party thought they might be trespassing on the good nature of their ost because it was late. "Not at all, gentlemennot at all; play as long as you please; I am, czar here," said the master of the mansion. "Yes, gentlemen, play as long as you please," said a silvery voice, and all rose as the mistress of the house stood before them. "Play as long as you please, gentlemen! But. as it is nearly 1 o'clock, the czar is going to bed!" He went.

"Senator Bob Hart." the converted minstrel who used to make \$300 a week, now gets a weekly salary of \$20. He confines his work to the poor, and is happy.

They have only just discovered in Chicago that some physicians there share the profits of prescriptions with druggists. Chicago people are not so wideawake as we believed.

Successful telephoning between New York and Cleveland has occurred. In time it will probably be common for persons in Boston to talk with San Francisco people. In New Jersey a legislator introduced a bill

providing that poultry, dying of a contagious disease, shall be buried within twenty-four hours. As now printed it includes the following section, slipped in by a wag: "And be it enacted that there shall be erected over the grave, tomb, or sepulchre of such deceased hen, cat, goose, duck, dog, drake, peacock, rat, polecat, or other fowl, a suitable tombstone, tablet, or monument, not to exceed fifty feet in height, or to cost more than \$13 50, upon which shall be inscribed the species, sex, and age of said deceased, and what knocked him out, with suitable poetical finish."

It is said that Robert T. Bradford of Tompkinsville, Staten Island, and his relatives lay claim to \$55,000,000 now in the Bank of England, as the heirs of John Bradford of Yorkshire.

Wiggins reminds us of the kangaroo which once belonged to Artemus Ward. "It would make you laugh," said the humorist, "to hear the little cuss jump up and squeal."—[New York Sun. The pension claim agents have had a good joke

played upon them. After Congress passed the bill raising some of the pensions they flooded the country with circulars, thinking that by arranging for the increase they would get another \$10 fee. The pension office, however, holds that an increase is a part of the original case and no further fee can be allowed.

We haven't heard yet that Crank Wiggins claims to have predicted Noah's flood. He will probably come to that before he gets through.

When Uniontown, a suburb of Washington, D. C., was laid out twenty-five years ago it is said the owner issued orders that no lot should ever be allowed to become the property of a negro. That man's own former home, in the centre of the town from which the colored race was to be excluded, is now owned and occupied by Frederick Douglass.—INEW YORK Tribute. New York Tribune. "The right of the people to bear arms shall not

be infringed," quotes Governor Butler from the Constitution. The constitutional right of ladies to bare arms at balls and other public assemblies is thus settled beyond dispute. Governor Butler is a good woman's rights man. Divide Ohio into townships six miles square and there will be four ministers to each. Divide Dakota in the same way and it would take every

living Congregational minister in the United States, and then nearly 200 townships would be unprovided. So says a Baptist minister in New York. Fortunately Ohio and Dakota don't stand in need of such a tremendous pressure of minister to the square inch. Probably the largest kite in the world was recently made near Rochester, N. Y. The frame was of lumber two inches wide by half an inch in thickness, and was covered with manilla paper.

The surface contained nearly 250 square feet.

The string by which the kite was flown was of

three-eighth inch rope, and 5000 feet in length.

It shot into the air like a balloon, and after float-

ing a mile high for two hours was only brought

down by means of a pulley and team. Philosophers have observed that when one member of a family gets into trouble other members are almost sure to meet with misfortune before long. A few months ago the whole country was wondering over the alleged abduction of Miss Zerelda Garrison of St. Louis. Now the news comes that the girl's mother is in the insane

ughter though, so there's no need of making any fuss about it.

Over two tons of hairpins are made daily by the factories of this country. What becomes of them? -[Philadelphia Press.] Ask your wife, and if she's doing up her hair she'll take a dozen of them out of her mouth to tell vou.

A blooming and blushing Philadelphia widow who wants to remarry writes to one of the village papers to help her out of a quandary. She says: "I would like to know the proper finger on which to wear my wedding ring, as the one I now wear on my wedding finger is large, and does not leave space enough for another on the same finger?"

A correspondent of the New York Sun, in reply to another correspondent who asked for advice in regard to the advisability of marrying a professional woman, cries: "No! a thousand times no! Take the advice of one who has seen the misery and unhappiness of such marriages. Don't marry a woman with a profession, for you marry the profession, not the woman."

Twenty years ago a Christian woman of Steubenville, O., after all other remedies had failed, went out into a secluded spot and prayed for the recovery of her sick child. The boy began to mend from that time on, was soon entirely well, and is now studying to enter the ministry.

Harriet Hopson of Hopkinsville, Ky., fell from a mule's back and broke her leg. The next time she Hopson a mule she will probably be more

What with big poker hands and secret marriages and sich, Senator Tabor is becoming almost as valuable a property to the sensational

newspaper correspondents as our old friend Canonchet Sprague. A New Jersey man wrote to the postmaster of New York City as follows: "Would you accommodate me by sending me the names of all the - family which is on record at the Post Office or in citty Directory. I am very anxious to find out about my Posterity, which i have been absent

from and parents had no record of for Twentyeight years." The time during which the solemnization of marriage in England is legal being at present between 8 in the morning and noon, a bill has been introduced in Parliament by Mr. Caine, M. P., that proposes to lengthen this time by extending it up

April Fools' day this year falls on Sunday. An Arkansas editor says that the stingiest man in his town talks through his nose to save the wear

and tear on his false teeth. American beef was so toothsome to the English palate that John Bull has been induced to try some sweets. Thousands of pounds of candy are shipped to England now where one pound went before. Cream drops, caramels and marsh-mellows are the tavorites. There is some difficulty in packing the drops properly, however, as a long sea voyage generally has a bad effect on them.—[New York Mail and Express.

In Georgia you can buy peanuts for twenty cents a bushel. Doctors' bills are constructed on about the same principle there as here. The Crown Princess of Prussia is said to recog

nize the signs of the times to an uncommon ex tent for a royal personage. She told her sons' tutor: "In these days princes must be taught to be liberal; otherwise they have no chance." Down in "old Virginny" they grind up peanuts into meal, and claim that it makes a flapjack superior to those constructed on the corn or buck-

duced by some enterprising Boston restaurateur. "You're a contemptible skunk, that's what you are." "Keep your mouth shut, or I'll shut it for you." "You are a liar, sir; you are a liar." These sentences are not extracts from the Congressional Globe, as might be supposed, but are quoted from remarks made at Wednesday's meeting of the honorable the commissioners of emigration in New

wheat basis. Peanut flapjacks should be intro-

The extraordinary verdict rendered in the Dukes Nutt case at Uniontown, Penn., is another argument in favor of preserving the admirable jury system with which Americans are blessed.

A runaway horse in New York jumped over a railing five feet high into an area, where two men held him by sitting on his head. As a running high jumper he takes the cake.

A well-dressed and very stylish woman checked off the date, the headlines of two departments and the price of meals on the bill of fare which the waiter in a Cleveland restaurant gave her to order her dinner from, and handed it back to him with quite a flourish. She couldn't read and was The National General Passenger and Ticket

Agents' Association, at its convention, determined to limit the weight of trunks or boxes carried as baggage to 250 pounds, Mr. A. J. Smith of the "Bee" line said that the "baggage smashers" all over the country are breaking down, owing to the heavy trunks they are now compelled to lift. It seems there are two sides to this as to nearly every other question.

Dusenbury cast a gloom over the breakfast table the other morning by casually remarking that an apple is like a senator when it is pared. A Los Angeles (Cal.) dentist put a strong liquid

in the cavity of a patient's tooth to kill the nerve. In a day or two the man died of blood poisoning. His toothache, however, is permanently cured. It takes four ladies of the bed-chamber, every

one of whom must be a peeress, eight common ladies of the bed-chamber, and twelve bed-chamber women to put Queen Victoria to bed. The real work, however, is done by a couple of very ordinary German housemaids, at \$1 50 a week 'and found."

Colonel James Coulter, a member of the Tennessee Legislature, wears his hair like a woman, bangs and all, the switch dropping to his waist when the hairpins fall out.

Dr. A. L. Childs, by cutting down trees whose age was known, has found that the popular theory as to rings in trees being a sign of age is false. In damp years a tree makes a number of

In November, 1880, the telephone service in Paris had only 454 subscribers; it has now 2392. The aggregate length of the wires, which are all under ground, is about 2187 miles.

The young ladies in Richmond, Va., are going to get up an anti-cigarette society. The question upon which they are divided now is whether it will be better to refuse to kiss all the young men who soil their lips with tobacco, or to agree to kiss all those who do not. Most of them favor the latter proposition.

A Philadelphia house sent a letter written on a type-writer to one of their correspondents in Kansas with whom they had large dealings. A postscript was appended to the answer, in which he informed them that he could read writing as well as they could, and intimated that it was an insult to send a printed letter to any one, unless it be to a schoolboy.

A strong, able-bodied looking woman in Pittsburg was roaming about among the saloons in Pittsburg, Penn., Wednesday, trying to sell her three-year-old child for a dollar. She said she could not provide the boy with food. More likely she could not provide herself with drink. The hitherto truthful Nashville World destroys

its reputation for veracity by telling us that in a certain county in Georgia there are in one district twenty-two men, in no way related, who resemble each other so much that it is with difficulty they Among the things taken by burglars from an Illinois minister's house were a box of tobacco.

six bottles of whiskey and a pistol. Seven packs

of playing cards were mixed in with MS. sermons and so escaped the robbers' notice. One United States senator spells "ordnance" "ordinance" and "laboratory" "labratory." Another speaks of the "beau" of a ship, and a third talks of "gun wails" instead of "gunwales." They console themselves by thinking that even

Shakespeare didn't know how to spell his own

A Rome, Ga., paper says that "Mr. Tom Turner laid an egg upon our table yesterday afternon that beats anything of the kind we have seen." Mr. Edward Atkinson, illustrating the advan tage of machinery, says it would require 16,000,-000 persons, using the spinning-wheel and handloom of less than a century ago, to make the cotton cloth used by our people, which is now manufactured by 160,000.

SENATOR INGALLS of Kansas has been frequently spoken of as one of the foremost men in the United States Senate. To trace the family the United States Schate. To trace the raining tree of the senator would probably be a tiresome task. He may or may not be related to Mr. F. E. Ingalls of Concord, N. H. Both gentlemen are widely known. The senator is said to own thirteen living, bright and promising children. The Concord man owns Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator,

THINGS RICH AND STRANGE.

Mute as a Mile-Post.

[Selma Times.] Rev. J. S. Pevy, a Methodist divine in charge of the Brown Station circuit, was to have filed his regular appointment at the above-named place on last Sabbath. At the usual hour he entered the pulpit, kneeling, as is customary with ministers, to offer a short prayer, but remained in that position fully fifteen minutes, when he arose and opened the services by reading a hymn which was sung by the congrégation. He then offered a short prayer and immediately read the second hymn, when he closed his hymn book, opened the Bible, and placing both hands on the same as if resting, remained in that position fully half an hour, during which time the congregation sang three more hymns. He was then asked by a member to close the services, to whom he paid no attention, but remained motionless and speechless. The congregation in the meantime dismissed itself, a few gentlemen remaining better to acquaint themselves with the strange actions of the pastor. Not replying to any interrogatories he was finally taken hold of to be seated, when he rather abruptly pulled away and seated himself. pulpit, kneeling, as is customary with ministers,

and seated himself.

He was finally induced to accompany them to the residence of Dr. J. C. Groves. He spoke not a word to any one until the next morning, when he appeared and asked for a pen and ink, as he wished to attend to a little business, and from that time on he seemed to have returned to his semi-unconscious state. At one time during the day he entered the room of Mrs. Groves and stood before the fire three hours without uttering so much as a syllable, when he left, only to roam in and about the yard as might a somnambulist. He was accompanied to this city yesterday by Dr. Groves, and in charge of Rev. Mr. Boland, presiding elder of this district, left on the Lucy Gastrell for the home of his mother; some miles below Camden.

Playing a Trick on a Bridal Pair?

[Fond du Lac Journal.]
About twenty years age occurred a wedding in his city upon a grand scale. In the course of the drening a guest suggested that one of the wedding cakes be sealed in a tin box and kept until the marriage of the bride and groom's first born. One of the most delicious cakes was selected and sent to a tin slop, with the proper instructions. As may be supposed, the tinkers vearned for that cake, and soon it was divided and found its way to their stomachs. The tin box, which had been prepared for its reception, was then filled with water-soaked ashes, carefully sealed and sent to the blushing young couple, who, remembering what was expected of them and their prospective offspring, took it tenderly in charge, and have since guarded it well. In course of time a son was born to them, who is now 19 years old, and, it is said, will ere long be married. It will be an anusing sight when that box is solemnly brought before the guests, its little romance related, and the soal of years broken in the presence of the company. The constenation may well be imagined when he of the can opener suddenly drops his instrument and exclaims, with the disappointed lover in "Hazel Kirke," "Nothing but ashes!" The parties reside in Milwankee, and are doubtless remembered by many citizens of Fond du Lac. evening a guest suggested that one of the wedding

A Drunken Jackass' Round With the Boys [Bedie (Cal.) Free Press.] Aurora has a little jackass that enjoys a drunken

spree and will drink liquor until his ears can no onger wag. While under the influence of wine or onger wag. While under the influence of wine or whiskey he will perform many annusing tricks. Several weeks ago a number of Bodicites visited Aurora. After drinking all they could conveniently carry the Bodicites turned their attention to the jack. He was escorted into a saloon and the champagne ordered. The jack took his "medicine" like an old timer. After the second quart had disappeared the animal became frisky and wanted more. He tried to climb up on the bar, and when intimidated he displayed a bad temper by kicking a county official in the abdomen and biting a lawyer's leg. Not until he had drank a pint of whiskey did the intemperate jack quiet down. In the morning he was found stretched out near a deserted building. A cocktail revived him, and he was ready for another "run with the boys."

Quails Killed by the Cars.

[Indianapolis News.]
There was a singular and fatal accident on the There was a singular and fatal accident on the Vandalia road a day or two ago. Among the scores of queer murders committed on the railway tracks, and noticed by the News at one time or another, this is the queerest. Horses, cows, sheep, hogs, dogs, cats, rats, rabbits, mice, squirrels, muskrats, ground squirrels, geese, turkeys, chickens, ducks, turtles, snakes, frogs, have all been seen by the reporter crushed or cut in two by the cars, but never till yesterday has he seen a wild bird killed that way. A quarter of a mile beyond elevator B a train had run through a covey of qualis and killed and cut to pieces a half dozen at least. Thirteen wings, more or less entire, could be counted and separated, and the outside of the track was a mass of feathers and bones for several feet around.

Strange Springs in Kentucky Streets.

At Dayton, Ky., just above Newport, a number of springs have appeared in streets which were submerged by the flood. At intervals all along several streets from which the water disappeared two or three days ago, muddy water steadily bubbles up in considerable quantities, precisely after the manner, it is said, of the various boiling ngs in this country, and making a noise su he boiling and hissing of a caldron. The to the boiling and dissing of a caldron. The son is neither soft nor sandy, but is of tough clay, and there has been no depression of the surface that would account for these phenomena. Mr. James Peters, who lived in the same district during the high water of 1847, says nothing of the kind occurred there then or since.

A Man Suspended in Mid-Air.

[Charlotte Observer.] Yesterday, in Concord, Mr. W. H. Skinner was engaged in making some repairs to the lightning-rod of Miss Mary Dusenbury's house, when by ers could be procured and he was rescued. He nust have been swinging from the rod for fifteen

grip that saved him from being dashed to death on Mrs. Thorp's Prejudice Against Streets. Mrs. Thorp has lived in Flushing, L. I., all her life and is apparently in good health. She has not not even on the street in front of their residence. Her husband has just finished building a new house, but she resolutely retused to go to it if she had to go by way of the street. He has opened a way into a back alley which leads to within one square of the place, from whence she will be taken across lots to the house. She made a special request that her body be not taken along any of the streets to the cemetery when she dies.

A Little Georgian Charmed by a Snake.

(Athens Bainer.)
Several years ago a little child, living near High Shoals in Oconee county, had a habit of carrying its meals out into the yard, near an old clay root, to eat. One day the mother followed and watched the child, and judge her horror when she saw a large highland moccasin glide to it and help itself from the plate. The child handled the snake and it made no resistance. That evening the reptile was killed, and shortly after the child sickened and dled. The parents attributed its death to the loss of its net.

loss of its pet. A Curious Tree in Michigan.

[Farwell Register.]
A natural curiosity in the shape of a maple-tree was recently cut about a mile south of town. The tree in question is hard, or sugar maple. It meastree in question is hard, or sight maple. It measured twenty-four inches on the stump and twenty-five inches at a length of forty feet. The tree was cut into stove-wood, and four cuts at the top end were larger than the same number at the butt. The tree appeared to grow gradually larger from the ground to the first large limbs, forty feet up, where it was cut off.

A Georgia Tree With a Handle. [Coweta Advertiser.]

We noticed in front of Snead's shoe store, Mon-day, a curiosity in wood. It was brought in by Mr. Angus Brewster. It is a section from a tree about six inches in diameter, cut from just below a 10rk. A limb now of good size must have been forced into this fork when quite small, several years ago. It has grown into the trunk and become a part of it, making a perfect handle like that of a satchel.

A Snowbird With One White Wing and a Red Tail. Birds of a feather do not always flock together.

The Bodie Free Press says a school boy at that place caught several snowbirds in a trap, and among them was one peculiarly marked. Its right wing was perfectly white and some longer than the left, which was of the usual color. The tail was a bright red and contained only four feathers.

[Philadelphia Times.]

It is said that a cow in Bradford county not only opens all the gates on the farm, lets down the bars, opens the barn doors, but when she gets thirsty works an old-fashioned pump by locking her horns about the handle.

What a Queer Boy It Is! There is a negro boy in Macon, Ga., with legs like whipstocks. He has snaky-looking eyes, and darts out his tongue like a viper. He lies on his stomach, wiggles his legs, and has spots on his

"MEN are but sorry witnesses in their own cause." The praise of Kidney-Wort comes from the mouths of those who have been made strong and healthy by it. Listen: "it is curing every-body." writes a druggist. "Kidney-Wort is the most popular medicine we sell." It should be by; right, for no other medicine has such specific action on the liver, bowels and kidneys.

TO OUR READERS.

STEPHEN'S MARTYRDOM.

Rev. H. W. Beecher Makes Another New Departure

In His Discourse Last Night on the International Sunday School Lesson.

The Ecstacy of Martyrs-Some of Mr. Beecher's Experiences.

NEW YORK, March 16 .- Mr. Beecher spoke to an uncommonly large gathering at his regular prayer meeting tonight. The attendance has been steadily increasing since he abandoned the old programme and adopted the plan of discussing the international Sunday school lesson every week. He is thus further the state of the state nished with a text ready to hand, and that being given, he is never at a loss for something to say. He talks three-quarters of an hour instead of twenty minutes as formerly, and this excludes the numerous "cranks" who used to swarm to the meetings for the purpose of hearing themselves talk when the customary "space for remarks" was given.

Mr. Beecher tonight made another new departure. Instead of confining himself rigidly to the passage fixed for the lesson he ead and commented upon the whole seventh chapter of Action which the text for this week is included. This plan he will follow hereafter, as it gives him free

After reading Stephen's defence before the rulers. Mr. Beecher remarked that it was apparently a carefully prepared train of thought, but before reaching the end Stephen burst out in a tremendous tirade. As an apology for what he had done, his speech would seem to us absurd, but it was to be remembered that the Jews had no literature except the Bible, and Stephen's aim was to show by induction what the judges had done in their treatment of Christ, tracing it through the lines of their history. Here he was suddenly selzed with an inspiration, the nature of which no one coul realize without having had a similar experience of It was a condition in which one was whirled o his feet, carried away by high thoughts and impulses and set down wherever it might be.

Mr. Beecher spoke of the line of thought that Stephen had pursued. Then he said he had reached the point spoken of in the fiftieth verse, and although he had not rounded together the parts of his argument or got a full grasp of it, he suddenly burst out into the ejaculation beginning. "Ye stiff-necked and uncircumcised in heart and ears." cope.

After reading Stephen's defence before the ulers. Mr. Beecher remarked that it was ap-

ears."
Mr. Beecher read this vehement passage with characteristic dramatic force, making the congregation move in their seats with excitement.

— Resuming his comments, he said that Stephen's hearers must have been

Made of Tough Metal indeed if they had not squirmed under such a tremendous charge, which declared that they were lineal descendants of the persecutors of the

tremendous charge, which declared that they were lineal descendants of the persecutors of the prophets, and proclaimed that they were the murterers of Christ. Stephen showed no prudence in making such a statement. It was not such a speech as Paul would have made.

Speaking of Stephen's marryrdom and its effect upon the cause of Christianity, Mr. Beecher said that no cause ever succeeded without some one suffering for it. The disturbances and riots in the anti-slavery agitation were of great service to that cause, and the dragging of Mr. Garrison through the streets was one of the best things that could have happened for stiff-necked Boston.

After speaking of the manner in which Stephen was ordained for the cause of which he was the proto martyr. Mr. Beecher read in a dramatic way the verse saying that the rulers gnashed on him with their teeth, gnashing his own teeth as he did so. The one feature rising out of all this scene of conflict was the radiant figure of Stephen. His statue was carved in the light and would go down triumphant through all time.

Reading the succeeding verse, in which it is declared that Stephens looking to heaven saw Jesus at the right hand of God, Mr. Beecher said that there were records of many very remarkable scenes attending death beds, and he related the story of one as told to him by Dr. Oliver Wendell Hoimes. "I am inclined to think he did." In this connection Mr. Beecher said that there were records of many very remarkable scenes attending death beds, and he related the story of one as told to him by Dr. Oliver Wendell Hoimes. "I am not sure." said he, "that I have not told you the story before, but it is a good one and worth listening to again." The story was that a well-known woman of high standing in society, when on her death-bed, seemed rapt in contemplation of things celestial, and after her death the physician and the nurse, who as professional people had looked on many death scenes, and were not liable to be carried away by their imagination, saw what might be termed a s

Seeing Things Unseeable.

The father of William M. Evarts, an eminently devout man, connected with the board of foreign missions, the worthy parent of so eminent a son, was, when dying, rapt in contemplation and exclaimed: "Oh, wonderful! oh, wonderful! praise him for the sights I have seen." Mr. Beecher did not believe that a mere stimulous of blood in the brain during the dying flours could bring such visions. The mind, he thought, was then illuminated and could see through and see things not visible in an ordinary state. He believed there were secrets in nature not yet revealed to us and which produce effects upon a higher plane than any that we can reach by our senses, and so he repeated that he thought Stephen really saw what he said he did. He saw with his upper soul in a state of exaltation what he could not have seen with his under soul.

Mr. Beecher spoke of the ecstacy of martyrs, in which they rose to a state which they felt had no fear, regret nor sorrow. He did not think that any of the martyrs ever felt the flames that burned them; they were lifted above all consciousness of the body.

Mr. Beecher related two instances in which he missions, the worthy parent of so eminent a son

the body.

Mr. Beecher related two instances in which he had lost all sensibility of his own body through excitation of the power of his mind. When he was at Stratford-on-Avon he had permission to go into the room where Shakespeare was born. He had afterwards written an account of his feelings on this occasion, which was published in his "Star Papers." He was in such a state that he could not tell whether he afterward walked to the church or was carried in. There seemed

Everything appeared beautiful to him, but he could not feel his feet. Such a Sunday as that Everything appeared beautiful to him, but he could not feel his feet. Such a Sunday as that was he would not have again until he stood by the throne, He had another experience a good deal like this when he got his first real idea of art upon visiting the galleries of the Luxembourg and the Louvre, while his condition of mind in this case was produced by the creations of art. Yet it reconciled in his mind many religious problems and had had much effect upon his preaching ever since. There were many things he could not preach, but which he felt were reconciled upon a higher plane than that on which we stand, and he had the certitude of truths that could not be reached by any ordinary proofs. Some of these truths had wrought upon him a great deal of adverse criticism, but he felt repaid by his own enjoyment of them. The rapt state was not set down in the ordinary records of mental conditions, and men who professed to have it were generally thought to be a little loose.

In conclusion, Mr. Beecher said that the enthusiasm and the heroism of Stephen did not make him a mere pictoral martyr to merely adorn fillumined manuscripts and stalued-glass windows. Those who looked upon his works of mercy while living and his glorious death were convinced that a man who could give up his life for his belief in that way had the true faith.

Mr. Beecher alluded to the attempts to crush out Christianity in these days by dispersing its professors, but this only scattered them far and wide to preach the gospel, and the effect was formulated in the saying that "the blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church."

FOR HALF A CENTURY.

An Event of More Than Ordinary Interest Celebrated Yesterday by an Educator of the Unfortunate.

The completion of half a century's existence in an institution devoted to the education of unfortunate persons afflicted by blindness is an event of

more than ordinary interest. Fifty years ago yesterday Miss Caroline Augusta Sawyer, then a girl 13 years old, was placed under the care of Dr. Howe in the Perkins Institution for the Blind, and since then her life has been passed there. Those who enjoy the blessing of sight can form but a very vague idea of the privation of one who is doomed to darkness. In 1837 Laura Bridgeman, the deaf, dumb and blind girl, came into the charge of Dr. Howe, and a friendship at once sprang up between Gusty—as she is affectionately called by her companions—and Laura, which the long years have only served to cement. They talk together in the finger language and are constantly together when duty does not interfere. Laura, from a helpless chifd, has developed into a useful woman, assisting the girls in the work-room, sewing, knitting and doing all sorts of fancy work in crochet, heads, etc.

On Miss Sawyer's advent into the school she was in a very delicate state of health, so much so as to cause great solicitude on the part of Dr. Howe and his sisters, by whom she was called "The tender rose"; but the assiduous care bestowed on her eradicated all symptoms of ill-bealth, and she is today a marvellously hale woman, ever ready to assist any and all who need guidthere. Those who enjoy the blessing of sight can

school, and in the discharge of her special duty of receiving visitors her courtesy and kindness have passed into a proverb. Her friends, who comprise every one with whom she has ever come in contact, wish her many years of health and happiness in the sphere in which she is placed.

AN OCTOROON WIFE.

The Scotch Sailor and His Adventures in a Slaver-Miscegenation and Wealth-Abandoning His Colored Wife and Child. and Now Falling Heir to the Child's Es-

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

Many years back a Scot named Dewar settled in the South. He was a seafaring man and thought he knew how a fortune could be made. Having become a citizen and saved a little money, he went into the slave trade and did business on the African coast. He dealt fairly and won the good will of the natives who had slaves to sell. He will of the natives who had slaves to sell. He made three voyages, bringing home a small number of slaves each time. Having, as he imagined, got a thorough insight into the work, he made up his mind to throw all that he had gained into one venture, by which he hoped to reap a very large profit. He reached the Guinea coast, took his eargo on board and escaped, as he thought, all the inshore dangers; but when a few days out of port struggling with adverse winds he was captured by a cruiser. He and his crew escaped in the boats, and Dewar found his way back to Guinea. It was one thing for a slave captain to appear off the coast with a fine vessel and a plentiful supply of money or merchandise, and another for him to return as a shipwrecked outcast. Dewar knew this, and hit upon a plan to make his very misfortunes tell in his favor. His companions readily fell into his views, and, as only one boat's crew out of the three which quitted the vessel had reached land, it was all the more easy to carry out the scheme.

Having landed, Dewar and his companions made their way to the village of a friendly prince with whom he had done most of his traffic in human fiesh. The prince was, of course, surprised to see him. Knowing that he had sailed with a full cargo some days before, Dewar, however, put a bold face on it and said that he had some of his chosen men had returned, as he had fallen

Desperately in Love with the Prince's made three voyages, bringing home a small num-

and wished to marry her. His vessel, he said would return in due time, and then, with the prince's permission, he would return home and carry his bride with him. The prince consented to the marriage, and it was solemnized with all the honor and ceremonies suitable to such an event. The prince gave his daughter several hundred slaves and other things of value. Dewar secured for his companions many comforts and privileges, and they awaited as patiently as they could the arrival of another slaver. In the course of a few months one was seen in the offing. Dewar and some of his associates boarded her and let the captain, who was a Spaniard, into their secret. Dewar promised the captain a full cargo of slaves and one-half of the profits, provided he would represent that his vessel was the property of Dewar, and that the latter's former cargo of slaves had reached home all right.

all right.

The captain would not agree to this, and after the vessel had entered the lagoon the captain and crew, in coming ashore, were selzed and temporarily disposed of by Dewar and his companions. Dewar represented to the prince that the slaver was his vessel, and that those in charge of her must have selzed her, and perhaps put the crew to death and then disposed of the cargo. Thus the prince was induced to aid Dewar, and placed over the captain and his crew a guard of armed men to prevent their interfering with Dewar. Dewar rapidly put his slaves on board, added various articles of value to his cargo and put to sea, taking his wife with him, and on reaching Florida he sold all his cargo to great advantage,

Retaining Only a Fow Slaves for his own use. He built a magnificent house on the bank of the St. Johns river, and their two children, a girl and a boy, were born to him. He gave both a good education, and so arranged his property that in case of his death they would receive the whole of it. The son died before he became of age, and the daughter married a Mr. C., a gentleman whose family were formerly residents at Islip, Long Island. Soon afterward her mother died, and her father did not long survive. In accordance with a carefully prepared plan, all his estate went to her. Her husband managed affairs with skill and judgment, and they grew wealthier every year. They had two sons and a daughter. The latter was fair and very lovely, and the former were fine, strong youths. The younger was accidentally drowned in his seventeenth year, and the two children, a girl and a boy, were born to him.

The latter was fair and very lovely, and the former were fine, strong youths. The younger was accidentally drowned in his seventeenth year, and the elder, when he reached manhood, was appointed to a diplomatic position. Here he lived a gay life and drew upon his father largely for the means to pay his debts.

When the daughter was about 19 there came to Washington a Prussian gentleman, who had served in the German army as a lleutenant of dragoons. His name was Koppe, and he speedily made the acquaintance of young C. The latter invited him to visit his home in Florida. Thither he went, and, of course, saw Miss C. An affection sprang up between them and they were married. The elder C., fearful lest

The Family Secret of Miscegenation

The Family Secret of Miscegenation should be disclosed, kept the engagement secret, and sent the newly married couple North, with a handsome provision. This, however, was so fixed

and sent the newly married couple North, with a handsome provision. This, however, was so fixed that the husband could handle not one cent without his wife's consent. A short time after the birth of a son Koppel grew discontented with his lot and wanted to use his wife's income without let. To this she would not consent. Koppel, having by chance met a Southerner who knew his wife's father, learned from him that his wife's grandmother was a negress. Koppel appropriated all the property he could claim and abandoned his wife and child. In the meantime, the life led by her brother had closed as might have been expected. He died prematurely, and the old man was alone, and to him his daughter went with her child, and was received with open arms. For years they lived together in great happiness. The son grew up and became a comfort to his mother, whom no tidings of her husband ever reached.

The old man having bestowed all he had on his daughter, and after her on his grandson, died. In the fall of 1881 the daughter died, and at the close of the last year her son followed her, four months after he had attained full age. Not long ago a Brooklyn gentleman spending a few weeks down South stumbled over a record in which the name Koppel appeared. Years ago he had known a Prussian gentleman of that name was without a claimant. He made inquiries, but found no reason to believe that the Koppel whom he knew was interested in it. On returning North, however, the matter dwelt in his mind. Having once within the last ten years met Koppel in New York and been informed by him that he was living in Harlem, he made inquiries in that locality and discovered his man. He found him broken down and poor. The gentleman tole his discovery, and to his amazement the above story was disclosed. Koppel shelt to all the property left by his discarded son, and an agreement has been drawn up by Judge Towns by which three responsible persons in the South undertake to recover the estate for the father.

WORRIED BY A WITCH. A Pennsylvania Family that is Singularly

Afflicted. Jesse Miller, a farmer living in Greenville township, Somerset county, Penn., is ready to swear that his household is afflicted with a witch. Some time ago he found a saddle hanging on a hook by the chimney. He had placed it on the ballusters. This occurred three times, and every member of the family accused solemnly declared that they had not touched the saddle. Mr. Miller took it to the woodshed and again it was displaced. He then

the woodshed and again it was displaced. He then removed the saddle to a saw mill and spiked it to a standard. It stays there.

His wife was washing one day and stepped out of the apartment for a few minutes. Returning, she was amazed to find the articles which she had left in the tub, thrown about over the floor. Miller was aroused one night by terrible screams in his front yard. He bounded out of bed and rushed out and found his daughter there alone. She had no knowledge of how she got there. Every window and door in the house was locked and bolted as when the young lady went to bed. Twice since she has been spirited out of the house in broad daylight, in the presence of her mother and others. The spirit of darkness that exerts this influence over the young lady is invisible to all others. She describes the witch as resembling an old woman, with hoary locks, hairy face, and wearing a white cap.

The Miller family is thoroughly terrified, as is also the entire community. Miller intends to leave the locality as soon as possible. Meanwhile he has been in Myersdale in quest of a witch doctor, to make the place tolerable for a short time yet at least. He is firm in his witch belief.

PLANTATIONS SUBMERCED. Seventeen Miles of Land Under Water at

Jonestown, Miss. HELENA, Ark., March 16.—The floods are re-

eding at all points, but distressing accounts of suffering are received from far up the river. A number of people are missing, and it is feared that they have been drowned. William Henry and Cæsar Breght were going for supplies when their canoe capsized and they were drowned. In Laconia twenty plantations, containing 30,-

ooo acres, are deeply overflowed. It is owned by the Blackburns, Seliers, Henrys and other well-known Kentuckians.

At Jonestown, Miss., no land is above water for a distance of seventeen miles. Cattle are dying on scaffolds erected for their safety.

Wr have never handled a remedy that has increased so rapidly in sales or given such universal satisfaction as Ely's Cream Balm for Catarrh. C. N. Crittenton, 115 Fulton street, N. Y.

PICKING UP LIVE RATS.

The Novel Feat Attempted in Philadelphia.

What William H. Lewis Undertook to do on a Wager of \$200.

Several Serious Bites and a Final Failure to Win.

PHILADELPHIA, March 18 .- On a wager of \$200 William H. Lewis tried last night to pick up and place in a barrel 100 live rats. The articles of have to transfer the rats from the pit to the barrel be done with bare hands and arms. Lewis is a Philadelphian, and 40 years old. He has had fifteen years' experience as a professional rat-eatcher. For five years he was employed catching wharf rats in New York for a dog fancier. Twice in New York he won money by picking up rats within a given time. On one occasion he won \$50 by picking up twenty-five of the little animals in ten minutes. They were rats he had handled before and he escaped without being bitten.

The exhibition last night occurred in Frankford and fifty men paid \$1 each to witness it. In the centre of the room a space eight feet square was surrounded by a tight board fence four feet high. The floor was coverd an inch deep with sawdust. In the centre of the pen stood an empty whiskey

The floor was coverd an inch deep with sawdust. In the centre of the pen stood an empty whiskey barrel, the upper head of which was replaced by a piece of canvas with a hole in its centre. The rats were confined in three tin and wooden cages, which stood in the yard. While the judge was trying to borrow a watch, Lewis clambered into the pit. He wore a sleeveless undershirt, checked pants and brogans. The legs of his trousers were tied around his ankles so as to prevent the rats from taking refuge therein. His hands and arms were covered with musk, which he believes prevents rats from biting him.

Forty rats were dumped from a cage into the pit. The rats darted wildly around through the sawdust, and made vain attempts to scale the fence. Finally they huddled in a wriggling mass in one corner, and the judges gave Lewis the word to begin. He moved over to the pile of rats, and, without an instant's hesitation, thrust his naked hands and arms in among them. He caught five fat fellows and dropped them into the barrel. He next picked up three, then four, then two, and so on until six minutes had expired, when he had placed twenty of the rodents in the barrel. The rats that remained in the pit were wild, and he was compelled to catch them one at a time. The first single rat he picked up bit one of his fingers through the nail to the bone and hung there. Lewis jerked his hand up and sent the vicious rat against the ceiling. The wounded finger was dipped in whiskey and the chase was resumed. Seven rats were picked up and defly tossed into the barrel, and then Lewis was bitten twice on the right arm. He received four more wounds before the fortieth rat was imprisoned in the barrel. Then forty more rats were dumped into the pit, leaving twenty to form the last batch. Lewis myrked with great agility, and rat after rat was lifted and dropped lato the barrel with amazing rapidity. The fifty-seventh rat he attempted to touch sprang in his face as he stooped, and bit through the canvas cover. He lost five minutes stanching the had but seven minutes to pick up the remaining twenty. The time was too limited and he gave up the job and got out of the pit.

DAVID DAVIS' WEDDING.

It Takes Place at Fayetteville-Magnificent Display of Presents-A Bridal Trousseau with Fifteen Dresses.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., March 19.—Senator David Davis married Miss Addle E. Burratt today at the residence of Colonel Wharton Green, congressman-elect from this district. last Wednesday morning. Rev. Dr. Husker rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, performed the ceremony. The marriage was private, no one being present except the members of the family and a few relatives from Boston, Mass. The house was decorated with holly. Judge W. T. Otto was the best man. Miss Sadie Green, Congressman Green's daughter, was the bride's attendant. Colonel Green gave the bride away. Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Judge Otto, Congressman Green and Miss Sadie Green left on the special steamer Murchison after the ceremonies, and passed down the Cape Fear river to Wilmington, whence they go to Southern cities, thence to California, and after a short stay there go home to Bloomington, Ill., where they will hold a reception. The bride was attred in a travelling dress of brown silk, plush hat to match, plumes of ostrich feathers. The trousseau is magnificent. It includes fifteen dresses, several by Worth. The gifts were numerous and valuable, the most noticeable being a pair rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, performed able, the most noticeable being a pair of immense solltaire diamond ear-rings from the groom, silver repousse punch bowl, gold lined, a collection of rare books from Hunt, and a cluster diamond pin from Judge Otto.

CURED BY PRAYER.

How Annie Feeney Was Restored to Health-Six Months a Helpless Paralytic and Under the Care of Many Physicians.

chael's parish in particular, and the town's people generally, are talking about what is termed a miraculous cure recently effected through the medium of prayer. On the 7th of last October, Annie Feeney, 10 years of age, while at work in Stowe's shoe shop, was suddenly stricken with what was termed paralysis and immediately passed into a decline both of mental and physical functions, and at the expiration of two weeks was entirely helpless and utterly oblivious of all that was transpiring around her. The best medical skill in the vicinity was employed without beneficial result, and she was taken to the Massachusetts General Hospital, but no relief could be obtained there, and she was taken to her home apparently helpless for life. Friday, March 2, in mission week, and at the request of the young lady's friends, Rev. Father Riordan, one of the mission fathers, visited her at her home and read prayers over her. The following day she gave evidence of a partial restoration of her mental faculties, followed in time by the return of the power of speech, and last week she had so far improved as to be about and assist in the lighter household daties. During the present week she has attended to all the domestic work of the house while her mother has been away visiting. The six months in which she remained helpless and apparently unconscious is a blank period to her. The case excites unusual interest here and has created considerable of a stir in religious circles. nie Feeney, 19 years of age, while at work in

WITH A CREED IN TWELVE WORDS. is Good in All Religious.

NEW YORK, March 19.—Last Sunday a new Unitarian church was formed in Horticultural Hall by Rev. M. K. Schermerhorn of Newport, Mr. Schermerhorn says: "The church will be Unitarian, with the enthusiasm and faith of the most orthodox. One of the main objects of the most orthodox. One of the main objects of the society is to honor and seek the reasonable faith of all religions, and to welcome the fellowship of all aspiring humanity who are trying to become better, noblet and purer. It will be the first Christian church broad enough to take in what is good in all Bibles and all religions. Our creed consists of twelve words, which express the fundamental principles of all the religions of the world: God, humanity, worship, duty, providence, prayer, inspiration, revelation, repentance, retribution, holiness and the immortal life."

Land on Long Island to be Bought by the Sing Lee Society of New York.

NEW YORK, March 19 .- Three Chinamen went to Flushing on Tuesday and carefully inspected a farm on the bayside road. They declared themselves and one of them, who spoke excellent English, said and one of them, who spoke excellent English, said that they intended to recommend the purchase of the property in time to take possession on April I. He said that the aim of the society is to obtain a farm for the growth of certain fruits and vegetables for which there is a market in the Chinese colony of this city. They will sink extra wells so as to obtain irrigation according to the method in voque in China. The farm-house, which is large and roomy, will be thrown open for the accommodation of the members of the society at all times, and for large gatherings on Sunday. at all times, and for large gatherings on Sunday.

Furniture for Uncle Sam's Buildings. WASHINGTON, March 19 .-- It is stated at the Treasury Department that the sum appropriated by Congress for furniture and repairs of furniture in all the public buildings under the control of the department, including furniture for new buildings —\$300,000—would be inadequate. It was said that \$100,000 ought to be expended in the Philadelphia court house and post office alone.

Walter J. Hosford's Record. The New Haven papers have been looking up the record of Walter J. Hosford, who shot Miss Brown in Thompsonville recently, and find that he has been in other scrapes. In New Haven, fifteen months ago, he fired three shots at his gray hair, by using Ayer's Hair Vigor.

wife's sister, Mary McQueeny, none of which took effect. After this affair, for which he was put in fail, he took his wife and child to Meriden. He treated her brutally, the New Haven people say, and finally deserted her at Meriden, leaving her very sick and feeble. Her brother and sister cared for her at New Haven till she died, when Hosford again appeared and threatened to sue the sister unless his child were given him. Officer Ahearn, however, happened to be present and forced him to leave the city. It is said that he went to Aiken, South Carolina, and that he was there suspected of committing several burglaries.

THE PRESIDENT AS A BANTERER.

Judge Davis' Remarkable Quit Claim Deed -A Romantic Story with a Miss Green as a Heroine, Who May Become Mrs. President Arthur.

WASHINGTON, March 19 .- A good story is told anent the courtship of David Davis which terminated in his marriage Wednesday. He was extremely reticent about his new matrimonial venextremely reticent about his new matrimonial venture, and, after it was positively known that he was engaged to Miss Burr, he dodged and evaded every "feeler" that was thrown out by his numerous friends. In fact, the repeased denials on the bridegroom's part and the air of mystery thrown about the affair attracted more attention to the romance than would have followed a frank avowal of the engagement with the good-humored wagging that the judge has suffered during the past three months. He has one consoling episode to remember. Last winter Miss Burr and Miss Green, the daughter of Representative-elect Green of North Carolina, at whose residence the wedding took place, visited Washington as the guests of Mrs. Hoge, the wife of the representative from West Virginia. Both these ladies were anxious to visit the White House and see the President, but the judge did not wish to escort Miss Burr. He was perfectly willing to show Miss Green the sights, and he addressed a note to the President saying that he wished to call with a lady at the executive mansion. The President appointed a time and the visit was paid. Miss Green is a young and very handsome person, and the President immediately jumped to the conclusion that she was Judge Davis' Intended bride He showed her every attention, escorted the couple through the house and the conservatory. ture, and, after it was positively known that he and the President immediately jumped to the conclusion that she was Judge Davis' intended bride He showed her every attention, escorted the couple through the house and the conservatory, plucked a bunch of flowers for the lady, and talked until the judge became impatient to leave. When the couple returned to the hotel the old gentleman observed to Miss Burr that Miss Green had captivated the President. A few days later the justices of Supreme Court dined with the President. Judge Davis was a guest. When the cigars were lighted the President, with mock formality, tendered his congratulations to the president of the Senate. The judge protested that there was no reason why he should be congratulated. The President persisted in his congratulations and the justices demanded to know the mystery. The President told of the visit of Judge Davis and Miss Green. The veteran jurist pooh-hooed the idea of marrying the lady, and he squirmed under the pleasant congratulations that were proffered on every side. "You may deny as much as you please, Judge, but you would not dare to sign a quit claim in my favor," banteringly remarked the President. The judge drew a piece of paper and pencil from his pocket, and in a careful legal form drew up and signed a relinquishment of all his right, title and interest in Miss Green, provided the President proposed marriage to her within the term of one year. This he signed and delivered to the President in the presence of the court. General Arthur has been remarkably retient regarding the affair since the engagement of Judge Davis to Miss Burr was announced.

NOTEWORTHY TREES.

The king oak, in Windsor forest, England, is 1000 years old. A chestnut that was a sapling 400 years ago has just been cut by Mayor Bomar of Salisbury, N. C. It measured nine feet in diameter.

In the Skagit country, in Washington Territory, is a spruce tree forty feet in circumference. It is uprooted and lies in a deep slough.

Two orange trees belonging to J. B. Smith, Hawthorne. Ga., bore last season 8000 oranges each. One of them measures seven feet around and is sixty feet high. A huge chestnut tree growing on the farm of Benjamin M. Reed, near Bay View. Va., has borne a large crop of nuts every year for a century. It measures 27 feet in circumference.

Mr. George Hall of Silver Spring, Marion county, Fla., has an orange tree thirty-five feet high and two and a half in circumference near the ground, which has on it about 12,000 oranges.

A huge excrescence on a birch tree growing in the town of Westmore, Vt., seen in profile a few feet away, resembles a grinning human face of gigantic proportions. It is four feet and four inches from the top of the forehead to the tip of the chin.

There is an apple tree in Rabun county, Ga., that is probably the largest on the continent. It shades the greater part of a farm yard, and in one year the owner gathered 234 bushels of apples from it, besides what his stock destroyed. He

from it, besides what his stock destroyed. He received twenty-five cents per bushel for them from wagoners.

The Cressage oak of England is probably not less than fourteen centuries old. The circumference of the trunk was about thirty feet, measured at a height of five feet from the ground; but only about one-half of the shell of the hollow trunk now remains. It still bears fifteen living branches, each fifteen or sixteen feet in length. A young oak grows from the centre of the hollow.

A year that is over \$00 years old stands in the

oak grows from the centre of the hollow.

A yew that is over 800 years old stands in the garden of the Herrenhaus, Berlin. It is of the species Taxus baccata, is 38 feet high, and its lower circumference is 5 feet. Its species is wholly extinct in the forest. The premises on which it stands were once owned by the father of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, and the first execution of "A Summer Night's Dream" took place in this very garden. At the time the Upper Chamber Hall was erected, it was King Frederick William IV. who saved the venerable tree from destruction.

The oldest tree in the world, so far as any one

tion.

The oldest tree in the world, so far as any one knows, is the Bo tree of the sacred city of Amarapoora, in Burmah. It was planted 288 B. C., and is therefore now 2170 years old. Sir James Emerson Tennet gives reasons for believing that the tree is really of this wonderful age, and refers to historic documents in which it is mentioned at different dates, as 182 A. D., 223 A. D., and so on to the present day. "To it," says Sir James, "kings have even dedicated their dominions, in testimony of belief that it is a branch of the identical fig-tree under which Buddha reclined at Urumelya when he underwent his apotheosis." Its leaves are carried away as streamers by pilgrims, but it is too sacred to touch with a knife, and therefore they are only gathered when they fall.

The neighborhood of Gold Mine Gap, on the Third mountain, in the northern part of this county, says a Lebanon, N. Y., special, is much excited over the discovery of the mystic tree which is said to be located exactly over a gold mine. Over 100 years ago a stranger from a seaboard city made regular visits to these mountains, accompanied by Indians. He stayed in the mountains a month at a time, sending the Hudians ddwn for food. Once he came himself to the house of the Feltys, and being overtaken by a storm remained over night. The contents of a black bottle loosened his tongue and he told of the existence of the gold mine, which might be found by a tree at its mouth of peculiar shape. Shortly afterward he was murdered by the Indians. Search was made for the mine unsuccessfully. The gap took its name from the mine of gold. Sahnuel Shaak, the alleged finder of the tree, refuses to make any disclosures and his reticence only creates additional curlosity.

There is a most remarkable fir-tree in the forest of Alliaz, Canton of Vand. It is near the baths of

tree, refuses to make any disclosures and his reticence only creates additional curiosity.

There is a most remarkable fir-tree in the forest of Alliaz, Canton of Vand. It is near the baths of Alliaz, at the height of about 1300 feet above the hotel, and 4500 feet above the sea, surrounded by a forest of firs, which it overtops by more than thirty feet. The trunk is a little more than thirty feet in circumference at the base. At about a yard from the ground it puts out on the south side seven offshoots, which have grown into trunks as strong and vigorous as those of the other trees in the forest. Bent and gnarled at the bottom, these side trunks soon straighten and rise perpendicularly and parallel to the main stem. This feature is not, perhaps, wholly unparalleled, but another curious fact is that the two largest of the side trunks are connected with the principal stem by subquadrangular braces resembling girders. The space between the rough flooring formed by the growing together of the offshoots, at their point of departure, and the girder limbs is large enough to admit of building a comfortable hermit's hut within it.

An "angry tree." a species of acacla, is growing

to admit of building a comfortable hermit's hut within it.

An "angry tree," a species of acacla, is growing on a farm in Virginia, Nev. It was brought from Australia, and is now eight feet high and growing rapidly. It shows all the characteristics of the sensitive plant. When the sun sets its leaves fold together and the ends of the tender twigs coll up like a pigtail. If the twigs are handled the leaves move uneasily for a minute or more. A singular thing concerning the tree was its apparent resentment on being removed from a spot, in which it had matured, into a much larger pot. To use the gardener's expression, it "made it very mad." Hardly had it been placed in its new quarters before the leaves began to stand up in all directions, like the hair on the tail of an angry cat, and soon the whole plant was in a quiver. At the same time it gave out an odor most purgent and sickening, resembling the odor given off by rattlesnakes and other kinds of snakes when teased. This odor so filed the house that it was necessary to open the doors and windows. It was fully an hour before the plant calmed down and folded its leaves in peace.

New Line of Sound Steamers. PROVIDENCE, March 19 .- Two steamers, with a large carrying capacity and with speed enough

to make the trip from New York to Providence in twelve or thirteen hours, are to be built for the purpose of establishing a new line, principally for freight. Only accommodations for fifty first-class passengers will be provided.

PITTSBURG, March 19 .- The will of John Holmes, formerly a prominent merchant here, has been probated. He leaves one-fourth of an estate,

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Examination of Informers at Dublin Castle.

Great Excitement in Spain Over the Arrests of Anarchists.

Emperor Williams' 86th Birthday-Loss of Life by Shipwreck.

DUBLIN, March 15 .- The secret inquiry at Dublin castle is continued daily. Since the beginning of the inquiry witnesses in large numbers have presented themselves, and indeed since the prisners were arrested there has been a superabundance of independent witnesses, all claiming to be anxious to give their testimony, and many of them evidently actuated more by the desire for contingent witness fees than by any other consideration. A system of communicating with the police by anonymous letters has sprung up, the letters being anonymous letters has sprung up, the letters being replied to by the police through mysteriously worded advertisements in the newspapers. Many of these people have now come forward openly, and day after day numbers of persons have been examined relative to the Phenix Park tragedy, and other outrages. The erown counsel, however, have sifted these witnesses through, and those whose testimony is in any way favorable to the prisoners are quickly dismissed, while it is almost certain that pecuniary considerations have been employed to quicken the recollection of others.

In consequence of a recent publication, detailing the circumstances of an interview with Carey, orders have been issued prohibiting any one from seeing Carey, except in the presence of Superintendant Mallon. Mrs. Carey even finds it difficult to obtain an interview with her husband. He, together with the two informers, Farrell and Kavanaugh, are in Kilmainham jail. Their food was at first supplied from the establishment which catered for the suspects, but all the provisions now pass through the hands of the police, and special caution is now taken that nothing poisonous should find its way into the feod intended for the informers. aken that nothing poisonous should find its way nto the food intended for the informers. taken that nothing poisonous should find its way into the food intended for the informers.

All the prisoners are in good health and spirits, except Carey, who is said to be despondent. His wife, it is said, has been very anxious about him, in consequence of the report that two of the prisoners had made a statement charging him and his brother with the commission of an atrocious murder solely for the purpose of gain.

Carey states that what finally induced him to give evidence was the absence of Whelan on one or two occasions from the dock in Kilmainhaian and the reference to Joe Smith. He knew that only one person besides Smith could give information that he was in the park on the day in question. Any hesitation he previously had disappeared when the builder Glynn went into the witness-box. A message was sent to Glynn conjuring him not to give evidence, but before the message reached him the police got hold of him and obtained that information from him. THE SPANISH ANARCHISTS.

Great Excitement in Andalusia over the Number of Arrests-Socialists Preparing

-Strike of the Peasants. MADRID, March 15 .- Telegrams from the seat of the anarchist agitation in Andalusia describe

the population as much excited by the daily sight of the arrival of large detachments of prisoners

of the arrival of large detachments of prisoners brought in mostly from the rural districts by gendarmes and cavalry escorts. In the jails of Jerez aloue there are now 380 prisoners, and in those of Arcos 250

The accounts in the Madrid press excite much curiosity and sensation. The imparcial believes that a state of siege must be proclaimed in the presence of such widespread agitation, but it is evident that it is purely an anarchist movement and not connected with any political school.

The secret societies are reported to have prepared a general strike of the peasantry to take place at the opening of the spring season, which begins early in Andalusia. This would aggravate the situation by endangering the crops. The terror of the landlords and the insolence of the the situation by endangering the crops. The ter-ror of the landlords and the insolence of the agricultural laborers is increasing.

NO TRANSVAAL EXPEDITION. Gladstone Sava the Government Will Not

Go Into Any Needless War. LONDON, March 16 .- In the House of Commons Mr. Gladstone said that the government declined to undertake any military expedition in the Transraal to rectify the disorder's of that country. It was always disorderly, and an armed occupation meant annexation, which would lead to a useless and expensive war. The government, he said, did not propose to enter upon any unjust war. Mr. Gladstone was loudly cheered. It is evidently the feeling of the House that there is enough for the government to attend to at home without engaging in any foreign war or meddling with the affairs of other nations.

THE ANARCHISTS. Exchanging Views With Regard to Taking

LONDON, March 18 .- The cabinets of London, Paris, Berlin and St. Petersburg are exchanging views regarding the advisability of taking united action for the suppression of the Anarchists. This action is in consequence of the proposals recently made by the Russian ministry directed to that end.

OTHER FOREIGN NEWS. An Insurrection in Arabia Against Turkish

Authority. CONSTANTINOPLE, March 18 .- The Arabs in the districts of Assyr and Yemen in Arabia have risen in insurrection, and are in daily conflict with the Turkish troops.

The Paris Socialists Make No Demon-

PARIS, March 18.—The Socialists made no demonstration here today, and the city was unusually quiet, a circumstance probably due to the fact that thorough preparations had been made for the instant suppression of any disorder. There was a slight disturbance at Roubax, which was speedily quelled, and eight Anarchists were arrested.

Emperor William's 86th Birthday. BERLIN, March 17.—The Emperor William's 86th birthday was celebrated today throughout Germany. The Kaiser was born March 22, 1797, but as that exact date falls this year on Holy Thursday the celebration was by his desire held today. The usual illuminations were dispensed with this evening by the Emperor's request.

Louise Michel Said to Have Fled. PARIS, March 17.—It is stated that Louise Michel has fled to Switzerland. Reassuring telegrams have been received from prefects throughout the country. Precautions, however, have been taken in the provinces to prevent any disorder on Sunday.

Londonderry Has a Grand Demonstration. LONDONDERRY. March 17 .- The Catholics of this city made a grand demonstration today in honor of the anniversary of St. Patrick's birthday. Five thousand people took part in the exercises. There were no disturbances.

Shipwreck and Loss of Life. LONDON, March 17.—The ship Dunstaffsage, from Calcutta, by way of Dundee, for Liverpool, has been wrecked on the coast of Aberdeenshire. Fifteen men, besides a number of women and children, were drowned.

Dynamite for a Priest. London, March 18.—The parish priest at Widnes and Lancashire received by mail a box which was found on examination to contain dynamite.

From Burlington (Vt.) Clipper, December 21, 1882.1 This paper is not given to puffing every patent medicine offered in the market, neither do we sandwich in between all the spley items we clip from our exchanges paid for "patent medicine editorials," yet when we find an article of merit it gives us pleasure to call the attention of the public to it; and just here we would say that Adamson's Botanic Balsam, advertised in this issue, and sold by all leading druggists, is the standard medicine. Botanic Balsam, advertised in this issue, and sold by all leading druggists, is the standard medicine for coughs, colds and bronchial difficulties, and we know whereof we speak. It is no quack conglomeration, but an article manufactured for a purpose, and that to do good, as well as secure profit of its proprietors. Now this notice was neither ordered or paid for; it is an act of our own free will and accord, etc.

Died Alone.

New York March 17.—Ellen Conway, an old.

NEW YORK, March 17.—Ellen Conway, an old woman who has for years kept a news stand corner woman who has for years kept a news stand corner of Broadway and Maiden lane, was this morning found dead in a squalld room in a Frankfort street tenement, where she has lived alone since 1876. On her person were found eighteen cents and bankbooks representing \$5000.

Young men and middle-aged ones, suffering from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses, send three stamps for Part VII. of Dime Series Books. Address World's DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

TO OUR READERS.

When you answer any of the advertisements in this paper, please do us the favor to mention that you saw the same in THE BOSTON WEEKLY GLOBE.

FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

THE MONEY MARKETS.

Firm Rates During the Week, but Close at a Slight Easing Off.

STATE STREET, SATURDAY AFTERNOON, March 17, 1883. Dealings at the Stock Exchange today, with the exception of Atchison, were rather light, but prices on the whole held their own fairly well. Mexican Centrals fluctuated from 711/2@711/4, with closing sale at 71%. The earnings of the main line for the third week in February were \$37,983 23. The earnings of the Northern division for the first week in March were \$3559 56. and the price held up most remarkably well under the pressure, declining from 80% to 80, subsequently rallying to 80%, with closing sale at 801/4; the buying was very widespread, and apselling is pretty emphatically declared to be of ong stock, and the greater part of it can be traced as coming from one prominent house closely identified with the stock.

Massachusetts Central, after being very steady all the week, selling at 3, sold today at 234. At the special meeting of the stockholders, held today, the policy of the present management and today, the policy of the present management and their plans for the future met with general ap-proval, and the project for reorganizing the com-pany and completing the road seems now as if it would be successful. The issue of bonds ordered by a recent act of the Legislature was ratified, and in answer to questions President Aldrich said if no obstacle presented itself he thought that in six menths the road would be in operation to North-annton.

menths the road would be in operation to Northampton.

The annual meeting of the Toledo, Cincinnati & St. Louis Railroad Company takes place on Wednesday, March 28. After this meeting about 100,000 fresh shares will probably come upon the market; 42,000 shares coming from the consolidation of the company with the Cincinnati Northern road, at the rate of two shares for one of the latter, and about 60,000 in the shape of trust certificates. The price of the stock is steady, selling today at 3%, against sales yesterday at 3%.

| LAND COS | Eld. Asked | Boston W P. 38/9 | Ch. B& Q. 121% | Ch. B& Q. 121% | 121/2 | Ch. B& G. 121% | 121/2 | Ch. B& Q. 121% | 121/2 | Ch. B& G. 121% | 121/2 | Ch. B& Q. doSED 1sts 40
RAILROADS.
A.T.&SFe... 81½
F & P Mar... 25
F & P Mar... 25
E & P S... 31
Ls & MoRiv 12
M. H & O... 55¼
Mass Central —
Cam Horse... — | Silverisiet. | 21/9 | 4 | Sullivan... | 1 | 251/2 | Bonanza... | 23/2 | 25/2 | 981/2 | Crescent... | 22/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 | 25/2 Pui Pal Car. 121

COMMERCIAL MATTERS. BOSTON MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE BOSTON DAILY GLOBE, SATTRDAY EVENING, March 17. S A more confident tone has been d-veloped during the past week, the mild weather which we have expetrienced undoubtedly having much to do with it, but here is some complaint yet about the slowness of trade, and we do not look for a great deal of activity

APPLES.—The stock of Apples continues running light and prices are firm at \$3.50@4.00 % bbl for which No 1 Baldwins are selling. Fancy Russets go a little higher. We quote the sales of fancy at \$. % bbl; Baldwins, No 1, \$3.75@4.00 % bbl; do, No 2, \$2@2.50 % bbl.

To arrive from Chicago, high mixed Corn is nominal.

CRANBERRIES.—Sales of choice Cranberries have been made at \$13\tilde{2}14\tilde{4}\tilde{6}\ti

at \$23@23 50 % ton. Cotton Seed Meal sells at \$28@29 % ton.

FI'-H.—The jobbing trade has been a little better and the tone of the market has generally improved. Sales of large pickle cured Bank have been made at \$5 12\cdot 65 % for large pickle cured Bank have been made at \$5 12\cdot 65 % for large pickle cured Bank have been made at \$5 12\cdot 65 % for large pickle cured Bank have been made at previous Rectia 3 Mackerel in dealers hands are n. ld at \$3@8 25 % bh, but there is not much inquiry. Fat Mackerel are well sold up and firm. Shore Mackerel are jobbing more freely and prices are steady. Make have been quiet and sales have been made at previous prices. Pickled Herring are quiet and have been sold at \$6 % bb) for large Nhore spitts, and \$4 50@4 75 % bb) for medium. Smoked Herring have been selling at 28@20c % box for medium scaled. Alewives have sold at \$6.06 50 % box for medium scaled. Alewives have sold at \$6.06 50 % box for export. Bloaters are quiet and have been selling at \$1 10@1 15 % 100. Salmon remain without movements of importance.

\$15 00@16 00 % ton; fine, \$15 00@16 00 % ton; poor, \$10 00@13 00 % ton; now Western Timothy. \$17 % ton; swale Hay, \$90 % ton; choice ive Straw, \$14 @... % ton; do common to good, \$13@... % ton; Oss Straw, \$14 % Ton. Straw 99 27 on.

HEMP.—The market for Manila Hemp has been duil. We quote Cabu at 111/2; Manila at 11/26 28 18.

Sisal Hemp has been se ling principally at 6 20 28 18.

Jute Butts have been more active and sales have ranged from 17/2c, 2@21/2c 28 18 for paper and bagging g ades.

HIDES.—There has been a fair demand for Hides and saies include Montevideo kips at 22c, 211/4c; dry

I discount. TS.—The market for Oats has been dull, with led sales. We quote No 1 and extra white at 60 or 20 bush; No 2 white at 56 \(\frac{1}{2}\)\text{@G77c} \(\frac{2}{3}\)\text{ bush}; No 2 \(\frac{2}{3}\)\text{ bush}; No 3 \(\frac{2}{3}\)\text{ and mixed at 54 \(\frac{2}{3}\)\text{@G56} \(\frac{2}{3}\)\text{ bush}; and mixed at 54 \(\frac{2}{3}\)\text{@G56} \(\frac{2}{3}\)\text{ bush};

white at 55½2@656c 8 bush; and mixed at 54@56c 8 bush; ONIONS.—We quote sales of Onions at \$200@225 8 bush.

ONIONS.—We quote sales of Onions at \$200@225 8 bush.

OII.—Linseed Oil has been quiet but steady and the sales have been at 54@55c for Western; Calcutts, 60c, Lard Oil 1-1 light demand, with sales of Western and Boston extra at 91@95c 8 gal; No 1 at 73@80c 8 gal; No 1 at 73@80c 8 gal; No 1 at 73@80c 6 gal, In Red Oil sales have been at 54@... c for saponified and 57@... c for Elaine, Paim Oil has sold at 73@8c 16 his Fish Oils have been sold at 42@46c for Menhuden and 46@blc for the different kinds of Cod. Sperm and Whale Oils have been in steady demand. For Petroleum the demand is moderate, and sales of refined have been at 8½@33c 16 stal for 115@120 test, and high test brands at 12±2@134c, this included. Naphtha has been selling at 10@10½e 4 gal for 76 gravity. and sales of refined have been at 84/2034c stal for 1152120 test, and high test brands at 124/20134c. bisis extra. Case Oil has sold at 104/20114c gt gal, this included. Naphtha has been selling at 102/104/20 Rea for 76 gravite. Pto 1ATOES.—Receipts have been light and prices are very firm at an advance. We quote the sales of Northern and fastern Rose at 95c/281 R bush; Northern fores, 90/2056 R bush; Prollines, 20/2056 R

NEW YORK MARKETS.

FLOUR-Dull and weak Cornmeal dull and unchanged.
COTTON—Quiet; sales, 297 bales; middling uplands, 10\frac{1}{9c}; do Guifs, 10\frac{1}{9c}. Futures dull, closing steady at 10.13c for March, 10.25c for April, 10.39c for charged.
COTTON—Quiet; sales, 297 bales; middling uplands, 104%c; do Guifs, 104%c. Futures dull, closing steady at 16 136 for March, 10.525 for April, 10.396 for May, 10.526 for June, 10.636 for July, 10.76c, for May, 10.82c for June, 10.636 for July, 10.76c, for May, 10.82c for September, 10.21c for Cetober, 10.11c for November 10.12c for December; sales, 28,200 bales. Receipts at the ports, 12.620 bales. PROVISIONS.—Fork was dull and essentially michanged; mess quoted on the spot at £10.25@\$19.50; April options were quoted at \$19.15@\$19.50; April options were quoted at \$19.16.50 sets prime city, 11.40c; 450 tos do Western, 11.57%g0 11.60c; refined to the continent, 11.57%g0 \$0.11.60c; Hune, 11.50g11.60c; May, 11.50g1.17.50; September, 11.756; seller year, 10.86c; August 11.71g1.17.50; September, 11.756; seller year, 10.96@11c. Dressed hors steady; March, 11.56@11.59c; April, 11.60c; May, 11.63c; June, 11.67c; seller year, 10.96@11c. Dressed hors steady; new creamery, first and extras, 24@ 37c; State dairy, 18@22c; Western factory, 11.20c; do oreamery, 14.224c; rolls, 10.620c; Cheese unchanged; Natte factory, 90.444c; ohio, 8@13%g, 10c. 11.20c; do oreamery, 14.624c; rolls, 10.620c; Cheese unchanged; Natte factory, 90.444c; ohio, 8.613%g, 22c; Western, 21.21%g0 \$1.20c; Ohio, 8.613%g, 22c; Western, 21.211/gc; Southern, 20.1½g21/gc; poor do, 19.620c; duck, 34.636c.

Gitaln.—Wheat opened (2014/gc lower, but recovered part of the decline later; a fair trade; spot sales, 104.600 bush at \$60.00 bush No 2 red at \$1.184/g0.11.92.00c; duck, 34.636c, Gitaln.—Wheat opened (2014/gc lower, but recovered part of the decline later; a fair trade; spot sales, 104.600 bush at \$60.00 bush No 2 red at \$1.03.00c; do 11.7.95c.61 20c. Ore May, 61.224/g0.10c. Ore May, 6

GLOUCESTER FISH MARKET.

GLOUCESTER FISH MARKET.

| Special Correspondence of The Sunday Globe.1

GLOUCESTER, March 17—(For the week past.)—
Whole numbe of arrivals 19, as follows: 12 from
Georges, with about 340.000 pounds codified and 30.000 pounds hallbut: 3 from Western Banks, with
about 180.000 pounds codified and 70.00 pounds hallbut; 3 from the Banks, with 100,000 pounds hallbut; and 1 from Grand Menan, with 200,000 frozen herring. We quote market as follows; Large new Georges
Cod at \$7 25 ft qti; medium Georges Cod, \$5 50 ft
qtl. There are a few old Georges on the market selllog at \$6 62½ ft of for large: \$5 ft qtl for medium;
large Bank Codfish, \$6 ft qtl; medium Bank Codfish,
\$5 ft qtl; large shore Cod, \$6 75 ft qtl; medium, \$5 ft
qtl; large shore Cod, \$6 75 ft qtl; medium, \$5 ft
qtl; Haddock, \$404 50 ft qtl; cusk, \$5 50 ft tl; Pollock, \$3 5006 ft qtl; hake, \$3 25 ft qtl. Fresh
Hallbut-Last sales at 14c ft for white and 12c for
gray. Market fish—There are none on the market.
Frozen Herring have been selling at \$1 00 ft 100.
In Mackers, last sales of No 1 have been at \$150018
ft bbl; No 2, \$12013 ft bbl; No 3, \$9 50010;
Hailbut Heads, \$33 bbl; Hallbut Fins, \$15 00 ft bbl;
Fins and Napes. \$4 26 ft bbl; Cod Tongues, \$13 ft bbl;
Tongues and Sounds, \$15 ft bbl; Pickled Haddock,
\$12 ft bbl; round Shore Herring, \$4 50 ft bbl; soult
Labrador Herring, \$6 ft bbl; scaled Herring, \$26 ft bbl; and Frish Ols-Tanners oll, \$60. ct ft sal; Medicinal Oll,
\$1 ft gt 21; Porgie Oll, 38c ft gt l; Blackfish Oll, 65c ft
gal; Lieves, 70c ft bucket; Fish Scrap, \$16 ft ton;
Fish Olis-Tanners oll, \$60. ct ft sal; Medicinal Oll,
\$7 ft ft sal; Porgie Oll, \$8c ft gt l; Blackfish Oll, 65c ft
gal; Lieves, 70c ft bucket; Fish Scrap, \$16 ft ton;
Fish Olis-Tanners oll, \$60. ct ft sal; Medicinal Oll,
\$7 ft ft sal; Porgie Oll, \$8c ft ft; Fish Olis-Tanners oll, \$60. ct ft sal; Medicinal Oll,
\$7 ft ft sal; Porgie Oll, \$8c ft ft; Fish Olis-Tanners oll, \$60. ct ft sal; Medicinal Oll,
\$7 ft ft sal; Porgie Oll, \$8c ft ft; Fish Olis-Tanners oll, \$60. ct ft sal; Me Smoked fierring have been selling at 28/290 8 box for finedium scaled Alevet is also sold at \$400 65 85 box for finedium scaled Alevet is also sold at \$400 65 85 box for finedium scale at \$100 115 \$3 100. Salmon remain without movements of importance.

FLOUR.—There has been a very dulf feeling for Flour and sales are out of the question except at concessions. The decline in wheat and the less favorable market. Although stocks of desirable brands are light and Western millers are still confident of a more favorable market later in the season. We quote sales of Spring wheats—Western superfine, \$5 0094 00; common extras, \$4 0094 500; Minter wheats—We quote Choice patents, \$6 7094 00; do common to good \$6 2566 50; New York and Michigan roller flour, \$5 7060 50; St. Onla, and Indians roller flour, \$6 0096 50; St. Onla, and Indians roller flour, \$6 0096 50; St. Onla, and Indians roller flour, \$6 0096 50; St. Onla, and Indians roller flour, \$6 0096 50; St. Onla, and Indians roller flour, \$6 0096 50; St. Onla, and Indians roller flour, \$6 0096 50; St. Onla, and Indians roller flour, \$6 0096 50; St. Onla, and Indians roller flour, \$6 0096 50; St. Onla, and Indians roller flour, \$6 0096 50; St. Onla, and Indians roller flour, \$6 0096 50; St. Onla, and Indians roller flour, \$6 0096 50; St. Onla, and Indians roller flour, \$6 0096 50; St. Onla, and Indians roller flour, \$6 0096 50; St. Onla, and Indians roller flour, \$6 0096 50; St. Onla, and Indians roller flour, \$6 0096 50; St. Onla, and Indians roller flour, \$6 0096 50; St. Onla, and Indians roller flour, \$6 0096 50; St. Onla, and Indians straights \$6 5006 50; Onla and Indians straights \$6 5006 50; Onla and Indians straights \$6 0000 50; St. Onla, and Indians roller flour, \$6 0096 50; St. Onla, and Indians straights \$6 0000 50; St. Onla, and Indians straights, \$6 0000 50; St. Onla, and Indians of th

NEW ORLEANS.

The Enemies Which Conspired on this day seven or eight guns in the fort were for Its Capture.

A City Given Up a Year Before Its Time-

The Four Days' Bombardment.

Farragut's Fleet Runs the Gauntlet-

Revolt of the Garrisons.

[Detroit Free Press.]

One night in the spring of 1881 five Confederate officers, each one of whom had assisted in the defence and witnessed the fall of New Orleans, were assembled in Richmond, and to the question "Was New Orleans ably defended?" each one answered with an emphatic "No!" That New Oreans would have fallen into Federal hands within the year is quite probable, but that it might have held out for months longer will be admitted by unbiased readers when the situation is stated. Neither the Confederate secretary of war nor the secretary of the navy seemed to understand the danger which threatened, and a more unfortunate combination of circumstances working against the defenders cannot be found in the history of

War.

In the last days of March, 1862, the advance of the Federal flect destined to capture New Orleans, entered the Mississippi river. About twenty-three miles above the bar were Forts Jackson and St. Phillip, being the only defenses of any moment between the city and the gulf. While these forts were well located to command the river, and were well located to command the river, armed and garrisoned as they should have t armed and garrisoned as they should have been could have sunk any vessel afloat, they were not, in the first place, armed with anything above second-class guns. When the test came it was discovered that the best gun in either fort fell short of the poorest gun in the fleet. If it was anticipated by the Confederate authorities that New Orleans would be attacked by way of the river, no special preparations were inade to ward off the blow. Neither of the forts had their complement of cannon and neither was able to secure them, though

The Government was Repeatedly Appealed

While the city itself was garrisoned by ninety-day men, hundreds of whom had no other accoutrements than the pistols and shot-guns brought from home, the garrisons of the forts were weak in numbers, poorly provided for, and had powerful enemies to combat outside of the Federal fleet. The powder in the magazines was of poor quality, the fixed ammunition could not be relied on, and there was such a lack of co-operation between the forts and Confederate river fleet as to prevent any concert of action until too late to avail. Porfer reaped a glorious harvest at New Orleans, but let us see how it came about. It will not detract one jota from any Federal's patriotism to state facts as they appeared to Coufederates, and as they can be verified in military reports.

About the middle of March the Mississippi berements than the pistols and shot-guns brought

verified in military reports.

About the middle of March the Mississippi began rising, and by the last of the month there was a flood which covered thousands of acres between the city and the bar. The two forts were not only the city and the bar. The two forts were not only isolated but inundated, and could only be reached by boats. For days the water stood knee-deep on the parade-ground, and the first guns fired at Porter were worked by men standing in ten inches of water. All the powder and much of the fixed ammunition, together with quartermaster and commissary stores, had to be handled two or three times over by the garrison, and scarcely a man escaped the chills and fever. For six days previous to Farragut's appearance every soldier in both forts had been worked like a slave, with scarcely time to eat or sleep, and when they beheld the overwhelming force making ready for the attack one must wonder that

They Had the Pluck to Go to Their Guns. Early in the war the Confederates had the prudence to anchor a raft in the channel between the forts to obstruct the passage and hold an enemy under fire. It was easy enough to construct and anchor a raft, but one would not remain there. Wind, wave, flood and drift-wood all fought

against it.

When a raft could not be made to remain on the surface a different plan was tried. A number of old sailing vessels were loaded with stone, towed to the right positions and sunk so as to completely to the right positions and sunk so as to completely blockade the channel except a narrow opening. Heavy chains extended from one vessel to the other, and it seemed as if the great problem had been solved. As if in league with Porter, he had scarcely sighted the forts before a terrible gale came on one night and disarranged the raft so as to open several channels through it, and it was then too late to make any repairs.

The river fleet and naval force at hand consisted of eight or nine vessels, including the famous ironclad Louisiana, then about completed, and the ram Manassas. The other vessels were passenger steamers and tugs, armed almost any way and protected by bales of cotton. The fleet was expected to aid the forts in driving back any advance by the river, but there was a series of blunders.

feeling his way up the river to within gun-shot of the forts the Confederate fleet had time to prepare fire barges and rafts, mount additional guns on steamers, and make ready for what was to come. By the 9th of April Farragut had closed up his entire fleet to

Within Six Miles of the Forts.

and on this day a Federal gunboat ran within range of the Confederate guns to draw their fire range of the Confederate guns to draw their fire and locate their number and calibre. The entire fleet, including the mortar schooners, had a safe anchorage in the elbow of the river below the forts, and here again the flood was an enemy to the Confederates. But for the overflow 500 sharpshooters could have been sent into the woods to harass and annoy, and no vessel could have remained within rifie-shot of the banks. When scouts reported the entire Federal fleet in the bend it was realized that the time had come to prove the worth of the firebarges and rafts. The first one sent down was the only one out of the dozen sent at different times which kept the current and appeared among the fleet, and this one oceasioned no damage and but little annoyance. In sending down the others the steamers towing them out exercised such poor judgment that the floating bondres grounded on the banks long enough before reaching the bend. Much labor and trouble had been expended in constructing these barges, and it was time thrown away. Porter had been a long time getting ready, but on the morning of the 18th of April he was heard from in the most emphatic manner. He had a fleet of upwards of twenty mortars, and the steady fire of these was backed by the heavy ordinance of the gun-boats. At least thirty-five federal guns and mortars opened on the forts at fair range, and from 8.30 in the morning until night had fully set in there was a steady pounding away with serious results. It was wonderful how exactly Porter secured the range. Most of the mortar fleet lay behind the woods, entirely shut out from view and miles away, and yet and locate their number and ealibre. The entire

The Very First Shell Fired from a Mortar fell fair within Fort Jackson. During the day four shells hit where one missed, and the firing, taken together, was more accurate than any fleet ever shells hit where one missed, and the firing, taken together, was more accurate than any fleet ever scored afterwards. Within half an hour after the bombardment opened Fort Jacksonwas on fire, and men had to leave the guns to help subdue the flames. A conflagration was hardly extinguished in one locality before the incendiary shells started another, and three different fires were raging at one and the same time. Before noon the garrison had lost its quarters, together with nearly all cooking utensils, bedding, blankets and three or four days cooked rations. Not a man or officer had a change of elething left, and the suits they stood in were in some cases nearly burned off their backs. Had the men not been called from the work of extinguishing the flames, thus giving them full play, to that of still further protecting the magazines, the fort would have been blown up. There was not in either fort a single gun to match the rified ordnance of the gun-boats. This was before the Federal fron-clads and gun-boats had brought out the terrible eleven and thirteen-inch guns. Forts and yessels were armed alike from the ordnance on hand when the war broke out. Fort Sunter and other Eastern forts had the heaviest and best ordnance. Forts Jackson and St. Phillip, guarding the path to a great city and a stragetic point, had only a gun apiece which would even carry a shot to the nearest gunboat. The Confederate secretary of war knew how the forts were armed and equipped, and yet

He Ordered One of the Best Guns Away instead of adding to the number. Even after Farragut had reached the bend the garrisons had to go to work and mount short-range guns to play

Farragut had reached the bend the garrisons had to go to work and mount short-range guns to play on the channel. Indifference, jealousies, want of cuterprise and a great flood were enemies working day and night to assist the Federal fleet.

When the fleet finally opened fire the gun-boats took position in plain view and maintained it. The gans in the forts could searcely reach them with the heaviest charges the metal would bear, while with ordinary charges the metal would bear, while with ordinary charges the shot fell into the water long enough before reaching the first of the vessels. The powder had become damp and heavy and onned slowly, and within an hour after the bombardment opened the Confederates realized that they were helpless until the fleet should come heaver. Four guns were dismounted in Fort Jackson by the first day's fire, and 1500 mortar shells foll within the area of the works. Nearly everything that would burn had been reduced to askes when the first day closed. During the night of the 18th, Farragut's soon heavis ascended the river to the raft, and come beyond, and the nature and position of each distribution was known. Federal scouts also peneltized fare nough into Fort Jackson to ascertain that the bombardment had inflicted great damags. Not a Confederate pleket boat was befow the raft that night. On the second morning the five opened hot, and was continued with furyal day and nearly all night, and there out of every and hearly all night, and there out of every and the raft that platt. On the second morning the five opened hot, and was continued with furyal day and nearly all night, and three out of every and nearly all night, and three out of every and searly all night, and three out of every and nearly all night, and three out of every and nearly all night, and three out of every and nearly all night, and three out of every and searly all night, and three out of every and searly all night, and three out of every and searly all night, and three out of every and searly all night, and three

Jackson. An officer told me that within two hours over one hundred shells fell upon the parade

Ploughing and Digging it Up in Fearful Shape.

dismounted, and many of the gunners torn to pieces, and, as night came down, the overworked

dismounted, and many of the gumers torn to pieces, and, as night came down, the overworked and dispirited garrison had but one consolation. During the afternoon three or four gun-loats had advanced within range of the fort, and in each instance had been driven back.

If Fort Jackson could hold out until Farragut was ready to make his rush, its guns would give a good account of themselves. But could it stand the terrific pounding? At the close of the second day 5000 shot and shell had been flung at its walls or dropped down behind them. The wet earth was bed and bedding for the men, and their rations were raw meat and damaged bread. Federal historians have written of the glories of that movement. If there was glory for the one side, there were hardship, suffering, self-sacrifice and heroism for the other. The third day of the bombardment was a counterpart of the other. Heavy weather sent the water up until it was knee-deep on the gun platforms in the lower battery at Fort Jackson, and the shoes of the gumers, soaked for days and days, fell off their feet. More guns were dismounted, more men killed, and the return fire of the fort went for nothing.

Had New Orleans been properly prepared for what had come the garrison at Jackson would have been increased or relieved. Had the naval force been under brave management it would have attempted to create a diversion and run some risk of hearing the whistle of a shot. There were no troops to send down and no vessels with the pluck to

Steam Down and Try the Range of Their

The success of the Federal scout boats emboldened Farragut, and on this third night a gunboat left his fleet, steamed up to the raft, and

boat left his fleet, steamed up to the raft, and when discovered and chased away she had been at work for hours picking up the trailing ropes, cutting the chains and dragging the hulks out of the channels. Three of the old schooners were actually dragged a distance of fifty feet and a broad channel opened and this within talking distance of two forts and a fleet which was to blow Porter sky-high!

It was the same terrible story told again—disabled guns, suffering men, a rain of shells, a score of the garrison torn to fragments by the bursting of the dreadful missiles. Fort St. Philip was escaping with an occasional shell, but Porter, with his-bomb fleet, seemed determined to wipe out the very spot on which Fort Jackson rested. It would have taken 300 men a week to repair damages already inflicted, and yet the Federal fire held steady and continued its destruction. On this day the iron-ciad Louisiana, morning sixteen guns, and being complete, except as to her steam this day the iron-ciad Louisiana, mounting sixteen guns, and being complete, except as to her steam power, dropped down to the raft to act as a battery. Had she taken position lower down, among the obstructions, she could have brought a broadside on any vessel attempting to pass which would have sent a ship like the Hartford to the bottom at one discharge. But she selected a different post, and one apparently much safer. Not one of her guns but would have easily carried to the bombarding fleet, but every one was sitent. The Confederate navy was taking care of itself, and expected the foris to do the same. For six days and nights there was a steady, galling, damaging fire directed mainly at Fort Jackson. The fort was torn and rent and scorched and battered, but It was There Yet and Full of Pluck.

It was There Yet and Full of Pluck. Movements in the Federal fleet showed that Farragut was preparing for a rush past the forts, and ragut was preparing for a rush past the forts, and the Confederates were ready for the event—that is, orders were issued to make ready, but they were not carried out. The rams were acting independent of the river boats, and the Louisiana was acting independent of the rams, and all were seemingly indifferent to suggestions from the forts. General Duncan planned for the Louisiana to anchor in mid-channel at the raft. She had not only plenty of men aboard to work her guns, but at least 150 riffemen. The rams and other vessels were to take positions to cover the channel on either side, using their stern guns to get a raking fire, and each having a supply of rifiemen. Had this programme been carried out, is there a navair officer alive who will believe that Farragut could have worked a single vessel past the fort? Such a fire could have been brought to bear as would have knocked wood and iron to pieces in no time. But the Confederate navy had its own plans, and when, just before daybreak on the morning of April 24. Farragut's fleet advanced, there was nothing but the fire of the forts to be feared. Fire barges had been collected by the score to be sent among the Federal fleet as it advanced, but not one of them was cut loose. Not even a bonfire was lighted to snow the vessels to the gunners at the forts.

It was grand in Farragut to make the movement. the Confederates were ready for the event-that is the forts.

the forts.

It was grand in Farragut to make the movement he did. He expected to meet the programme suggested by General Duncan, and a man not born for war would not have dared push his fleet-up. When he was fairly within range

Both Forts Opened Upon Him with Every Gun

which would bear, and the Confederate vessels at least added to the din and excitement. Cold shot, hot shot, shell, grape and canister were hurled hot shot, shell, grape and canister were hurled down upon the moving vessels, and in return they poured out such broadsides as would have made Nelson rub his hands with delight. In the darkness neither forts nor ships could be made out, and the firing was all done by the flash of guns. The fleet steamed steadily and slowly along, each ship sounding as well as fighting, and before daylight broke thirteen of them had passed up the river clear of everything, and the fate of New Orleans was decided. Not a vessel could stand that fire after daylight gave the Confederates a chance to see what to fire at. Had the fire barges been sent down. Farragut might Confederates a chance to see what to fire at. Had the fire barges been sent down. Farragut might have been forced to try again. The part taken by the Confederate fleet after the forts had been passed, together with the incidents which befell the various Federal ships, properly belong to another article. The forts were passed and cut off, and yet they had not surrendered. Indeed, it was not the intention to surrender while the guns could be worked.

The many bitter pages of Confederate war history made up of starvation rations, ragged uniforms, long marches and fighting at terrible odds, were rarely blotted by muthny on land or sea. On the night of the 27th the garrisons in both forts revolted. They were cut off, isolated, discouraged, and felt that further resistance was a useless sac-

the night of the 27th the garrisons in both forts revolted. They were cut off, isolated, discouraged, and felt that further resistance was a useless sacrifice. They gathered on the parade-ground in their ragged clothes, scores of them shoeless, hundreds of them hatless, all of them suffering from exposure and want of food, and respectfully but firmly declared that the time had come to surrender the forts. The officers tried to drive them back to their stations, but without avail. They had fought gallantly and well, but with a powerful enemy on either hand and New Orleans in possession of the Federals of what hope was further resistance?

NEEDS FIXING.

Matters in Everyday Life Which Should be Overhauled and Reconstructed.

(Peck's Sun.)

A lady in St. Louis, who recently lost a child, and who vainly pleaded with the authorities of the church near her residence not to ring the bell on a Sunday morning when her little darling was so sick, wants to know if we don't think people suck, wants to know if we don't think people would go to church on time just as well if no bells were rung. Well, yes, we believe they would, if they wanted to. When the same people go to a theatre, no bell is rung, and they get there before the curtain rises with remarkable regularity. No bell is rung to call these church members to their business, and yet they appear regularly at the appointed time. No bell is rung to tell them that dinner is to be served, and yet they all start in time to be there before it gets cold. If a sociable is to take place, and it is known that the lunch will be served at 8 o'clock, they all get there before the first plate of oyster soup, or the first dish of ice cream, is served, and the church bell does not ring for a sociable. When the doors of a circus are advertised to be opened at 2 o'clock we have noticed that no church member comes straggling in after the the clown has sung his song, and yet the bells do not ring for a circus. We cannot account for the necessity of ringing a church bell that often frightens sick persons into convulsions. But there are so many things in the world that nobody can account for. Who can account for the fact that a dizzy actress can get a thousand dollars a week for repeating lines that another person has written. world that nobody can account for. Who can account for the fact that a dizzy actress can get a thousand dollars a week for repeating lines that another person has written, when the scholarly, eloquent divine, whose life has been passed in study, cannot draw a house big enough to pay him a frugal living. Who can account for the fact that a girl who can kick high is able to draw \$500 a week, while the good woman who goes about as a missionary, reforming the vicious, is thrown a quarter to get rid of her, often by the same men who pay a dollar towards the salary of the high kicker. It is hard to account for the fact that a housenace will clear \$1000 in one day, while a church fair, which should be patronized by thousands, figures up about enough, after a week's hard work, to pay for a dressing-gown for the miniscer. There is something terribly wrong about this world, but we can't untangle it. If we had our way, the prize-fighters should play to houses smaller than the prayermeetings, and the ministers should breach to full houses at \$1 a head, tuckets sold at the box-office, and it would be necessary to hang out a sign, "standing room enly," and no bell should ring to call the audeince, and to kill sick babies in an adjoining block. We would have ministers travel in private cars, and nigger shows travel in ordinary passenger coacles. We would have ministers travel in private cars, and nigger shows travel in ordinary passenger coaches. We would have the horse-race just pay expenses, and the church sociable make a barrel of money. But some of the rest of you have got to fix this thing, and average it up. We have tried it and failed.

How They Ridiculed Wagner's Music.

[Paris Correspondence New York Sun.] (Paris Correspondence New York Sun.)
In the Christmas piece recently played at the Varietes Theatre, the actor Baron represented a fanatical Wagnerian who had just arrived from Bayreuth. He meets the actor Cooper, who takes out his snuff-box and proceeds to unserew the squeaking lid. "Ah! sublime!" exclaims Baron, enchanted. "Then you know the score of 'Parsital'er.

Parsifal'?" "Yes, you have just begun to play the overture."
Cooper, in his astonishment, blows his nose noisily.
"Why, you know all 'Parsifal'!" says Baron.
"You have just played the entry of the Queen!"
These jokes and the couplet on the music of the future formed one of the great points in the piece.

the British government receive only ten sminings a day.
"Instructions in diving? You will experience great difficulty in finding a diver who will give you any instruction in the art. Most of us want

A DIVER'S LIFE.

Men Who Carry On a Business Under Water.

Taking a Nap at the Bottom of the Sea-Reading in a Sunken Vessel.

Lights and Shades of a Perilous Pursuit -Shark Encounters.

"I first began diving in 1863," said Captain Anthony Williams. It was on shipboard, coming from Kingston, Jamaica. "I was a wrecker then and was raising a sunken ship off the Massachusetts coast. I nad working for me a diver who seemed a very lazy, careless sort of fellow. I was paying him by the day and once, after being under water for a long time, he came up and reported very little progress in his work. I was angry and expressed myself strongly. He retorted with, 'Try it yourself if you can do any better.'

"'All right," said I, "let me have your diving dress and I will try it myself.' He thought I was only joking, but I wasn't. He dofted the dress, I put it on and down I went. I discharged him when I came up and have been doing my own diving 'Subsequently, however, I placed myself under

the instruction of a diver named Scott. When he thought me proficient he said to me one day: Tony, I think you have learned about all I can teach you. Now, I am going to put you to the Taking from a canvas bag \$5 in small silver coins he threw them into the sea. 'Now go down and bring those up.' and bring those up."

"As every school boy knows, a dime or a half dime under water looks as large as a trade dollar out of water, I did not consider the task a very very difficult one. Down I went, and up I came presently with every coin, whereupon Scott promounced my diving education complete. Poor fellow, he was drowned about five years ago while bathing in the river Magdalen in British Columbia.

"Did You Ever See a Diving Dress? No? Then I will put mine on and give you an idea of one," and the captain retired to his stateroom, whence he presently emerged in full diving costume, except the heavy cast-iron helmet, which several of the company raised from the deck and placed upon him, thus making his outfit complete. The dress is really two dresses, one within the other, each of India rubber. The stockings, pants and shirt are all made together as one garment, which the diver enters feet first. The hands are left which the diver enters feet first. The hands are left bare, the wristbands of the rubber shirt-sleeves tightly compressing the wrists. There is a copper breast-plate, bearing upon its outer, convex surface small screws, which are adjusted through holes in the neck of the shirt, which, by means of nuts fastened upon the screws, is held so firmly in place as to render the entire dress, from the neck downwards, absolutely air and water-tight. Fiting with equal closeness to this breast-plate is the helmet mentioned above. It completely encloses the head and is supplied with three glasses, one in front and one at each side, to enable the diver to look in any direction. A pair of very thick leather shoes made to lace up the front and supplied with heavy leaden soles, completes the dress.

"You see," said the captain, when his helmet

"You see," said the captain, when his helmet had been removed, after everybody had had ample time to criticise his appearance in it, "it takes about fifteen minutes to put these togs on, and when the diver is rigged in them, all but the helmet, there are placed across his shoulders ropes sustaining two leaden weights, one hanging at his back, the other at his breast. He then goes down a ladder into the water up to his arm-pits, and then the helmet is placed on him, the glass in front is screwed in place, and,

When Everything is Ready,

he is made aware of the fact by a blow on the top of the helmet. He then goes down by means of a rope previously lowered, hand over hand, to the bottom of the sea. Sometimes, in very strong currents, it is necessary to make the weights extraordinarily heavy, in order to hold the diver down dinarily heavy, in order to hold the diver down, notwithstanding the fact that the dress alone weighs nearly 200 pounds, and yet I do not feel the weight of it down among the fishes any more than I do that of an ordinary sut of clothes out of the water. It was invented in Switzerland, by a native of that country named Bauer, who spent a small competency in having it patented and in trying to bring it into use; but he died a disappointed, heart-broken pauper, leaving others to reap the benefit of his invention."

"Can you breathe as freely in your diving dress as you can out of it?"

"Yes, indeed. When ten or twelve fathoms under water my breathing is as wholly devoid of

as you can out of H.

"Yes, indeed. When ten or twelve fathoms under water my breathing is as wholly devoid of effort as when I am walking about on dry land. You know that by means of an air-pump, worked by two men, the diver is supplied with air. Through a hose this air passes into the back of his helmet, and near its place of entrance is a spring valve for its escape. This valve can be controlled by the diver, but he usually sets it before going into the water, and seldom disturbs it afterwards. The pressure of the air being greater than that of the water a surplus of the former readily escapes. When this valve is not sufficient the diver can open in his breastplate a similar spring valve, intended only for such an emergency. He can also regulate the amount of air pumped to him by signals upon the air hose to the men engaged in pumping.

men engaged in pumping.

One Pull Upon the Hose Means More Air; two pulls, less air, and two pulls and a shake, 'I want to come up.' The signals on the air-hose are generally used by all divers, but each one of us has his own private code of signals on the life line, which is always fastened to the diver's waist, and by means of which he is drawn up out of the by means of which he is drawn up out of the water. These signals each diver writes down very carefully and gives to the man in charge of the life line. By means of these we can send up for tools, material, etc. When a lengthy communication is to be made we send up for a slate and write all we want to say. It is just as easy to read and write under water as out of it. One can see very plainly, all objects being greatly magnited."

see very plainly, all objects being greatly magnified."
"Does a diver have any unpleasant sensations while at work?"
"None, save a drumming in the ears, and this will sometimes destroy the hearing if the diver remains too long below. Four hours—two in the morning and two in the afternoon—constitute a day's work, and if the diver restricts himself to this limit there is little or no danger of his becoming deaf; but if he goes much beyond it he is pretty sure to injure his hearing. I once remained under water for nine hours, and as a consequence completely lost the use of my left ear for three months, during which time I suffered agony with earache. Eventually, however, my hearing became normal again. Aside from this, the sensations are delightful, and I feel just as well, happy and contented at the bottom of the sea as I ever can under any circumstances. While engaged in raising the sunken schooner Dauntless in Kingston, Jamaica, on the 18th of August, 1880, I became

So Disgusted at the Stupidity of the Men above in answering my signals that I took a book which I found in the captain's cabin, and, sitting down, read it for nearly an hour. I once knew a diver, Tom Brintley by name, who, though a thoroughly competent man and a good fellow, was a little too ford of stimulants. On one occasion ne went down with a pretty good cargo of spirits aboard, and the men above, not knowing his condition, became seriously alarmed when several hours passed by without their receiving any signal from him or any response to those they made to him. Another diver was sent down to look for him, and found him lying on his back on the bottom of the ocean, sixty feet below the surface, fast

asleep.
"What is the greatest depth I ever descended to?
Well, about ninety feet, and it takes me about three
minutes to go down that far."
"Must not a diver be a practical shipbuilder

"Oh, yes; the diver who could do nothing but dive would be of very little use. He must be both a ship carpenter and a boiler maker as well, that he may repair sunken ships. The hole must be patched and the water pumped out before a ship

patched and the water pumped our before a sing-can be raised.

"Sharks? I have often seen large schools of them. They would advance to within a few feet of me and would then stop and look at me in ap-parent wonder, as though trying to make out what manner of strange creature they were gazing at. They are a most cowardly fish, however, and the slightest menace on my part would frighten them slightest menaee on my part wound frighten them away. As I was repairing the schooner Shepherd in Kingston, one day, I feit something tampering with my left-hand middle finger. Looking, I found a baby shark, evidently much too young to leave its maternal parent, trying to nibble it.

"The Pay of a Diver! That Varies.

Divers generally work by the job, and when they do that they sometimes make it pay very well. A diver will go down, look at a vessel and then state what he will charge to raise her. I raised the

what he will charge to raise her. I raised the schooner Dauntless in two days and received \$750 for my time and trouble. The steamer Meredith, ashore at Jeremie, in Hayti, I repaired with iron plates and raised in fourteen days, receiving \$7500 for the work, but i had to employ two assistants. Frequently, however, divers are paid by the day, and then the average compensation is about \$10 per day of four hours, clear of all expenses, the diver being furnished with first-class passage to and from the place of his work and with first-class board during the period of his employment. But some divers are not nearly so well paid. Those regularly employed throughout the entire year by the British government receive only ten shillings a day.

to make all we can and don't want our occupation to become too crowded. Divers, as a rule, are very much opposed to taking apprentices. If you want to learn diving put on a dress, go down into the depths and learn for yourself."

HUNTING WITHOUT *A GUN.

What is Seen and Heard During Rural Rambles in Early Spring.

Rambles in Early

Blow, March winds, blow,
For the sweet buds grow—
Life bourgeons in shrub and tree and vine,
A song of the tropies in the pine—
I feet the ruise of the milder air
Beat up from the Sammer Queen's regal chair.
A purple saffron kisses the morn.
And in fairer splendors the twilight is born.
—(Joel Benton.

All seasons are good wherein to go hunting vithout a gun, says a writer in Forest and Stream, but none better than when the arbutus is blooming,or a little earlier, when of all flowers the liverleaf alone has raised its head above the mold. For then you are in duty bound not to hunt, it being close time for all game except wild ducks and geese and the persecuted snipe-and ought to be

for them.

The trees are waking from their long sleep, showing it not only by the swelling buds that give a purple tinge to all the gray woods, but by a more living look in their trunks. Their old leaves, pressed flat by the snow, that so long has lain upon them, thickly cover the ground and will add a nail's thickness to the crust of the world.

Here and there on the brown carpet are tufts of evergreen ferns, cushions of moss, biotches of the purple green leaves of hepatica and dots of its flowers. The sun shines down through the lattice of branches, and checks all with meshes of shadow.

The chipmunk and woodchuck have left the darkness of the under world and are out in the sun again. The birds that spend the year with us are here—jays, woodpeckers, titmice and nuthatches—all busy and noisy, and some of the migrants have come. A hawk is cruising high above the tree-tops, his broad sails golden brown in the sunlight, and a black guard of crows are challenging a fox in his own woods, or an owl in the tree that has been his home these ten years. A peewee makes sudden flights from her perchand back, gathering an insect in every airy loop. A bluebird carols in a tree-top against a sky as blue as his back, and a flock of slate-colored snowbirds are thidding a thicket and filling it with their light warble and sharp metallic chip, like the cheking of castailets. They are not snowbirds with us, for they go further southward when the first snow comes, and are The chipmunk and woodchuck have left the arkness of the under world and are out in the

By No Means the Earliest Spring Comers. There is the note of a brave gefler of snow and bitter cold—the muffled drum-beat of the ruffed grouse. It is one of those sounds of which it is hard to tell whether far off or near by. But get the direction and try if you can be an unseen witness of his performance, for unseen you must be if you would be more than a listener. He is not so absorbed in the calling of his dames but that he keeps, with his sharpest of eyes, a vigilant look out for intruders. Doubtless in the old Indian days the boys were set to stalking the drumming grouse, for surely they could have had no better practice to fit them for the kinds of warfare and hunting that were to employ their grown-up days. Stoop low as you steal through the undergrowth, and tread gingerly on the drying leaves and dead twigs, stepping only to the beat of his drum, when you get in his neighborhood. Now you are sure you see in the haze of underbrush, the log he stands on. Let him drum once more and then crawl within sight of him, but you wait in vain. The show is ended for the present and you hear the light rustie of the performer's receding footsteps. You may go forward and examine the stage if you will, he will not object now. It is not always as some say, a hollow and resonant log, but quite as often like this, crumbling with decay, the redness of the half decomposed wood showing in places through its green covering of moss, noticeably where the bird has so often stood. Sometime it is one wood, sometime another, but perhaps oftenest pine, where pine grows, or has grown, as that longest resists decay. Such a one becomes time-honored and held in esteem by the grouse, and generation after generation of these cock of the wood strut their brief hour upon it and sound their spring tattoo. Sometime a rock is put to this use; but whatever the bird stands upon while drumming, there is no perceptible difference to my ear in the volume of sound produced. Your particular drummer or another one is at it again not far off:
"Boomp—boomp—boomp-boompbrorritroomp!"
Try Your Luck Again at Following Him Up. bitter cold-the muffled drum-beat of the ruffed grouse. It is one of those sounds of which it is

Try Your Luck Again at Following Him Up. or hide here where you can see the log and wait for his return, or take your bearings so that you may crawl within sight behind a tree next time may crawl within sight behind a tree next time you hear him. If in one way or another you succeed in getting a front seat at this drum solo you will see the performer show off at his best, as if the eyes of the world were upon him. Perhaps he fancies the eyes of his world—the brown dames he loves—are peering at him coyly through the screen of brush as he swells his body, raises his ruff, erects his spread tail and with lowered wings proudly struts and wheels upon his log. Then he begins with two or three beats, with short pauses between, and then a longer pause: then more beats, increasing in frequency till they become a continuous roll, in which they end, though sometimes followed by one or two distant beats like the beginning. But some slight noise or motion of yours has by one of two distant beats like the beginning.
But some slight hoise or motion of yours has
caught his quick senses. He suspects, if he does
not see, an unwelcome intruder, and folding his
drumsticks (off the platter, they are not his legs) he
hops lightly from the log and walks off, not straight
from you, but in a wide curve, as if he wished to from you, but in a wide curve, as if he wished to get a flank or rear view of his unbidden auditor. Presently he fades into the gray of the brush and tree-trunks and is gone; and you may rise and go home now. Is it not better so than if you carried him away a carcase in rumpled feathers, bereft of life and with it of half his beauty?

If you wade into the woods, and it is easier wading without a gun than with it, about the time the sugar makers are beginning their work, you may see that some one has been before them, tapping nearer the sky than their augers bore, and where, perhaps, the sap has a finer and more ethereal

perhaps, the sap has a finer and more ethereal flavor. You can see little trickles of it, darkening some of the smaller, smooth branches, and if your eyes are sharp enough, the incisions it flows from. These are the chisel marks of the red squirrel, the only real sap-sucker I know of, excepting the boy.

If You Can Make Yourself Comfortable on some patch of ground that the spring ebb of the snow has left bare, and keep still long enough, the snow has left bare, and keep still long enough, you may see him stretch himself along a branch and slowly suck or lap the sap as it oozes from the wound. Evidently he enjoys it greatly, and it must be grateful to his palate, for all winter, save in a thaw or two, he has had nothing to quench his thirst but snow, and eating one's drink is a hard and poor way of taking it. Was he the first to discover the sweetness of the maple, and did the Indians take the hint of sugar making from him? If so we are under obligations to him, but it is hard to forgive some of his sins. No one would begrudge him his bit and sup if he would confine himself to nuts and sap, or now and then a stolen apple or pear. But he is a bloodthirsty little savage, killing unfledged birds in the nest whenever he can. The old birds know his murderous tricks and hate him accordingly. The robins and blackbirds and some others make a good fight against the marauder, but mostly it is a losing one for them. If he keeps his eyes shut during their spurts of attack he is in no great danger, and at last gets their broods, for fledglings must be fed and old birds cannot always be guarding them.

When one remembers how easily the squirrel can get at almost all the nests of the smaller birds, it is a wonder how so many escape his raids.

Of all the birds' nests built in trees, the ham-

raids.

Of all the birds' nests built in trees, the hamof all the birds nests but in frees, the hammock of the oriole seems the safest from him, but
I doubt if he much troubles the woodpeckers.
He would be in a sorry plight if caught in the cul
de sac of their holes, for the tools that make the
chips fly out of solid wood would make short
work with his flesh and blood.
When you surprise the squirrel in this murder
of innocents you will wish your gun was at hand.

A shoemaker of Chicago who has shod nearly all

the well-known show people says that Mary Anderson wears large 3's, the Midgets 5½, children's size; Langtry 3½, Maude Granger a No. 4. Clast; Annie Pixley 1½, Nilsson 3½, Mrs. McKee Rankin No. 2. Mrs. Willie Edoum 4½, Minnie Palmer 2½ and Bessie Turner 4's. Lotta wears upon the stage 13½ and 1 and has a prettily-shaped foot. The late Adelaide Neilson could wear a 2½ slipper and her foot was perfect. Maggie Mitchell has a nicely arched foot and wears a No. 2. Morlacchi, the ballet dancer, has a pair of very small feet. She pirouettes in No. 13's without heels. Emilie Melvile, the rather fleshy light opera prima donna, is said to wear only a No. 1. Mrs. Oates, who is rather short, wears a No. 2. Catherine Lewis has a regular English foot and can't do her kicking in anything less than No. 3's. Eliza Weathersby wears a 2½, but her foot is not well shaped. Mrs. George Clarke, nee Sophie Worrel, wears a No. 1 on the stage. Mrs. Agnes Booth has a very small foot and is exceedingly particular about her stage shoes. She wears a No. 13. The smallest and daintiest foot upon the American stage, however, is said to be possessed by a little variety actress who goes under the sobriquet of Little Pearl. She dances a jig-dance in a No. 11½ jig-shoe, children's size. derson wears large 3's, the Midgets 51/2, chil-

Lighthouse-Keepers Who Nearly Starved. [Pall Mall Gazette.]
The keepers of Eddystone Lighthouse had a

very unpleasant experience during the late stormy weather. One of them was entitled to be stormy weather. One of them was entitled to be relieved some eight weeks ago, but it was not until Monday that he was brought on shore at Plymouth. For several days previous to this relief arriving he and his comrades were reduced to very great straits, and, excepting that two or three hard biscuits remained in the lighthouse, were without the necessaries of life. Their reserve stock of food was exhausted, their last instalment of flour had to be fried in lamp-oil on Thursday. They were without firing for several days. The men were reduced to such a condition that they were only able to converse with each other in monosyllables. They kept signals of distress flying. These signals were seen by several ships, but so boisterous was the weather that it was found impossible to effect any communication with the unfortunate men.

THE HARLEM ROAD.

Scenes Along New York's Great Pleasure Drive.

The Railroad King Seen Speeding His Forty-Thousand-Dollar Team.

Noted Men and Their Speedy Steeds-The Afternoon Airing.

(Philadelphia Times.) New York has only one pleasure drive. It begins at the northern extremity of Central Park and, reaching three miles to the Harlem river, extends an indefinite number of miles up the Hudso Take your stand on the veranda of one of the well-known wayside inns that line the avenue, and if the afternoon be pleasant you will see more famous horses in an hour than Boston, Philadelphia or Baltimore can show in a month. It mat-ters little whether William H. Vanderbilt is speeding Maud S. or holds the reins over his magnificent double-team of mares. Aldine and Early Rose, or has Small Hopes bitched up, he is the most conspicuous of all the horsemen, for idlers and visitors alike are interested in the man as well as in his horses. He is a picture of contentment as he bowls along. Indeed he has himself said that he takes more pleasure in his horses than in any other of his multitudinous possessions, and he certainly looks to be enjoying himself as, wrapped in a \$600 sealskin greatcoat and tucked in with a \$400 sealskin lap-robe, he reclines in a \$1000 top wagon skin lap-robe, he reclines in a \$1000 top wagon and lets the ribbons hang loose from his \$40,000 team or his \$100,000 mare. He does not seem to care so much for speeding his fleet steeds as for letting them carry out their own pace. But if General Grant comes rathing up behind or Dan Mace challenges to a spurt, Mr. Vanderbilt is quite likely to gather himself up from his lounging position and to straighten the ribbons and then the dust flies.

Vanderbilt's Regular Drive.

He rides, as a rule, alone, and goes over pretty much the same course every day-through Central Park to the beginning of the drive in Seventh avenue and thence up to the Central bridge and perhaps a little way above the Harlem into Westchester county—or takes a spin in Fleetwood Park, but not very often. On his way to the bridge, except when occasion may tempt to a brush with an accuaintance. Mr. Vanderbilt retains that same easy, comfortable position, and his team, or mare, whichever it may be, keeps the same easy yet rapid gait. The man and the turnout impress you. There is a sort of regal bearing about the millionnaire which, while not in the least offensive, suggests power and influence. The bank cashier, the broker, the dry goods salesman and the Washington Market butcher, who are out with their three-minute nags, get out of his way as if by instinct. Only the other day I was riding with the owner of a trotter, when, rounding a sharp turn in the park, we suddenly met Vanderbilt. My friend gave the steed a jerk which quickly turned us to the right and left the approaching magnate three or four rods of room.

"There's Vanderbilt!" he gasped, quite upset. tral Park to the beginning of the drive in Seventh

room.

"There's Vanderbilt!" he gasped, quite upset. Mr. Vanderbilt did not find it necessary to change his course. We had cleared the track for him. He scemed to desire to recognize the fact, and he gave my friend a pleasant look and the suggestion of a movement of the head that entirely did the business.

"Vanderbilt isn't a bit stuck up," was the next remark my friend made. On arriving at the bridge the millionnaire invariably stors at the hotel near by and refreshes himself. He is likely here

Joined by His Cronies on the Road, Foster Dewey, Dan Mace, John H. Harbeck, and perhaps Frank Work. On the return there is pernaps Frank Work. On the return there is often racing between them, and it is very pretty racing, too, for the horses have become well warmed up in the drive to the bridge, and are in prime condition for a spurt on the return. It is an interesting sight to those who love horse-racing to see Foster Dewey's Ion. Harbeck's Warwick Maid, Jacob Vanderbiit's Boston, and perhaps Grant with his mare, Superb, while William H. Vanderbilt is behind Lysander coming down the avenue, fighting every inch of the way with remarkably equal speed and steadiness. For blocks they will keep together until finally one, outlasting the other, secures the lead and draws away. Vanderbilt and Frank Work used always to be together on the avenue, and had many a brush together before they had a falling-out over the merits of their respective teams. Mr. Work does not believe that Vanderbilt's team, Farly Rose and Aldine, ever did 2.16 in Hartford. Mr. Vanderbilt, on the other hand, does not seem desirous to make up a race between his own beautiful pair of mares and Mr. Work's Diek Swiveller and Edward. There are plenty of the habitues of the road who are willing to back up Mr. Work's team at any time. But there are other owners of fast teams who are considering the chances of their horses next season in the double-team races. Dick Swiveller and often racing between them, and it is very pretty considering the chances of their horses next sea-son in the double-team races. Dick Swiveller and Edward could not be bought for \$30,000 today and they have made splendid time. But there are many other noted horses to be seen

Maud S. and Bay Dick Have Been Hitched Up

together and they travel nicely, calling forth much admiration. Pierre Lorlllard's Ethel and Birdie are a beautiful team, and the same is to be said of admiration. Pierre Lorllard's Ethel and Birdie are a beautiful team, and the same is to be said of Ed. Stokes' Lyman and Bell Flower. Of horses that trot anywhere from 2.20 to 2.40 there are scores out daily. The road is full of them. Often matches are made up for small amounts to trot a mile or so down the avenue to road wagons. These little races frequently prove exciting, and remarkable time is sometimes made.

Grant exercises on the road every afternoon. Starting from home about 2 p. m. he allows his horse to take a 2.26 gait, which, as a rule, is kept up all the way along the avenue. The length of the drive is nearly the same every day, and there is little variation in the route; in fact, residents and idlers along the drive have made out a sort of time-table, which the general is said to follow with wonderful precision. Consequently, if a curious visitor wishes to see the much-honored ex-president he has only to take his position at a window by the roadside at the regulation time that the general is due at that point and he will rarely be disappointed or experience any tediousness m waiting. Grant drives a chestnut mare, Superb by name, but possessing no special qualifications for beauty. She is lean and lank, with an ungainly gait. There are better animals on the road, yet she is of blooded stock and when let out makes good time. Only the other day Superb had a nipand-tuck brush down the road with Vanderbilt's Lysander, and finally drawing ahead held the lead.

The great change in the general's personal ap-

ead.

The great change in the general's personal appearance has caused considerable comment on the drive this fall and winter. Last year he would be Driving Alone in a Rather Shabby-Looking

Top Wagon.

The harness never seemed to shine nor the paint on the wagon glisten. In fact, the whole rig was on the wagon glisten. In fact, the whole rig was most sombre. It was also noticeable that his appearance was seedy and decidedly neglige. His coat was faded and his hands were encased in a pair of shabby sealskingloves, while the inevitable cigar dangled from his mouth, seemingly about to fall. It was very difficult to imagine that he was the here of Appomatiox, and the constant exclamation was, "Why, is that Grant?" If Vanderbilt came along one could not but contrast the more commanding bearing of the railroad king. This season it is different, and the general has affected a coy and stylish air. Frequently he comes out in a new silk tile and wears a fresh pair of yellow driving gloves, while his necktie is of the latest fashion. Even his commonplace mare seems to hold her head a little higher, and the harness shines more and more brightly. In fact, the improvement is noticeable in the whole rig.

"That's all owing to Wall street," said a bystander at one of the inns as he drove past.

At one of the numerous hotels at the bridge Grant stops for refreshment; in other words, to drink, and then returns in the same apparently listless manner. He does not often race, and the police in the park have never had occasion to arrest him for fast driving. He never drives a team and rarely has a friend with him.

Beside the rich magnates with their fast trotters, the sons, following in the footsteps of their fathers, are making the dust fly with fast horses of their own. James Gordon Bennett, when he is home; Alexander Taylor, Paul Dana, the young Astors and Havemeyers, James R. Keene and a host of others chase one another up to the bridge and beyond. Later in the afternoon the young set are out in full force, startling most sombre. It was also noticeable that his ap-

The Nervous Old Ladies in their Ancient Charlots. with prim coachmen, as they dash by, cutting in

ahead of each other with a reckless abandon. They have had something at the bridge and their They have had something at the bridge and their blood is up, and they dash down and uto the city with terrific speed. Here the fun begins and a new interest is given to the race, for a mounted voiceman loons up, who is quick to detect any violation of the fast-driving regulations and to give chase. As the poince are well mounted and experienced riders, they press the young reprobates sharply, thus making the race very exciting. The police enjoy it just as much as the young fellows, and are happy when occasion gives a chance for a chase. The young scions invariably escape arrest, however.

There are other roads parallel to Seventh avenue, and seemingly just as good for driving purposes, but fashion has decided upon the avenue and the city follows fashion's lead. The circuitous roads in Central Park all come together at the

Seventh avenue out, and from the broad boule-vard, or rather "the road," as it is called, which, if not having the fashionable name of sindlar drives in Paris, London and Vienna, is sure to equal if not excel them in the future. Tweaty and eyen thirty carriages can drive abreast, and it is sometimes put to that test. The road-bed is of fine gravel and is carefully swept and sprinkled every night or during the day if necessary.

At night it is brilliantly lighted, and, with a bright moon, the merry clatter of hoofs and the laughing chatter of joyous girls are heard far into the night. From the park to the bridge, which comprises the main portion of the drive, the roadway is perfectly straight and level. On one side you eatch

Glimpses of the Palisades and the Hudson

broken from view only by the rocky elevations of the river bluff, while on the east side the view consists of Harlem flats, fast being built up with handsome brownstone houses. The best place to see the drive is from the Central bridge across the Harlem river. From this point you can look far down the roadway, ablaze with the glitter of carriages and harness and made gay by the bright and varied costumes of the ladies. Every kind of rig is to be seen. Dog-carts, broughams, coupes, coaches, cabs, chariots, phaetons and top-wagons trundle along together without abatement. The variety in persons is as great as that of the turnouts. Loads of merry children fly past, out for their afternoon exercise. Here is a party of charming young women and their escorts, clad in rich dark riding habits and galloping at a breakneck speed. Old ladies, rich and ancient widows and maids go by early in the afternoon before the racers are out. That fashionably-dressed young lady driving her pony to a T-cart is a petite opera singer, who makes such a charming Iolanthe. Members of the theatrical profession are, as a rule, very fond of horses, and Ned Harrigan, Tony Pastor, Harry Miner, Osmond Tearle, Lester Wallack and a host of others are out often. Next to a party of ladies belonging to the highest rank of New York society is the proprietress of a noted dance-house on the Bowery. Fortunately they do not know who she is. All along the drive are scattered small taverns or lines, which have sparse sleeping rooms but immense wine cellars and many lunch tables. About these places of refreshment are numerous idlers, who from constant watching come to know all the regular frequenters of the road and stand ready to give you the latest gossip about each party, while the value of the horses they know to a dollar.

Brooklyn has also its favorite drive, which perhaps is destined to become the most fashionable and noted in the United States. It is called the Ocean Parkway and extends from Prospect Park to Coney island and along the sca. In the summer time this drive is jammed with carriages and the river bluff, while on the east side the view consists of Harlem flats, fast being built up with

THE ARGONAUTS.

Their Departure and Their Return-Those Who Never Came Back.

As the winter of "'48" waned the companies one atter another, set sail for the land of gold The Sunday preceding they listened to farewell sermons at the church. I recollect seeing a score or two of young Argonauts thus preached to writes Prentice Mulford in the San Francisco Chronicle. They were admonished from the pulpit to behave temperately, virtuously, wisely and piously. How seriously they listened. soberly were their narrow-brimmed, straight-up and-down little plug hats of that period piled one on top of the other in front of them. How glis ened their hair with the village barber's hair oil. How pronounced the creak of their tight boots as they marched up the aisle. How brilliant the hue of their neckties. How patiently and resignedly they listened to the sad discourse of the minister,

they listened to the sad discourse of the minister, knowing it would be the last they would hear formany months. How cager the glances they cast up to the church choir, where sat the girls they were to marry on their return. How few returned. How few married the girl of that period's choice. How little weighed the words of the minister, a year afterward, in the hurry-scurry of San Francisco lite of '49 and '50.

What an innocent, unsophisticated, inexperienced lot were those forty odd young Argonauts who sat in those pews. Not one of them then could bake his own bread, turn a flap-jack, reseat his trousers or wash his shirt. Not one of them had dug even a posthole. All had a vague sort of impression that California was a nutshell of a cenutry, and that they would see each other there frequently and eventually all return home at or about the same time. How little they realized that one was to go to the Northern and one to the Southern mines, and one to remain in San Francisco, and the three never to meet again!

What Glittering Gold Mines Existed in

What Glittering Gold Mines Existed in even during the preaching of that sermon. Hole where the gold was thrown out by the shovelful, from which an occasional bowlder or pebble was

from which an occasional bowlder or pebble was picked out and flung away.

The young Argonaut—church being dismissed—took his little stiff, shiny plug and went home to the last Sunday's tea. And that Sunday night, on seeing her home from church, for the last time, he was allowed to sit up with her almost as long as he pleased. The light glimmered long from the old homestead front parlor window. The cold north wind without roared among the leafless sycamores, and clashed the branches together. It was a sad, sad picture. The old sofa they sat sycamores, and clashed the branches together. It was a sad, sad picture. The old sofa they sat upon would be sat upon by them no more for years. For years? Forever in many cases. Today, old and gray, gaunt and bent, somewhere in the gulches, "up'North." somewhere hidden away in an obscure mining camp of the Tuolumne, stanislaus or Mokalumne, up in Cariboo, or down in Arizona, still he recollects that night as a dream. And she? Oh, she dried her eyes and married the stay-at-home five years after. A girl can't wait forever. And, besides, bad reports, after a time, reached home about him. He drank. He gambled. He found fair friends among the senoritas, and, worse than all, he made no fortune.

tune.
Sometimes on visiting my native village I stand Sometimes on visiting my native village I stand before one of those old-fashioned houses from whose front door thirty-four years ago there went forth for the last time the young Argonant on his way to the ship. There is more than one such house in the village. The door is double, the knocker is still upon it, the window-panes are small, the front gate is the same, and up to the door the same stores lie upon the walk. But within all are strangers. The father and mother are

The sisters are married and live or have died

elsewhere. A new generation is all about. They never heard of him. The great event of that pe-

elsewhere. A new generation is all about. They never heard of him. The great event of that period, the sailing of that ship for California is sometimas recalled by a few—a few rapidly diminishing. His name is all but forgotten. Some of him have a dim remembrance. In his time he was an important young man in the village. He set the fashion in collars and the newest style of plugs. Oh, fame, how fleeting! What is a generation? A puff. A few old maids recollect him. What a pity, what a shame that we do all fade as a leaf!

What a sad place; what a living grave is this for him to return to! Where would he find the most familiar names? In the cemetery. Who would he feel most like? Like "Rip Van Winkle." Who are these bright and blooming lasses passing by? They are her grown-up children—she with whom he sat up that last Sunday night in the old-fashioned front parlor on the old-fashioned sofa. Where is she? That is she, that stout, middle-aged woman across the street. Is she thinking of him? No; she is thinking whether there shall be cabbage or turnips for dinner. Who is that codgery-looking man going up the street? That is the man she didn't wait for and married. Should the Argonaut return home if he could? No. Let him stay where he is and dream on of her as she was, bright, gay, lively, blooming and possibly romantic. The dream is solid happiness compared with the reality. Let him at twilight sit in his cabin-door, on Delirium Tremens bar, and dream on while the sun gilds the foothill summits. If he cannot so dream soberly, let him get a bottle of corn whiskey and dream on that. Better even that than the hard, cold, damp, gray reality. What is the end of it all? Bones! Bones!! Bones!!!

How Would You Like It? Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.1 Young man! How would you like it if you had to

stay in the house nine days in the week and hear nothing but dissertations on shirt buttons and historical reminiscences about bursted suspender buttons?

How would you like it if every time your wife

saved a few dollars, she would come home at 19 o'clock in the morning with her back teeth afloat and pull every door bell in the neighborhood out

by the roots?

How would you like it if you met her on the street with her cocked hat on the back of her head, while she was doing her utmost to make sausage meat of every ash-barrel on the sidewalk?

How would you like it if she stood on the street corners, or in front of theatres on matinee day and winked at all the fellows as they came out? How would you like it if she chucked the hand-some waiters under the chin and called them "Dear?"

one waiters under the chin and called them "Dearg"

How would you like it if she went out to the club every night and came home with her breath smelling like a decayed skunk?

How would you like it if you had to have all the children of the household, attend to all their wants, and then receive only looks blacker than a ton of coal for your pains?

How would you like it if you had to live all your life with such an amalgamated brute as yourself?

Young man, do you ever stop and think that your wife has a tender, loving heart right under the left wing of her corset that must have been terribly tender and loving and brave to have said "Yes" when the minister asked the fatal conundrum?

drum?
Drop it, young man, or one of these days that tender, loving, brave heart will break, and then you'll have to take the children and go live with your mother-in-law.
Then God help you!
We're safe. We have neither mother-in-law nor children.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

(Renry W. Colby.]

Be this the joy that ever springs

From memory's smiles or tears—
They help to higher, better things,

In all the coming years. Nowhere Else For Them. There are said to be 201 naval officers stationed Washington. One would naturally suppose that was a useless piece of extravagance having so many officers of the navy loafing around the capital, but when it is taken into consideration that the government has no other place to put them it looks all right.

> Essay on Man. At ten a child.
> At twenty wild,
> At thirty strong, if ever.
> At forty wise,
> At fifty rich,
> At sixty good—or never.

It is no Use.

A Cleveland, O., woman, who had acquired the habit of smoking, and was enjoying her morning ouff, allowed sparks to fall on her clothes, which, igniting, she burned to death. It is no use trying women will make a dismal failure in attempting to acquire men's habits, just as easily as men fail in attempting to build the morning fire and do other work manifestly belonging to the weaker sex.

> Disinter no dead delight,
> Bring no past to life again;
> Those red cheeks with woe are white,
> Those ripe lips are pale with pain, Vex not then the buried bliss (Changed to more divine regret), Sweet thoughts come from where it lies, Underneath the violet.

The Dead Past.

Where Justice Was Due. Denver Tribune.

A Bugaboo once Crawled Down a Chimney to Run away with a Child who had the Afternoon previous been Detected in one of the Prevarications peculiar to Youth. "Pray, do not Harm me." cried the Terrified youngster; "but if you insist upon Wreaking your Revenge upon a Llar, please step into the next Room and Tackle my Parents, who have been Giving me the Traditional Stuff about Santa Claus."

Fine Frenzy.

[Baltimore American.]
The wind before it woos the harp
Is but the wild and common air;
But as it passes o'er the strings
It turns to music rare.
And even so the post's soul
Converts the things which round him lie
Into the sweetest voice of song—
Divinest harmony.

The Editorial Menu.

The announcement is made that a whole family a Pennsylvania town were poisoned by eating iver. This must be a remarkable as well as an isolated case, and something must have ailed the family before eating the liver. The editorial fraternity of the country have been feasting on liver in every style for years and years, and no such accidents have ever happened to them. It looks like a campaign lie to injure liver.

> Blow, little breeze, along her cheek, Wander among her hair; Play soft, fan-moved, nor dare Steal from her lips augit she may speak. Without, perchance the wind is bleak
> And cold and sad—but there
> Laugh, little breeze, along her cheek!
> The very breath of Heaven's meek
> Before her, and where'er
> Her fan commands, the air
> Will gladly ge, nor ever seek
> Aught but to blow along her cheek.

For Her Fan.

Mitigating Circumstances. A Texan justice of the peace, who is constantly couple. After he had asked the usual question if they desired to be united in the bonds of matri-mony, and they had replied in the affirmative, the justice asked them solemnly: "Having plead guilty to the charge, if there are, in your opinion, any mitigating circumstances, now is the time to state what they are."

Is Life Worth Living?

(Thomas Cooper.)

Is life worth living? Earth but teems
With floods of evil. 'Tis one sordid mart,
Where consciences for gold, without a smart,
Are sold, and holiest names are gravest cheats.
Men from their cradies learn to play a part
At plundering each other.

At plundering each other.

Is life worth living? Or is he most wise
Who, with death's potion, its fierce fever stakes,
And ends, self-drugged, his mortal miseries?
Can he be guilty who at once forsakes
The agony which, sure as death, o'ertakes,
Farly or late, all?
Why then to the enfranchised grave with sluggish
footsteps wend?

'Twasn't "Dear Nell."
He rushed in the parlor without ringing the door-bell and discovered a light figure sitting of the sofa in the corner. He suddenly exclaimed

the sofa in the corner. He studenty exclaimed:
"By Jove, dear Nell, I thought I never would find
yon alone again. Your mother has gone a-visiting,
hasn't she?" "Yes," responded the light figure,
"Nelle goes visiting so much I am often alone."
The young man remarked the next day that he
left his hat on the piano and his umbrella in the
hall and needed nothing but thirty acres of openair. The Smoker's Confession.

There's not a pipe, I ween,
Like the stumpy, black dhudeen
That all of us have seen
In Paddy's hatband, O.
For it makes his thought take flight,
And fills him with delight,
As it gives him second sight
Of the far-off Pat-land, O. I have read in Eastern books How the Turks will emoke chibouques As grand and grave as dukes, In seraglio. In seractio.
That ye'd rather take a pull
At Paddy's pipe when full
Than lounge in old Stamboul,
I'll go ball ye, O.

Made an Exception. [Wall Street News.]

A Boston capitalist, who has just returned from a trip to the lumber regions of Wisconsin, struck a country hotel one night during a blizzard. landlord was doing his best to heat up and make everything comfortable, but after his heels had been frost-bitten within six feet of the bar-room stoye the Bestonian hinted that he would go to Stranger in these parts, aren't you?"whispered

"Strange the host.
"Yes."
"From Bosting, ain't you?"
"From Bosting, ain't you?"
"Yes."
"Well, I'll make an exception in your case, and "Well, I'll make an exception in your case, and play old the solution of the second play old the second play ol "Well, I'll make an exception in your case, and give you your choice between a room where the boys will likely sit up to 3 o'clock and play old sledge, or one next to where me and the old woman will begin jawing and fighting about 10, and keep it up till square daylight. You look like a man of culture, and I'll make it as comfortable as I can for you!"

The Bostonian compromised by taking a north room with seven panes of glass broken out of the window. Triolets.

HE.

I knew she'd think I thought she slept,
But I was sure she did dissemble;
Across the porch I softly stept—
I knew she'd think I thought she slept—
And to the hammock softly crept
And kissed her sweet lips all a tremble.
I knew she'd think I thought she slept,
But I was sure she did dissemble.

SHE.

O. tell-tale winds, the secret keep!
I stole away; I knew he'd miss me!
I saw him through the lattice peep—
O, tell-tale winds, the secret keep—
And closed my eyelids, felgning sleep;
But no, I never thought he'd kiss me,
O, tell-tale winds, the secret keep;
I stole away; I knew he'd miss me.

[Texas Siftings.]
It is stated as a positive fact in the Bible, and we see no reason to doubt it, that the fall of man was caused by a woman. If there ever was any was caused by a woman. If there ever was any doubt on the subject, the fact that a woman caused about fifteen men to fall on the streets of Austin, during the recent slippery spell, would go to prove it. A passably good-looking woman fell on the sidewalk, but before she had farrly struck the ground, a dozen gentlemen of high social status, who had difficulty in keeping their own feet, started to pick her up. They did not propose to neglect any such opportunity of hugging a respectable looking woman on the street without the risk of being shot into fiddle-strings by some irate male relative. Colonel Sam hugging a respectable looking woman on the street without the risk of being shot into fiddle-strings by some irate male relative. Colonel Sam B. Purdy, who is a grandfather, made a break for her from the opposite side of the street. In less than twenty feet distance, he acquired sufficient impetus to plough a furrow in the ice with his nose. What became of the bewitching smile he had on his face when he started out nobody knows. He didn't have it when he was picked up and carried home to his family, and nobody has seen it since. Two legislators, who rushed out of a saloon to the rescue, got their legs tangled up and came down in a plie. They were still pummeling each other, according to last accounts. A prominent Austin ciergyman was seen coming down a distant hill, with his legs spread out in front of him, but, although he was travelling in the right dirhction, he was too far off to stand any show. For several hundred yards up and down the street, men could be seen in unusual attitudes, which they assumed in consequence of their trying to come to the ald of the unfortunate lady, who, seeing that, notwithstanding all their efforts, no gentleman could get within hugging distance, picked herself up and went on her way.

FLURRY-BROOK FARM;

Life and Love in New England

By ERNEST A. YOUNG, AUTHOR OF "DONALD DYKE," "THE HOYT-BRONSON MYSTERY," "AN ALDERMAN'S

DAUGHTER," "A WIFE'S STRATEGY,"

ETC., ETC. [Copyrighted 1883.]

CHAPTER IX. JEALOUSY.

Grace Hathaway came down to breakfast quite late the morning following her lonely ride. There was no one in the dining-room save Mrs. Brent,

was no one in the dining-room save Mrs. Brent, who was busy with her household duties.

"I was so worn with my foolish fears last night that I overslept," Grace declared, applogetically.

"It doesn't matter, Miss Grace. Indeed, I am glad that you could sleep, for the night passed slowly enough to me." Mrs. Brent answered, as she placed eggs and toast before the young lady, in tempting array.

Grace glanced swiftly upward into the countenance of the good woman.

"You were wakeful?" she said, questioningly.

"Yes. I couldn't help but worry some—about Israel, you know."

Mrs. Brent sank upon a chair, sighing wearily.

"Did he return this morning?" Grace asked.

"He was here at breakfast, then?"

"Yes, and he appeared very strangely. He didn't inquire whether you had arrived safely, nor make any reference to the affair of last night. I expected that Gregory would open his batteries tipon him, but, strangely enough, he didn't say a word to Israel."

A thrill of gratitude to Gregory caused Grace to A thrill of gratitude to Gregory caused Grace to

mentally exclaim:
"I believe he is a noble fellow, for he heeded even my expressed wish. I hardly expected him to do so."

even my expressed wish. I hardly expected him to do so."

Aloud, she said:

"Israel feels somewhat humiliated because of my leaving him so abruptly last night. Perhaps I ought not to have done so."

"You acted rightly, Miss Grace. He was rude—he even exposed you to danger, because it wasn't safe to leave you alone with Topsy. It was providential that she didn't run away with you. I wouldn't have dared to drive her, especially by night," Mrs. Brent declared, decidedly.

"I hope your husband doesn't blame me?" Grace added, a trifle anxiously.

"No fear of that. All that troubles him is that you should be treated so by one of his boys. We wanted to make you feel at home with us, and as contented as you could be on a farm so far from a city. But I'm afraid Israel will worry the life out of you."

Mrs. Brent rose and bustled out into the kitchen

quired her immediate attention.
Grace did not meet either of the younger Brents until evening.
As she stood upon the piazza, which ran almost the entire length of the house, she saw Israel striding up the walk directly toward her. She could not repress a shudder as she saw that he intended to speak to her. She had never seen him when his countenance wore such a morose, almost flerce expression.

He came quite near and paused, with one foot

He came quite near and paused, with one foot upon the step and the other upon the earth.

Grace bowed and greeted him as pleasantly as though nothing had happened.

"I shouldn't think you would speak to me, Miss Hathaway!" he exclaimed, in a low, tremulous voice, lifting his dark, piercing eyes to her face.

"Why not?" she questioned.

"Because I'm not deserving of even your slightest notice," he returned, his voice rising in earnest self-reproach.

"I do not know that you are undeserving of a kindly word. Perhaps you were rude in leaving me so long last uight; yet, as you have not explained, I do not know that the delay was intentional."

Grace said this in resolute, yet contletones.

plained, 1 do not know and tentional."
Grace said this in resolute, yet gentle tones.
With impetuous quickness Israel stepped upon the piazza and laid one hand on her arm.
"It was not intended—believe me!" he cried.
"Then I shall not harbor malice," she answered.
"Will you pardon my seeming neglect?" he

sked.
"Yes, my pardon shall be full and free."
"Thank you. I feel easier now, for I feared that ou would despise me. Now I hope to retain your slerance, at least. For the others I do not care to value of that."

the value of that."

The young man snapped his fingers contemptuously as he said this.

He was gazing straight into the face of his companion, and he saw a reproachful expression in her eyes.

"You forgot your father and mother. Their regard is of tenfold more account than mine," she

gard is of tenfold more account than mine," she said.

"It ought to be, you mean. But I assure you that I never return evil for good, nor, like you, return good for evil. They distrust all my motives—they are ready to condemn me for every shortcoming. You trusted me more completely than any one else in the world would do. Therefore I am grateful and—I like you!"

This was uttered in a deliberate way. Before Grace could respond, the strange young man turned upon his heel and strode down the path.

Grace could respond, the strange young man turned upon his heel and strode down the path.

To Grace Hathaway this singular interview seemed like a transcript from some strange, romantic story.

She was intensely puzzled by the words and manner of Israel Brent. At the same time she was convinced that he was not deceiving her—that some mysterious but unavoidable circumstance had caused him to leave her alone upon the highway and prevented his return to her.

It was singular that he should maintain such reticence concerning his visit to the deserted dwelling. He had hinted that he was bound to secrecy by a promise to some one. Yet this explanation only added to the odd, perplexing mystery.

"Goodevening—and I shall have to add—good morning, Miss Grace. This is the first time I have seen you today."

The volce was Gragory Brent's at the sampled.

"Good evening—and I shall have to add—good morning, Miss Grace. This is the first time I have seen you today."

The voice was Gregory Brent's. It sounded cheery and wonderfully musical in contrast to the more gruff tones to which she had just been listening.

Grace turned and faced the young man with a smile of welcome.

"You must have kept yourself hidden all day, for I haven't obtained even a glimpse of you since last evening," she exclaimed.

"I have been very busy. Farm work requires long days at this time of year. By the way, I have something to tell you."

"Al! pray do not keep me in suspense."

"I will not. There is to be a new mill erected upon the old dam, three miles down Flurry Brook. There was a saw-mill there years ago, but it burned down previous to my epoch in the history of this locality. I suppose you are wondering how I expect to enlist your interest in a mill enterprise?"

respect of entity your interest in a finit enterprise?"

Grace smiled.

"I'm sure I cannot see why it should concern me very deeply," she returned.

"Perhaps it will not. But, as Boston parties are putting up the mill, and propose to build dwellings for operatives also, I thought it possible that the matter would have at least a passing interest for 500."

You." Miss Hathaway fulfilled his expectation by asking, with some eagerness:
"Do you know the names of the parties engaged

"Do you know the names of the parties engaged in the project?"

"There are three of them. Two are elderly men, whose names I do not recall. The third is a young man who arrived today. He is a handsome young fellow, and I like his appearance very much. His name is Leroy Studevant."

Grace uttered a low cry of mingled surprise and delight.

delight.
"This is good news, indeed!" she exclaimed, her tones and face more animated than they had been before since her coming to Flurry Brook farm.
"So Mr. Studevant is an old friend of yours?" Gregory Brent asked, a shadow of apprehension crossing his countenance.

Gregory Brent asked, a shadow crossing his countenance. "Yes—that is, we are acquaintances, having met "Yes—that is, we are acquaintances, having met "Yes—that is, we are acquaintances, having met frequently in society!" She blushed and stammered under the searching scrutiny of the young man. She was conscious that she had received the announcement of Mr. Studevant's arrival with a show of delight which was somewhat more pronounced than she really experienced, and therefore she was embarrassed, almost without cause. Her flushed cheeks deepened the significance of her remark, and her companion leaped to a conclusion: "She had a lover in Boston, and he has followed her hither. I might have known it. And he has money, so of course he will win the day!"

This was the reflection which passed through the thoughts of Gregory. And it was a very unvelcome one. Later in the evening, after Grace had retired, he mentioned his suspicion to his mother. Israel was seated near, reading a magazine. But he glanced up as he caught his brother's remark.

"What is that you are saying, Greg?" he asked, with a display of eagerness which he seldom evinced.

"Nathing only that Mr. Studevant, one of the

evinced. "Nothing, only that Mr. Studevant, one of the projectors of the new Flurry-brook mill enter prise, is a lover of Miss Hathaway's," Gregory re

Israel sprang to his feet, a deep flush mantling

s bronzed cheeks.
"I don't believe it!" he uttered, vehemently.
Eregory stared at his elder brother for a moment
mute wonder. Then a suspicion of the truth
shed upon him, and in his old, tantalizing tones
said:

"There is no chance for me, I see, with two fivals. I think it will be safest for me to with-draw from the contest. As for Sturdevant, I'm sincerely sorry for him. It will be a sad fate for him to fall a victim to a jealous rival!"

Israel turned and abruptly left the room. And the gory little thought that his lightly-spoken words would soon be recalled with tragic significance.

THE MILL ENTERPRISE. A day or two subsequent to the incidents which marked chapter 8 of this story, Leroy Studevant held an interview with certain capitalists, for the purpose of inaugurating a project which he had had in mind for some time. Studevant had become possessed, through a purchase by auction, of a mill privilege, situated in the town of Woodstock, N. H.

At the time he made the purchase it was his intention to erect a mill at once and assume its menagement. Then something occurred which caused him to postpone the project indefinitely.

Therefore it was almost from an impulse that he revived the enterprise now. His arrangements with the two gentlemen alluded to were quickly completed. Now that he had decided what to do, he was eager to begin. completed. Now that he had decided what to do, he was eager to begin.

"I will go up to Flurry Brook tomorrow and see

"I will go up to Flurry Brook tomorrow and see that work is commenced at once on the foundation for the new mill. I might as well go there and face the music at once. Then Litchfield, the Woodstock lawyer and Abner Ferret may spring their trap upon me if they meditate anything of the kind. I may run across the Brent farm and see Grace Hathaway."

Thus Studevant mused as he once more set about his final preparations for departure.

In the evening he received a brief note from Abner Ferret.

In the evening he received a brief note from Abner Ferret.

"I have an important communication for you from Woodstock."

This was the substance of the note. And Studevant, feeling intensely anxious to learn the nature of the communication alluded to, made his way directly to the office of the old attorney.

"An imperative summons for you this time, Mr. Studevant!" declared Abner Ferret, as the young man entered the spacious office.

"A summons—from whom?" Leroy asked.

"Litchfield, of course."

"By what authority does he call me thither?"

"By his own."

The young man uttered an ejaculation of intense impatience.

"Explain this muddle to me, Mr. Ferret, if you esire me to pay any attention to it," he exclaimed.
"I can't explain that of which I know next to
nothing. Litchfield don't explain to me, you understand. He merely requests me to notify you of

derstand. He merely requests the total of his wishes."

"Why does he not write to me himself?"

"Because he has other business to transact with me, and so, killed two birds with one stone, as he did not know your precise address."

"He desires me to go at once to Woodstock?"

"Yes. And he hints that you will be liable to arrest unless you obey immediately."

"Does he mention the reason for this imperative summons?" He gives no reasons. He expects you to un-

"He gives no reasons. He expects you to understand."
Studevant rose to go. His countenance was pale, and he compressed his lips, as with a sudden resolution to undergo some ordeal.

"I shall go, though not in obedience to this lawyer's orders. I do not know how I can be liable to arrest, unless I have enemies who have put up a charge against me," he said, as he paused upon the threshoid.

Ferret advanced, holding out one thin hand.
"Doubtless there is a put-up charge to be preferred against you, Mr. Studevant. And, in that case, you will require legal counsel. It will give me pleasure to serve you, free of charge."

The old attorney said this in his blandest tones. But Studevant was on his guard.

"I shall not require the services of a lawyer—at least, there is little probability of my doing so. I thank you for your proffer, however," he returned, and abruptly left the office.

The next morning the young man's preparations for departure were completed, and he entered a railway car destined for Flurry Brook station.

He found the force of workmen whom he had already employed engaged clearing away the debris which years of neglect had accumulated upon the site of the burnt mill.

"Flurry Brook farm—Ethan Brent," one of the laborers repeated, reflectively, in response to the inquiries of Studevant.

"Let me see; its 'bout three mile up the brook. Thrifty farmer, Ethan Brent is. But he's got one queer boy—the oldest one."

The laborer paused in his remarks to lift "his

Thrifty farmer, Ethan Brent is. But he's got one queer boy—the oldest one."

The laborer paused in his remarks to lift "his end" of a huge, moss-covered log that lay in the way of operations. And his employer selzed the opportunity to ask:

"Do you live in Woodstock, Mr. Bradford?"

"Guess I haven't lived anywhere else for thirty years. I growed up mostly in Woodstock. I seen the old mill that used to stand yender when it burnt down. My idee, the fire was sot—sich fires don't break out spontan'us, as a gineral rule!"

The man shook his bushy head sagely as he said this, and then sank his spade deep into the moist soil. "Brent has lately received an addition to his family, has he not? A young lady from Boston,"

family, has he not? A young lady from Boston, Leroy continued.

"Mebbe he has. I don't know nothin' 'bout it. There'll be high times then if he has, by jinks!"
Bradford answered.

"Ah! What do you mean?"

"Studevant grew suddenly, intensely curious.

"Nuthin,' only his boys—specially the oldest

one."
"Well, what of them?"
"They're allus quarrelling, and a gal would be sure to raise a rumpus. They mostly do raise rumpuses, wherever you put 'em!"
"Then the boys are not so very young—that is, they are men grown?"
This time Studevant's tones were a trifle

This time Studevant's tones were a triffe anxious.

"Yes, they are as big as they'll ever be, unless they thicken up a little bime-by. Israel, who is the oldest, is stouter than Gregory. But he ain't nigh so likely to look to. Gregory is a handsome young fellow, and good-natured and sunshiny. The other one is always scowling and he is as dark and savage as a thunder-cloud. They never agree—they're allus bandying words. Greg ginerally holds his temper, but Israel gets tearing mad every time."

"Doubtless these young men are country boors, whose coarseness will disgust the refined sensibilities of Miss Hathaway at the start. Bradford's standard of manly beauty is evidently of a widely different order from that of a lady, born and bred in Boston society," was the mental observation of the voung man.

He turned to give necessary directions to others of his force of laborers, and for some time he did not notice Jim Bradford. When he glanced toward the latter again, he was surprised to see him talking quite earnestly with a tall, handsome young fellow, whose figure might have been moulded after an Apollo, so perfect were its proportions. Studevant studied the countenance of the stranger quite critically. Sauntering nearer, he heard Bradford say:

"That's Mr. Studevant, himself. He's a Boston chap, but he has a heap of business in him! Likely young fellow, I guess."

oung fellow, I guess."

A moment after the stranger walked away. The stant he was out of sight Leroy approached

adford. That was Brent's youngest boy, that I was tellyou about a spell ago—Gregory, the han'some e." the laborer declared in response to the ery of his employer. Studevant frowned. "He is good-looking, and no mistake!" he exited

elaimed.

"Tother one ain't quite so likely. He has a bad temper, and I'd rather not have his ill-will ag'in me!" Bradford added.

During the rest of the day the young builder was too busy for serious reflection. But, after the day's work was done, he retired to his room in the small country taveru, and meditated upon the strange circumstances which were culminating in his life.

AN ARMISTICE.

CHAPTER XI.

AN ARMISTICE.

The day had been warm and oppressive, even at Flurry-brook farm, and Grace Hathaway, after assisting Mrs. Brent about her household duties, as was her wont, escaped at last to the shady, breezy piazza. She brought out a magazine to read. But the varied, picturesque landscape that lay before her was far more attractive than even the illustrated pages of Harper's; therefore the latter lay upon her lap forgotten.

She presently became conscious of the approach of some one. A moment after she rose abruptly, her countenance brightening with pleasure.

"Why, it is Mr. Studevant. This is a pleasant surprise, indeed!" she exclaimed, extending her hand in warm, friendly greeting.

Leroy Studevant's face grew eloquent. He sank upon the rustic settee, weary with his long walk. At the same instant Grace seated herself by his side, eager to discuss the latest news and gossip from the bright social world to which she had belonged three short months ago.

An hour passed quickly. Then the young man suddenly noticed that it was growing dark. He rose hastily, saying:

"I have prolonged my call until I am in danger of a wetting. There is a shower coming, and the sun is almost down. I must go."

Still he lingered, glancing furitively down into the face of his companion. She looked very sad. Evidently a shade of homesickness had come over her. And he could not refrain from giving her the gleam of hope which his investigations into the Hathaway and Buford failures had created.

"I have good reason to believe that a portion of the fortune lost by your unfortunate father can be restored to you," he declared.

Her face brightened; she glanced upward in sudden eagerness.

"What do you mean, Mr. Studevant?" she asked.

He briefly explained, hinting at the investigations had be a second and the students and the processing and the saked.

"What do you mean, Mr. Studevant?" sne asked.

He briefly explained, hinting at the investigations which were being made by Arthur Drew under his direction.

"And you are doing all this for Louise Buford and me?" she cried, her voice full of gratitude.

"Yes; and more especially for you, as you are left endrely alone in the world. Miss Buford has friends, and, doubtless, will not suffer for the comforts of life."

forts of life."

Grace Hathaway's eyes filled with tears. She

forts of life."

Grace Hathaway's eyes filled with tears. She gave her hand to Leroy, deeply grateful for his kindness. He held it for an instant, then wheeled abruptly and strode down the path, soon disappearing in the gathering gloom.

As Studevant took his departure, Israel Brent quietly stepped from beyond an angle of the house, and gazed with strange intentness after the retreating figure. At the same moment Gregory approached from another direction. The 'two young men stepped upon the plazza together.

"My aniable brother is evidently unfavorably impressed by the personal appearance of your visitor, Miss Grace!" Gregory remarked.

"What reason have you for making that statement?" Israel asked, his dark eyes furning upon the face of his brother.

Gregory laughed.

"Any one can read the tenure of your thoughts from your countenance as plainly as though it were an open book. You are angry, discomfited—gossibly jealous at this moment. Look at him, Grace, and tell me if I am not right?"

This thrust was a trifle cruel, and Gregory regretted it the instant it passed his lips.

A deep, crimson flush leaped into the cheeks of Israel Brent; his lips were white and quivering with passion: his muscular hands clenched.

Grace was bewildered, frightened. She had no suspicion as yet of the feeling which was fast gaining strength in the hearts of these two young men. The possibility of their loving her had never dawned upon her brain. Yet, had she but known

it, the very antagonism of their natures prompted them to wish to win the same cherished boon. For a moment Israel stood before them, trem-bling with mingled anger and humiliation. It was plain that a brief battle was fought within his pas-

"I did not comprehend the remark which your

serious.
"I did not comprehend the remark which your brother took so deeply to heart. But I'm sorry you uttered it. He is keenly sensitive, and it is cruel to give him needless pain."
Grace spoke earnestly, even warmly.
"I thank you for your rebuke, for it is deserved. I promise you to ask Israel's pardon before he sleeps. Will that do? I assure you that it will be a mark of greater humiliation upon my part than I have ever shown him before."
"If you will do that I will reward you with my gratitude," Grace answered, smilling.
In the meanwhile Israel Brent had ascended straight to his own room, his cheeks still burning with indignation at the remark of his brother. Seating himself by a window overlooking the towering mountain crests to the westward, he fell into a reverie.

a reveric.

That his brain was tortured by bitter, morose reflections was evident from the constant frown that darkened his brow.

The dark storm-clouds as they rose from beyond the mountains seemed to spread their huge, black wings like a monstrous bird, overshadowing the landscape with a gloom which became more dense each instant. Vivid flashes frequently illumined the scene; and as the storm came nearer the distant mutterlings of thunder sounded in ominous threatening.

A knock upon the door aroused Israel. He had become intensely absorbed watching the majestic marshalling of the storm forces over beyond the mountains. Now he started to his feet, saying: "Come in, mother, if it is you. I have no light." The door opened, and some one entered in a quick, impetuous way, as though he apprehended a weakening of purpose at the last moment. "You, Greg?" Israel ejaculated, staring in amazement at the form dimiy outlined before him. "Yes, if is I, and I've come on an errand that will surprise you. I don't know but it is a danger-our experiment for us both, but I'm going to venture it. I really insulted you tonight in the presence of Miss Hathaway. I did not realize the crueity of the taunt until it passed my lips. Then I regretted it, and would have given much to recall the words. So I come to you with my first plea for pardon. If you grant it, I may request it again, should I again pain you by a thoughtless speech!"

Gregory Brent's musical tones trembled as he spoke. He was really subjecting himself to a severe ordeal.

evere ordeal.

There was a moment of silence. Israel run his lugers through his dark locks in a nervous, anoved way. migers through his dark locks in a hervous, annoyed way.

"You offended Miss Hathaway, I suppose, and this mark of your humility is for her sake rather than mine?" he said, slowly.

"You do me injustice, Israel. She did not understand the taunt, and therefore could not comprehend as well as I how keenly it hurt you. My humility is not to win her favor. However, I did not expect you to be so generous as to forgive me."

not expect you to be so generous as to forgive me."

Gregory turned and would have left the room had not the hand of his brother, placed firmly upon his arm, detained him.

"Wait—I will pardon you if you will give me time. I think you are sincere, for once!" Israel said, the harshness of his tones slightly modified.

"Thank you. Now I desire to offer you my hand in a pledge to be more considerate in future."

Gregory exclaimed, his sunny nature coming to the surface again.

"Never mind about pledges for the future. I am liable to provoke you as I have done before, and a one-sided pledge will not avail to keep peace between us."

Israel had turned toward the window again, de-clining the profered hand of his brother.

The latter did not urge the acceptance of his ad-plazza, he found Grace still sitting upon the rustle settee, watching the approaching storm with wrapt attentiveness.

"Israel and I have entered upon an armistice, whise Grace." Gregory declared, pausing before

er.
"I shall pray that it may result in a treaty of ermanent peace," returned Miss Hathaway, in a permanent peace," returned Miss Hathaway, in a tone of sincerity.

Just then a vivid lightning-flash illumined the scene with the brightness of mid-day. At the same moment huge drops of rain began pattering upon the playar goof. the piazza roof.

Awed by the storm's majesty, the twain watched

CHAPTER XII.

AFRAID OF LIGHTENING.

Leroy Studevant, after leaving the Brent farmhouse, hastened along the lonely road towards the
tavern where he was to make a temporary stophiggslage.

tavern where he was to make a temporary stopping-place.

The gloom of twilight was rapidly deepening under the dense mass of clouds which were rising from the westward. The atmosphere was humid and oppressive, and the young man soon slackened his pace, for active exercise was intensely disagreeable and enervating.

He paused under a huge oak by the roadside, and fanned his perspiring face with his broadbrimmed hat. He had scarcely ceased walking when he heard the sound of approaching footsteps.

The next moment a short, stout individual, wearing a full, sandy beard, and with a white vest, considerably solled, adorned by a heavy gold watch-chain, stepped into view.

As the stranger beheld Studevant he turned his steps toward the latter.

"Good evening, sir," he exclaimed, in a brusque, business-like tone.

Lerov returned the salutation, regarding the stranger with a scrutiny of disapproval.

"You've led me a deuce of a chase, Mr. Studevant," the man declared, taking off his hat and wiping his bald, perspiring pate with a large-figured handkerchief.

"Led you a chase—I do not understand you!" Studevant returned.

"Perhaps you don't. And probably you wonder whom I am, to have your name on my tongue so pat."

The stranger said this in a jocular tone, as though he desired greater familiarity with the young man at once.

"I certainly never saw you before," the latter said.

"Very true, sir, Vet you have heard of me. I

"I certainly nover saw you before," the latter said.

"Very true, sir. Yet you have heard of me. I am Wilbur Litchfield, attorney-at-law in Woodstock. I correspond with Mr. Abner Ferret of Boston, who is a friend of yours, I believe!"

Leroy Studevant could not suppress a start of surprise, not unmingled with alarm. He leaned against the huge trunk of the oak, and for a moment vouchsafed no response. At last he said:

"Mr. Ferret mentioned your communications to me; but I did not understand them, and, as I was husy with other matters, I paid little heed to them. Now that we are face to face, I presume you will explain."

busy with other matters. I paid little heed to them. Now that we are face to face, I presume you will explain."

"Certainly—at least as soon as I cool off a bit. You see I left my team at the tavern and started in pursuit of you afoot, supposing that you had only gone out for a stroll. But, as I observed before, you led me a deuce of a chase."

Just then a flash of lightning more vivid than its predecessors lit up the scene. And the lawyer glanced apprehensively upward at the spreading branches of the oak.

"Hadn't we better return to the tavern, Mr. Studevant? The storm will break in a few minutes and it will be deuced uncomfortable standing here in the rain," he observed, shrugging his broad shoulders.

"The rain will not disturb me in the least—indeed, a drenching will be preferable to the suffocating atmosphere of the tavern," replied Leroy, with refreshing nonchalance.

Litchfield shrugged his shoulders again, as a heavy erash of thunder shook the air, reverberating across the distant hills.

"The rain isn't so bad, that's a fact. But the lightning, you know. I never feel quite safe in the woods during a thunder storm," the lawyer said, nervously.

Studevant smiled. Near the huge oak stood a smaller tree, which had been riven by an electric bolt during some storm of the past. Pointing toward it, the young man said:
"If you fear a lightning stroke, you can stand with your back against the tree yonder, which is aiready blasted by the destructive element. It is said, you know, that lightning never strikes twice in the same place. So your safety will be assured!"

Wilbur Litchfield smiled feebly in response to

wilbur Litchfield smiled feebly in response to

Wilbur Litchfield smiled feebly in response to the facetious remark of the other. He saw that Studevant was not anxious to hold an interview, and that he would not take the slightest pains to favor one. Therefore, if the lawyer had anything important to say, there was no alternative but to say it here, in defiance of the elements of which he was considerably in awe.

"Well, well, it is poor policy for us to stand and discuss the storm until we get wet by it!" he exclaimed, impatiently.

"I am ready to hear whatever you may have to say," the other answered, complacently.

"Then I will come to the point at once. You were given to understand, through my letter to Mr. Ferrett, that you were liable to arrest unless you heeded my summons."

The attorney spoke rapidly, standing so near the young man that they could look into each other's eyes.

The attorney spoke rapidly, standing so near the young man that they could look into each other's eyes.

"Upon what charge can you order my arrest?" Studevant demanded.

"Can't you suspect, young man? Doesn't your guilty heart tell you more plainly than I can do?" Litchfield was angered by the cool indifference of the young man, and his tones and language became vehement.

"I am conscious of no self-accusation," Leroy answered.

"Then you are, ready to swear that your past is free from all stain," the lawyer persisted.

"I shall swear to nothing until I am placed upon a witness-stand and compelled to do so."

"Do you deny, then, that you possess a young, beautiful wife, whom you have abused, neglected and deserted?"

Just then a vivid electric flash illumined the scene. And it showed the countenance of Leroy Studevant to be as white as death.

Brief as the illumination was, the lawyer saw the agitation of the other, and added, exultantly:

"You needn't answer, young man—your face declares an affirmative answer to my question!"

"My face declares a falsehood, then," was the quick retort.

"Ab! a you deny the charge?"

uick retort.

"Ah! so you deny the charge?"

"Yes. It is infamously false."

"You have no wife, then?"

"Certainly I have not."

"And never were married?"

Studevant was silent.

"Answer me, will you?" Litchfield persisted.
"I decline to do so."
"Which is equivalent to an admission of the

"You may consider it as you choose. I deny you the right to inquire into my private affairs, of the the right to inquire into my private affairs, of the past or present."
"Suppose that I say to you that I have proof that you are married, and that your wife, suffering from your cruel neglect, is still living?"
Studevant let one hand fall with fierce impetuousness upon the shoulder of the lawyer.
"You can bring forward evidence of nothing of the nature nor import which you suggest!" he cried, decisively.
"You are mistaken, Mr. Studevant. I'm not making groundless accusations, bear in mind."
"Then why have you come to me in this way, to seek an interview, and warn me of my danger?"
"Because I wish to give you opportunity to escape from it."
"How?"
"By the liberal use of money and acting in an honorable manner toward the wronged party."

"By the liberal use of money and acting in an honorable manner toward the wronged party."

"That is it—the liberal use of money is the key to your schemes. You wish and expect to black-mail me, through some supopsed secret of mine, of which you have obtained an inkling. I will assure you to begin with, Mr. Litchfield, that your game, even with the aid of Abner Ferret will not succeed. So you had better hasten back to the tavern, and make sure that the lightning doesn't strike you. It is beginning to rain already."

strike you. It is beginning to rain already."
Studevant spoke in a careless, defiant tone this time. It had indeed begun to rain. Great drops splashed upon the hands and faces of the two men, and pattered with increasing rapidity upon the foliage around and above them. At the same instant the oppressive atmosphere assumed a sudden chilliness of temperature, and strong, fitful gusts of wind swept through the tree-tons and underwood. tree-tops and underwood.

The darkness intensified each moment. It seemed blacker in contrast with the frequent, lingering electric flashes that lit up the seene with

gering receits hashes, which is such fitful brilliance.

"We might as well walk back together," Litchfield remarked, buttoning his coat close under his chin.

"Perhaps it will be fully as well to go separately. I'm afraid you and I cannot gain in friendship toward each other by prolonged association. Whenever you have your case all made up, so that you can arrest and convict me upon the charge you have mentioned, you may seek another interview. Perhaps I shall be ready to buy you off then. But until then leave me to myself. You cannot frighten me by vague threats nor insignations."

The lawyer uttered an angry imprecation and turned away. But he proceeded only a few paces when he came to a half, saying:
"You may not be able to obtain so liberal terms when I come to you again. In about a month I shall be prepared to substantiate all the necessary points against you, Mr. Studevant!"

The latter made no response. An instant after a lightning flash revealed the lawer striding along the narrow road toward the Flurry-brook

Tayern.
"He might have said that he would be ready when he obtained a reply to his newspaper advertisement of 'information wanted.' What if Mary Brent should rise up from the ashes of the past at this time? All my hopes and plans would come to

nought."
With this muttered soliloquy, Leroy Studevant bent his steps toward the tayern, scarce heeding the fierce storm raging around him.

TWO LOVERS.

Grace Hathaway, strolling down beneath the orchard trees, was startled by the sound of footsteps in the rear.

It was toward the close of a bright July day, just one month subsequent to the coming of Leroy Studevant to Flurry Brook.

The weeks and days had passed almost without incident. Gregory and Israel did not quarrel, and the latter's accustomed moroseness partially disappeared, especially while in the society of Grace. He spent many of his leisure moments with her, conversing upon various topics and displaying a broader intellectuality than she had given him credit for possessing.

conversing upon various topics and displaying a broader intellectuality than she had given him credit for possessing.

Something in her society seemed to lend a brightness and zest to his existence. And Mr. and Mrs. Brent began to hope that a permanent change in his disposition was being wrought.

Even Gregory was surprised by the altered demeator of his brother, although he, more penetrative than the others, understood the reason.

"Israel is in love, and if he shouldn't be disappointed it would make a prime fellow of him. But if somebody else should win the day—that Studevant or I, for instance—the good effects would all disappear and he would be more morose and passionate than ever before. I should be half afraid of him in that case."

This was the thought that kept recurring to Gregory, while he watched the strange, new phases brought out in the character of his eccentric brother.

But to return to Grace. She came abruptly to a pause beside the gnarled trunk of a veteran appletree, and glanced hastily backward. To her surprise she saw Israel Brent coming rapidly toward her.

He did not speak until he had reached her side.

He did not speak until he had reached her side.

Miss Grace."
"Perhaps we have been unconsciously playing at hide and seek," she replied.
"Possibly, or intentionally, upon your part, it may be?" he said, in a half-questioning tone.
"Oh, no; I had no thought of avoiding you, nor gid I wish to do so."

oid I wish to do so."

The dark face of Israel brightened; he drew a pace nearer, gazing down into her eyes with an eagerness that startled her.

"Then I am not so very repugnant to you?" he packed. asked.
"Certainly not, and there is no reason why we

"Then I am not so very repugnant to you?" he asked.

"Certainly not, and there is no reason why we should not become the best of friends."

"Friends!" he repeated, with suppressed intensity. "Always friends, I suppose."

"I hope we may never be less," she answered.

"Would you prefer to be no more than a friend to me? I am not satisfied with that, Miss Grace. I tell you a friend may change in a day, for there are no deep obligations to compel fidelity. I thought, when I first saw you, that your friendship would be a prize which would make me quite content in the world. But I soon discovered that I needed something more. I am not satisfied with the thought that you belong to Gregory and Leroy Studevent just as much and perhaps more than to me. When I am with you everything seems bright and beautiful. I feel as though just the mere pleasure of your companionship for an hour is worth a whole day of monotonous labor away from you. There seems to be great and wonderful things in the future which it will be easy for me to grasp. There is no doubt of success in whatever I may undertake if you but speak a single encouraging word. This is the evidence of your power over me. What does it mean? I have made up mind that it is all because I love you. I've tried to think it was something else, but the truth forces itself upon me. What have you to say to my confession, Miss Grace?"

Israet had spoken with his accustomed deliberateness at first. But, as he proceeded the words came more rapidly, and in tones more impassioned. His dark cheeks were flushed with reagerness; his eyes were full of strong, magnetic power, holding the gaze of his companion with irresistible steadfastness.

Grace leaned against the gnarled trunk of the tree, too much amazed and startled to answer, at once, the impassioned appeal of the young man. It was wholly a surprise to her.

Secing her heestation, an expression of keenest anguish came into the face of Israel. He selzed her wrist, and griped it with unconsclous tightness.

"Am I too late, after all

countenance.
"So this is the return for all that I have given

countenance.

"So this is the return for all that I have given you!" he uttered, slowly.

Grace raised both hands to her face and burst into tears. She experienced a sense of pity for the young man and a contempt for herself. She had been so agitated that she had replied to his appeal as though it were an insult instead of the expression of a man's best and purest impulse.

For several minutes she stood thus, at a loss what to say or do. At last she raised her face and opened her lips to speak. But only a faint exclamation of surprise escaped them.

She was alone—Israel Brent had left her, probably in anger, and she could not even retain him as a friend in the future. This realization pained her deeply. She had liked Israel, even better than she had thought. But she felt that it would be impossible to ever return the stronger regard which he had expressed for her.

For some time Grace stood leaning against the gnarled trunk. She dreaded to return to the house and face the others; she dreaded to meet Israel again.

"I must see him and talk with hum, and explain.

again.
"I must see him and talk with him, and explain

haited near her and a familiar voice exclaimed:

"Why, it is Grace Hathaway! A moment more
and I should have passed you for a gypsy."

At the same instant Leroy Studevant leaped
from the carriage. Grace looked up at him in
surprise.

"Surely, you are not going to make this your
stopping place?" she questioned.

They were at the foot of a long, gradual slope,
beyond the summit of which, hidden by intervening
trees, was the Brent farm house.

The young man laughed.

"No; unless you prefer it. I was coming to
take you out for a short drive. The frame of our
new mill is erected. I thought you might wish
to see it," he said.

She hesitated.

"A shower will overtake us I feer "she ob-

She hesitated. "A shower will overtake us, I fear," she objected.

He glanced upward at the darkening sky.

"It will not rain for an hour, and I will land
you safely at the Brent dwelling within less than that time. Do not refuse me, please—I have something of importance to say."

He spoke in eager, nervous way, and Grace

He spoke in eager, nervous way, and Grace yielded.

As they sped along the narrow, dusty road Studevant suddenly said:

"Something has occurred today which may greatly change my plans for the future; otherwise I would not speak so soon upon the subject which lies so near my heart. We have been acquaintanees for a long time, and I trust that you have at least considered me in the light of a friend. But I presume it has never occurred to you that I might regard you with the deep, tender affection which I have really entertained for a long time. I think I have loved you since the beginning of our acquaintance. I did not intend to speak of this matter until some more auspicious time. But circumstances make it almost imperative that I make my confession now. You need make me no definite answer, unless you have no doubt of your feelings toward me. If there is no hope, tell me plainly, though it be to infliet upon me the keenest pain I have ever suftered. But, I pray you, do not deny me hope. It is all I have to live or work for."

Leroy Studevant's appeal was very little like the fierce, impassioned one to which Grace had listened a short time before. But it was none the less carnest and sincere. She found herself able to talk of the matter in a plain, straightforward manner. She liked and admired him. And, as he assisted her from the carriage at the door of of the Brent dwelling, she softly whispered:

"I do not love you yet. But you may hope!"

CHAPTER XIV.

WHAT GREGORY OVERHEARD.

WHAT GREGORY OVERHEARD.

Leroy Studevant's heart bounded with the hope contained in the words and tone of Grace Hathaway, as she alighted from his carriage, and his countenance betrayed the elation which he experienced, as he drove away from the house and turned down the narrow highway.

Gregory Brent, standing upon the piazza, noted the flushed checks of Grace as she entered the dwelling. He noted, likewise, the expression of joy upon the face of Leroy Studevant.

"There is no hope for either Israel or me, so far as Miss Grace is concerned. That city chap has won the day!" Gregory muttered, and the realization cost him a pang which no one would have thought it possible for careless Gregory Brent to suffer.

hough it possible for earliess dream thunder storm hreatened momentarily to break, the young man tarted at a swift, vehemet pace down the road, in the wake of the vehicle. He walked aimlessly, its only object being to have an opportunity to reject upon what he believed to be the end of his product homes. ondest hopes,

He kept on for fully a mile. Then it began to alin, and he came abruptly to a halt, comprehending, for the first time the distance which he had

aversed.

As he glanced down the road, he was surprised as he game at a stand-still a short see Studevant's team at a stand-still a short stance below. There was a man standing beside e carriage, and Gregory could see that he was making gestures.

Although twilight was deepening into darkness, frequent, vivid flashes of lightning rendered objects at a distance as distinct as at mid-day. And, to the intense amazement of Gregory, he recognized the man standing beside Studevant's carriage as Israel, his brother.

What did it mean.

What did it mean!

It was evident that Israel was talking, in an excited manner, with Leroy Studevant. And for once Gregory found his curiosity too strong for re-

once Gregory found his curiosity too strong for resistance.

Unmindful of the swiftly descending rain, he entered the denser shadows of the trees that skirted the highway, and quickly reached a point opposite the carriage.

Crouching amid the undergrowth he was enabled to hear all that passed between the two men. Studevant speaking rapidly and angrily.

"You have no right to interfere, because I chance to be more successful in my suit than you. You have had a fair chance to win; it is not my fault that you failed," he said.

"It is not of my failure nor your success that I wish to speak. But I merely demand that you tell Miss Hathaway the whole truth about yourself. Then, if she is willing to marry you, I shall not interfere," Israel returned, sternly.

"So you have resolved to take upon yourself the responsibility of protecting the one who has refused you the right," Studevant exclaimed.

"I shall not defend her if she is aware of the imposture which you meditate. But I know she would not entertain the thought of marrying you if she knew the truth."

"How do you know that I do not intend to tell her myself?"
"Because you would have done so today had Because you would have done so today had

"Because you would have done so today had that been your intention."
"Well, what do you propose to do about it?"
"I am not obliged to reveal my plans."
"Are you determined to interfere?"
"Yes, you shall never marry Grace Hathway if I can help it."
Israel said this in a low, intense tone. He raised one hand in the air, and Gregory could see that it was elenched menacingly.
"That is a pretty strong declaration of yours, Mr. Brent," Studevant retorted.
"You will find that I mean every word of it."
"What would you do should I persist, despite your mandate?"

I do not know what I should be tempted to do. But you may be sure that I would not trifle with you. There is scarcely anything that I would not do. Mr. Studevant!"

The volces of the two men were raised to an anything that I would not do. Mr. Studevant!" angry pitch.

It was now raining heavily, and the darkness, save for the blinding lightning flashes, was almost

A moment of silence ensued, broken only by the roar of the storm and steady rumble of thunders. Gregory was already drenched to the skin. Yet a species of fascination impelled him to remain and en to the strange altercation.

It was evident fo him that his brother had obtained some secret of Studevant's, and that he was resolved that the latter should not make Miss Hathaway his wife. What the character of this secret could be was problematical:

While revolving the singular incidents in his mind, and waiting for the conversation to be resumed, Gregory heard Leroy Studevant say:

"Come, step aside and let me pass, Mr. Brent. I have spent time enough already in this drenching rain." ng rain."
But Israel did not offer to obey. Instead, he

I have spent time enough already in this drenching rain."

But Israel did not offer to obey. Instead, he exclaimed:

"You treat my charges with as much contempt as though they were wholly false. I tell you Miss Grace shall not be decelved!"

There was another brief interval of silence, when the young mill-owner said:

"Get into my carriage. Mr. Brent, and we will talk the matter over more calmly and sensibly than we can do standing here in the rain."

To Grerory's surprise, Israel compiled with Studevant's request, and the next moment they flashed away through the darkness, leaving the solitary listener to conjecture for himself concerning the purport of the mysterious interview.

At a rapid pace the young man retraced his steps to the farm house. Within he found Grace and his mother. The latter glanced at his drenched garments inquiringly.

"You have been out through this second deluge!" she exclaimed.

"Yes. I got caught in it, and so stayed under some trees until the worst was over. But I guess I couldn't get much wetter if I had jumped into Flurry Brook."

He said this so carelessly that the curiosity of his mother was allayed.

He glanced toward Grace. She was watching the expressions of his countenance in a furtive, suspicious wav. But he met her gaze with a careless smile, and said:

"You did not go very far with Mr. Studevant, I imagine. Yet, unless I mistook your expression when you alighted at the door, he made the most of his brief opportunity for speaking with you. Was I mistaken?"

Her face crimsoned; she frowned in vexation; then laughed to hide her confusion.

"You are too observing, Gregory!" she exclaimed.

The young man flung himself upon a chair near her. But Grace made an imperious gesture of command, saying:

"I shall not listen nor respond to your badinage until you go and don a suit of dry clothing. I will not be responsible for the dreadful cold which you will be sure to take."

He rose, obediently.

"You are considerate, so far as my physical welfare is concerned.

will be sure to take."
He rose, obediently.
"You are considerate, so far as my physical welfare is concerned. Would that you might be equally so in regard to my mental and moral conequally so in regard to my mental and moral contentment," he said.

He bent a quick, earnest look down into her face as he spoke. Then he went from the room, leaving her to wonder at his meaning.

His glance, so brief and yet so full of intensity, thrilled her powerfully, and a moment after a new, startling suspicion flashed upon her.

"Can it be that he, too, cares for me?" she asked herself.

new, startling suspicion flashed upon her.

"Can it be that he, too, cares for me?" she asked herself.

And she found, recalling many words and illusions of the past which she had not noticed particularly at the time, that there was much to warrant an affirmative conviction.

Mrs. Brent went from the room, and for some time Grace was alone. She sat near a table, upon which a lighted lamp had been placed. Outside the storm was still raging, and although the vivid lightning flashes were shut out, the frequent and heavy peals of thunder indicated that the anger of the elements was still unabated.

Presently Gregory came in, and in his carcless, nonchalant way seated himself quite near Miss Hathaway.

She was on the point of speaking, to end the embarrassing silence, when the outer door opened and Israel crossed the threshold. He was dripping wet, and as he paused for an instant just within the doorway, he flashed a swift glance from one to the other of the two immates of the room.

Gregory leaned to his feet with an ejaculation of

room.

Gregory leaped to his feet with an ejaculation of wonder; and Grace, half-terrified, never forgot the expression upon the dark countenance of Israel Brent!

SICK and bilious headache and all derangements of the stomach and bowels cured by Dr. Pierce's "Pellets," or anti-bilious granules; 25 cents a vial. No cheap boxes to allow waste of virtues.

WORK SHOULD CALL OR WRITE TO THE V E. A. OFFICE, 19 WINTER STREET. WE CAN GIVE TWENTY GIRLS GOOD PLACES AT ONCE FRANK O. KNOX, Lawrence, Mass., says: "I have taken Brown's Iron Bitters, and it has greatly strengthened me." G. M. D.

A Medley, a Mystery, a Marvel and a Miracle.

The Story of a Dream.

Get money honestly if you can, but get money,"

Was a foolish father's advice to his son. Get motey, if you can honestly, makes but a slight alteration in the order of the words, but varies the sentiment considerably. There is no harm in making money. It miswereth all things. Used rightly it is a power for good, and there is money enough in the world to form a lever by which the mass of humanity could be lifted, to a certain extent, out of its depths of sorrow and despair. Money we must have, for money makes the mare go. Some can make money who have no faculty for saving. Would you save you must know how to deny those who would borrow and never repay, as well as those who beg simply because they are too lazy to work. There are men who never want to see you except to ask the favor of a loan. They will ask for just one word with you, and that one word is sure to be money. An impecunious fellow met a rich acquaintance, and, not liking to ask directly for a loan, said: "Friend Smith, if you had ten dollars in your pocket," "Ten dollars, to be sure," repiled the rich man, without a moment's hestion. He had gumption, and knew too much to part with his money by any such rule of subtraction.

O he was able to owe. He was one of the Micawber sort—always waiting for something to turn up. How like some people who are sick. They think to get well by letting disease take care of itself. But diseases do not heal themselves, and too late help villars for lot find this out to their sorrow as death selzes upon them. Had they been wise in time they might have added many years to their lease of life. The cure was high them, as it is night to all who read this meally the find they been wise in time they might have added many years to their lease of life. The cure was high them, as it is night to all who read this meally the life when the soner for it, but upon all light will dawn, ere they read the final word of our story.

Light will dawn, we said, and so it will, light of hope and help. Light is what a certain individual wanted.

the had to consult any more there would have o be a Gold Mine Discovered in order to pay

If he had to consult any more there would have to be a Gold Mine Discovered in order to pay them.

Every day for a week he and his fath-livery day for a week he and his fath-livery ful spouse searched diligently for a key to the problem. In the dictionary, in such newspapers as they happened to have, in books, on placards on the walls—everywhere they sought—hoping to find a clew. Letters stand for words, and they hoped to light upon the words that should suggest the cure. They Grieved Many Days over their lack of good luck, as they said, and the Good Man Dreamed again and again, but saw no more angels. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick. "Oh, that the angel had Guided Me Definitely and Given More Directions," he exclaimed, again and again.

Nearly two weeks had clapsed since the night of the Great Mysterious Dream, when there came to the house a pamphlet. Tired with his exhausting office work, which he still pursued, determinining if possible to die in the harness, Jones was about to throw the pamphlet in the fire, when something prompted him to examine it. Surely, thought he, here can be nothing that will Pierce this Gloom Most Distressing, or Give Me, Disheartened, any relief. Poor man, he had worked letters over in his mind, and made so many combinations with them, that they occurred in almost every sentence he uttered. They entered even into his prayers. Heaven Grant Me Delwerance, he would say, nor let disease Grind Me Down, and so forth, ad injinitum, and a mile or two beyond.

many combinations with them, that they occurred in almost every sentence he uttered. They entered even into his prayers. Heaven Grant Me Deliverance, he would say, nor let disease Grind Me Down, and so forth, ad infinitum, and a mile or two beyond.

Mentally tortured and suffering in every fibre of his body, what wonder that he read page after page of the pamphlet. It was a work on diseases, and in the morbid state of his mind its contents seemed to suit him. It spoke of almost every disease that flesh is heir to, but oh, joy! as he read, a Glimpse Most Delightful of light stole in upon him. "Eureka! Eureka!" he cried. "Wife, I have it, I have it."

Fiverybody in the house heard him cry eureka, Everybody in the house heard him cry eureka, of the course, but why had he not thought of it before? Oh, what a revelation! Here was hope for him and for all consumptives. Here, hope for suffering friends and neighbors. That night he scarce could sleep, but when he did he again saw a bright vision of golden letters, in fact, a Glittering Monogram Deciphered readily, and reading G. M. D.; and again P. P. P., and yet again F. P., and one huge P., around which these others were entwined, and then W. D. M. A. All the letters blended, yet each was distinct. All he had seen in the book, all he again saw in his vision.

Dream most glorious. D. M. G.—G. M. D.—Again he rang the changes; backward, forward, every way. Gold Medal Deserved. M. G. D.—Misery's Great Dellvere—till time would fail to tell them all. P. P. stood for Perfect Peace Promised for sufferers, and sweet release from Prostrating Purgatorial Pains. And again F. P. was Freedom Promised, and backward, F. it became Pain Fiees. Now he could get well, and once well, he would be a missionary, a Glad Missionary Devoted to the work of telling others how they might get deliverance. He went through the list of diseases among those of his own acquaintance, from John Robinson, whose torpid liver gave him constant headache and severe billious attacks, on through the list of tho

"A vision, less beguiling far, Than waking dreams by daylight are."

"A vision, less beguiling far,
Than waking dreams by daylight are."

Can anything be more delightful than health after sickness? To be a well man, to feel pure blood coursing through your veins, to know that lungs, liver, kidneys, and all the Grand Machinery, Does its duty perfectly in one's body; to carry health's ruddy mark on the cheeks. Ah, this is Good Most Decidedly. This was our hero's case, and thousands can tell the same story. The good angel has come to them. They have seen the letters Gleam Most Distinctly before their eyes, and Going Most Definitely to work in pursuing the instructions given, they have recovered that great blessing—Health. G. M. D. has been to them a channel of good, Good Mysteriously Done, and they have bid their sick friends do what all the sick should do, namely, put themselves in communication with the W. D. M. A., Which Done Most Assuredly will put them in the Way Desired Most Anxiously.

A las, that human nature is so slow to believe—a las, that men and women are bowed down with the burden of complaints of which they might be rid—consumption, bronchitls, dyspepsia, heart disease, kidney disease, malarial complaints, scrofulous diseases, skin diseases, tumors, ulcers, and many more. It would seem as though some ill deity had given every letter of the alphabet as many diseases as it could possibly desire, thus forming an alphabet of sorrow, suffering and woe. Happy they who, the Great Mystery Discerning, have escaped the clutches of sad diseases.

Loking back upon his past experience, Mr. Jones feels Grateful Most Decidedly, and continues telling the old story of his sickness, his vision and his restoration to health; for all the sick are not well yet. But he has lad the pleasure of seeing, as he says, Good Mraeulously Done to hundreds upon his personal recommendation.

Dear reader, bear with us awhile if light has not yet dawned on your mind. The mystery will soon be revealed. It the key be not on your right hand it is at least on your left, in letters clear as a daylight. A Go

useful one.

Thitals of words that stand for all that is sorrowful and sad, letters, the self-same letters, are often initials of words that breathe of hope and benedictive. benediction.

Search but a while and you will find the boon,
the blessing and the benefit. The mystery of
the three P's, of the F. P., of the G. M. D. and of

the W. D. M. A., Will Dawn Most Auspiciously

the W. D. M. A., Will Dawn Most Auspiciously upon you.

Columbus discovered America and won high honer and immortal fame, and they who have earned the secrets of the wonder before your eyes; good reader, Give Most Delightful testimonials of their gratitude.

Of all sad words of tongue and pen, the saddest are these—it might have been—so sayeth the poet. When we think of the myriads that might have been saved from unimely graves had they seen Mr. Jones' vision and sought his way to health, we feel sad. Yet we cannot but rejoice at the Great Many Delivered from death's door by G. M. D., and that Pain's Positive Persecution has been escaped again and again by P. P. P. Virtues unnumbered serve to make G. M. D. the Greatest Mercy Deigned by favoring providences for the relief of sufferers, and its discoverer teels P. P. P.—Perfectly Pardonable Pride in telling of the Growing Multitude Delivered from the Grasp Most Dreadful of Greedy Mournful Death.

Every sick person is interested in the theme

from the Grasp Most Dreadful of Greedy Mournful Death.

Every sick person is interested in the theme before us, and every well person, too, for who does not know some one who is sick and needs, therefore, the good news of health that is Given Many Dulty.

Peaseter, mystified reader, we will detain you no longer. Perhaps you have Guessed Most Defily the hidden meaning. P. P. P., you know, stands for Pleasant Purgative Pellets, curing constipation, torpidity of the liver, headache and many other complaints. F. P., of course, is Dr. Plevce's Favorite Prescription, that has proved such a P. F., Prime Favorite and Precious Friend to ladies; safe, easy to take, working like a charm—curing the peculiar weaknesses incident to their sex. The letters W. D. M. A. stand for the World's Dispensary Medical Association, at Bufallo, N. X., with its imposing structures, its army of medical men, specialists all of them, and its president, Dr. R. V. Plerce (the large and central P. of Mr. Jones second vision), all at the service of the sick and suffering, everywhere; while G. M. D. is Golden Medical Discovery, the boon of the diseased. This wonderful medicine cures all humors, from the worst scrofula to a common blotch, pimple, or cruption. Erysipelas, salt-rheum, fever-sore, scaly or rough skin, in short, all dis-

ery has no equal, as it effects perfect and radical cures.

You will do well if afflicted with any chronic disease to write to the Association for advice, describing your malady as well as you can. Many cases are successfully treated through correspondence, and no fees are charged for consultation. For one dollar and a half you can scure a copy of the "People's Common Sense Medical Adviser." sent post-paid to your address. Its purchase will repay you. In this is Given More Desirable information than you can find in any other work of a similar nature.

LOVE FOR LIFE.

Why Alexander Stephens Did Not Marry-Louisville Courier-Journal.]
In one of the enrly years of the '40s, Mr. Stephens, then a young man, paid a visit to the home of Mr. Darden, in Warren county. There he met a flaxen-haired, blue-eyed girl of 16, beautiful in race and lovely in character; piquant, witty and gifted with a mind rarely cultivated. An attachment grew up, which for years did not pass the formal bounds of friendship, but which was secretly cherished by both. The boy-lover

was poor in this world's goods; fragile in frame and harassed by sickness, he did not dare to aspire to the hand of one whom he had learned to love, yet forebore to claim. With womanly devotion the young girl read the secret in the young man's eyes, and true to her heart she could only—wait and love. One evening in 1849 a party was given at the residence of Mr. Little, in Crawfordville. There the two met once more; there they enjoyed that sweet communion born of perfect trust; and there Mr. Stephens found courage to speak the words which for years had fought for expression, until at last he could no longer contain them.

"Are you sure that there lives none other whom you prefer to me?" asked the maiden timidly, half-shrinkingly, yet only too happy to feel that she was favored in his eyes.

"In the whole universe there exists not another," Thus hely truth was plephed, the day was see

she was favored in his eyes.

"In the whole universe there exists not another," said he, passionately.

Thus their troth was plighted; the day was set for their marriage, and all scemed auspicious for the lovers. But clouds lowered o'er their hopes; matters of a private nature which it is not within the domain of the public to know intervened and deferred the fruition of their hopes. The one became immersed in politics, and racked with physical ills, hesitated to enter a state where he feared the happiness of the other might be marred. The lady found her duty by the side of an invalid mother, who long lingered with a confining disease. Thus the years flew by; but the plighted troth was kept. Mr. Stephens never addressed another, and ever kept the image of the fair young girl in his heart. The lady was the recipient of admiration from many, but to all she turned a deaf eas.

turned a dear ear.

They have often met since, and while the idea of marriage was abandoned, they felt a sweet pleasure in each other's society. But two weeks ago the lady was at the mansion and on taking leave. turned a deaf ear.

Remarkable Adventures of Five Explorers

-Their Narrow Escape from Death. (Mitchell (Ind.) Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.) The people of Orange county, ten miles south of this place, were startled last Saturday by the terrible news passing from house to house that William H. Burton and Ferd Young were drowned in a cave half a mile under ground, and a general rush through torrents of rain and hail was made to the scene by their friends to rescue, if possible, the dead bodies. It seems that a party, consisting of W. H. Burton, Ferd Young, George Efrod, John Elrod, Ell Burton, John Burton, James Harris, Henry Harris, and Harvey Hart, conceived the idea of valuable mineral wealth is the Black cave in Orange county, and had met there on Saturday last and started on an exploring tour in search of the coveted wealth. The entrance to the cave is situated in a basin that drains a large body of land, and after they had gone in a distance of half a mile a heavy rain set in which continued all day, causing a fearful inflowing current of ice-water upon them. All made their way out except the two first named, who were some distance in advance, and were, supposed to have been drowned beyond the possibility of a doubt. After six hours of suspense, however, they made their way to the surface almost exhausted and tattered in apparel, having waded at times in ice water five feet deep and as dark as a stack of black cats, the water having extinguished their lamp-lights, and all they had to guide them being to keep their faces to the current. Within a quarter of a mile of the mouth of the cave is a narrow and rugged passage of about twelve feet, with only room for one man to pass at a time; and here they tried in vain time and again before making the ascension. Finally Burton got through by the assistance of Young pushing at his feet, and then Young struggled for an hour, with the assistance of Burton pulling at his hands; becoming exhausted, and losing all feeling in his limbs, he gave up, bade his companion farewell, and told him to find his way out if possible. But Burton, loth to leave his friend, sat down to rest himself, and the rising water pressed Young higher and higher, until at last, by clinging to the rocks, he was again in the grasp of Burton, who pulled him safely through. Thus ended one of the most remarkable adventures i in a cave half a mile under ground, and a general rush through torrents of rain and hall

An English Beauty's Mishaps as a Milki maid.

Lady Haggerstone, a noted beauty, determined to capture the Prince of Wales on one of his visits to Brighton. She got up a little fete champeter for to Brighton. She got up a little rete champeter for his highness, and to show off her charms to the best advantage she assumed the character of a milkmaid. A diminutive farm-yard was improvised, in which were three real Alderney cows. When the prince and his suite had arrived the hostess came forward through a wicket gate, dressed as a jaunty milkmaid, with a silver pail in one hand and an ornamental stool in the other. She tripped along as nimbly as a squirrel, her milking hat gracefully perched on one side of her head, with ribbons fluttering in the winds. As she passed the prince she dropped a most bewitching courtesy and skipped on, her short gown being tucked up to show her neat and well-rounded ankle to best advantage. Dropping her stool beside one of the demure little Alderneys she sat down to complete the romantic task, but the animal, not liking her touch, manifesting its displeasure by a series of wicked kicks, which sent the little lady sprawling on the ground, and trotted off with a much-injured look. Lady Haggerstone arose, covered with confusion, and retreated to her chamber, from whence she did not emerge until the royal party had taken their departure. his highness, and to show off her charms to the

In neuralgia Compound Oxygen has been found to act almost like magic. Send to Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 Girard street. Philadelphia, for their Treatise on Compound Oxygen, and learn what remarkable things are being done for this class of sufferers. It will be mailed free.

ments in this paper, please do us the faver to mention that you saw the same in THE Some Reflections on "the Great American Play" and Its Central Figure.

Dr. Dix of Trinity an Inspired Dealer in Spiritual Bric-a-Brac.

The Tabernacle in Brooklyn. What a crowd! A deacon led me down close under the pulpit and placed me in a chair in the aisle, the only possible available seat, while my companions were distributed here and there by

the obliging verger as best he could. Looking up at this vast amphitheatre, I was overwhelmed at the magnitude and splendor of the place. In capacity, comfort, appearance, it ranks with the finest theatres in the world. And I cannot help bearing testimony to the good order, the intelligent and altogether fine presence of the people-younger people here than at Plymouth Church. In fact, I remember that a very broad spot down under Dr. Beecher's pulpit glistened

like a skating pond, so many bald heads.

This tabernacle is built of iron, stands on the ground floor with only one balcony, and has twelve immense double doors. So there is not any possible danger in case of fire, and as the building is iron there is nothing here to burn, except sinners. The people stood ten deep behind the last seat: they filled every aisle, clung to the bannisters, clambered up and sat familiarly on the bannisters, clambered up and sat familiarly on the edge of the platform right under the curious, good-natured little nose of the gifted and magnetic little man whom we all had come to see and hear. With the biggest and the best filled church on earth standing up to testify to his genius, his courage and industry, what need this man care what we scribes, or any one indeed, may say of him?

Four fine singers and a man with a silver cornet stood down under the narrow stage before the wonderful little preacher. The music was good. The good-natured audience was delighted. "We now make our offering to the Lord for His mercies," said the preacher, and we heard many a solid chink of coin as the numerous little boxes passed about.

Rev. Dr. Talmage.

A badly-dressed little man jumped up from his seat on the plain, narrow, empty platform, and, after reading a well-known text, admonishing us to take no care for the morrow, he began to talk and exercise up and down that long, narrow stage. He preached entirely without notes, had nothing like a pulpit, not even a stand before him, and seemed to require all the room there for himself The addience were interested from the first, and

kept the most profound attention all the time. But there came now and then a burst of applause from the quiet and orderly house. Suddenly, after a short but swift sermon, during Suddenly, after a short but swift sermon, during which all the stormy elements, all the passions, many kinds of flowers and trees, innumerable animals—indeed a perfect Noah's ark of animals—were passed before us, the little preacher stopped. He leaned, listened, with his right hand clutched out toward the upper end of Long Island, as if he heard the approach of some invidions mosquito. Then he suddenly rushed toward the other end of the platform, and again clutched with bony hand at the invisible enemy of Long Island. Then he sprang back to the centre of the platform, all the time talking a perfect flower garden. After fighting mosquitos here with both hands with all his might for a few seconds he suddenly crossed his lean arms on his breast and led off in final prayer.

final prayer.

I was told by a lady that Dr. Talmage was not at his best on this particular occasion, and I am disposed to believe her, for he looked worn and weary. His face is very pale and thin. He must be a man of singular sensibility. And yet I am told he bears with great good nature all the criticisms, comments and caricatures showered on him by this irreligious age. With all his eccentricities I would for his sincerity, his genius and his great, nch for his sincerity, his genius and his great,

The American Drama.

Keeping in view the iron pikes set up for the immolation of pirates' heads, I venture to note some reflections about the coming play.

reflections about the coming play.

The carpenter who now possesses the stage with his seenic effects is not the enemy of the playwright, as so many say; he is our auxiliary; and the scene painter, he is our brother. We need and must have them both when the great play is written. Let us only do our work as well as they do theirs and the public is ours.

As for this "great American play," some one of us will write it, and write it soon. And it will not only be the great play of America, but the great play of the age, the world. For out yonder in the middle of America, beyond where the stormy sea of tradition from Europe rolls over us, I think we have the new, strong and sufficient motive to fashion it from. The heroes of Homer shook their shields and

The heroes of Homer shook their shields and recited the deeds of their fathers and grandfathers, even back to the gods. All Greek tragedy is in the same strain. St. Paul found the Greeks great talkers. Civilization in its march west around the world has been faithful to the Greek drama. Words! words! words! But out yonder in the far West this is all changed. The American pure and simple does not talk. He acts. And this grand, silent, massive American is to be the central figure for the American, the entirely new play. Whether this dignity of soul is born of the sublimity about him, the eternal peaks of snow above him, the vast trangullity of the plain below, I do not say. But I do say that this grand, unspeaking, acting man exists—a new man, a

Greeks great talkers. Civilization in its march west around the world has been faithful to the Greek drama. Words! words! words! But out yonder in the far West this is all changed. The American pure and simple does not talk. He acts. And this grand, silent, massive American is to be the central figure for the American, the entirely new play. Whether this dignity of soul is born of the sublimity about him, the eternal peaks of snow above him, the vast tranquility of the plain below, I do not say. But I do say that this grand, unspeaking, acting man exists—a new man, a silent man in a noisy world.

And I should say he is peculiarly the growth of the land. For who ever saw an Indian whom wrong or pain or pity could move to words or to tears? What man has ever heard an Indian baby cry? I took General Grant twenty years to learn to talk after he left us in the far West. He used but two words in all the grand drama of the seizure of Vicksburg. "Unconditional surrender!" I admit that along the Atlantic seabank there seems a noisy brood, abroad, too, and in Congress, for the old Bible fool, known by his "multitude of words," is alike in all lands. And the fool has his uses, even in the drama. But this silent man, with his silent woman at his side, this man of action and not of words, from Middle America, as the central figure, is to mark and distinguish, the neworld play from the old.

I have had a glimpse of my silent man in Joe Jefferson; only for a moment, however, for a drughen Keitkelender.

words, from Middle America, as the central figure, is to mark and distinguish the new world play from the old.

I have had a glimpse of my silent man in Joe Jefferson; only for a moment, however, for a drunken Knickerbocker is very remote from the hero I have in mind. But surely Jefferson has met and observed my silent man in the farthest West. Davy Crockett, however, in more than one sense discovers this character almost entirely. Yet this may be accounted for by the fact that Mayo, the most studious of men, spent his youth on the Pacific, where he must have met and understood this silent man of deeds. There is a little scene at the well; the old mother comes to draw water. Davy drops everything, tenderly takes the bucket, draws, fills it; bears it away for his mother without letting the frail, trembling old hand touch it, and hands it through the door after her. I do not remember that one word is spoken here. But I do know that more tears have been shed over that one silent and really insignificant scene than would fill that bucket. Oh, the tender manhood that is in it!

Another quaint bit from the West, which stands out like a star to me, is found in "My Partner." Gentle old Joe Saunders is going to divide the gold and go away, for there is bitter trouble. He digs up the gold from the hearth and pours it out on the table, where his silent partner sits with bowed face. He divides the gold with his knife. "Is that about right, pardner?"

"Yes, yes," answers the other, still looking away, And then Joe, and all the time without a word being spoken, pushes over more gold to his partner's heap. Seeing he is not observed, he cautiously slips over another nugget. Then he picks out at last the largest of his little heap, and, unseen, adds

being spoken, pushes over more gold to his partner's heap. Seeing he is not observed, he cautiously slips over another nugget. Then he picks out at last the largest of his little heap, and, unseen, adds it to his successful rival's fortune. What a profanity words would be at such a time!

At West Point you read on a little monument that a portion of our army, being ambushed, in one of our Indian wars, that every man stood his ground, fighting till only three survived, when help came. Grand! Immortal! But what moved me and seems most truly American is the fact, as told me by a survivor, that not one word of command was given after the first order. Every officer shently drew his sword, became a common soldier and so fought on to the end. There was no need of command; only the low prayer of the dying; the message to the loved ones at home, and all day the deadly fight went on. That is America, that is American character emptied of the froth of Fourth of July and foreign tradition. And that is the germ of the great American play.

Years ago I crossed over the Sierras into the new mines of Nevada, then a part of California. I found an old friend standing at the mouth of his mine shouting out his commands in monosyllables down the shaft. New cities gleamed below; mines opened above; progress thundered through the land. "What are you doing here?" I cried. He took in the horizon under his hat; bit off the end of his cigar; looked at the new cities below; the tremendous mining engines all about the tunnels plercing the mountains above, but did not speak. "Why, what on earth are you all doing over here in Nevada?" I again shouted. "World building!" And that was all that this silent man, now a United States senator, answered. It was enough. He made that word then and there I think. He coined it as from his new silver.

St. Ignatius is the highest of the so-called "high churches" and yet is the most modest place in its appointments and outer appearance of all the aplended churches on Manhattan Island. The edifice fronts on the square where the World's fair was held long ago, and, I think, is not half so well known as it ought to be and will be ere long; for its priest, as he pleases to call himself, is certainly she most eloquent man, in the loftiest and

purely poetical sense, in any pulpit. Popular, in a common sense, he is not, and perhaps he never will be; possibly, even most probably, he Joes not desire to be; but great, even grand, he certainly is. And his eloquence and his grandeur is, after a fashion, entirely his own, even as Dr. Talmage, Dr. Deems and Dr. Beecher have fashioned for themselves walks and ways entirely their own. Each in his way is great. One gives us a merry picnic under the trees in May, with fruit and flowers, rain and sunshine, all jumbled and tossed in together; another sets our feet solidly down on the level earth and gives us bread instead of blossoms; a third, in a ponderous and big-brained fashion, charms us by the splendid audacity with which he destroys every tradition of the church. But this tail, gray-headed and most handsome of all preachers—Dr. Ewer—takes threads of gold and silver, and ties together with loving hands everything of the old that is beautiful and good and true—a sort of inspired dealer in spiritual brica-brac.

Rev. Dr. Dix of Trinity Church. This eminent clergyman, at the head of the wealthiest Protestant church in America, is just now being pounced upon and clawed by every old tabby eat in town for having bravely done his duty in pointing out folly, shame and sin.

Put Dr. Dix high up on the catalogue of great and good men. Other clergymen, as a rule, are content to be flattered aud fawned upon by women, and so wink at their sins, and even share them. But here is a man with almost boundless power, vast wealth, name—all that earth can give, in his palm. Yet he throws these down and takes up duty, and like a prophet of old tells the foolish and fashionable people of this great city of their sins. I take it as indisputable testimony that the fast, rich and idle folk here are just about as I pictured them in a former sketch. Else this modest and unassuming gentleman had not felt bound to say what he has said. Some of the press, I see, stand stoutly by him. But, as a rule, he is being insulted for his heroism. Yet he will win in the end, of course, without the aid of any one; for he is entirely in the right. My own conviction is that the fashionable women of New York, outside of the cure, are fast going to the bad. tabby cat in town for having bravely done his duty

York, outside of the church, are fast going to the bad.

Yet I do not so much care what comes of this high-flying kite called fashion as I do for the tail of it. This tail, which is tacked on to, and follows after, and is often trailed in the mud, is made up of tens of thousands of beautiful and good girls fitted for better purposes. But, poor things, disdaining all brave endeavor in the battle of life for fear they might not be fashionable, they use every device but honesty, and follow on year after year, hoping at last to marry some man with money and be "fashionable." And when, at last, some one of them does succeed in selling herself for money, she is fitted only to dress, to paint and powder, to live a lie, to excite the emulation of others, and lead them to like prostitution of life. She does not love her husband. She loves only "fashion." She refuses to have children. They will interfere with the plans of "fashion." And so she lives her brief years, a hollow, heartless and painted lie, unloved and childless, idle and emptied of all God's purposes in her creation. poses in her creation.

Mothers of Germany. O, give me mothers; yea, great glad mothers, Proud mothers of dozens, indeed, twice ten; Fond mothers of mothers and mothers of men, Like old-time clusters of sisters and brothers. When grand Greeks lived like to gods, and whell Braye mothers of men. Strong-breasted and broad Brave mothers of men, strong-breasted and broad, Did exult in fulfilling the purpose of God. Yea, give me mothers, grand old-world mothers,
Who peopled strong, lusty, loved Germany,
Till she pushed the Frank from the Rhine to the Sea.
Yea, give me mothers that love and none others;
Blessed, beautified mothers of men for me.
For they, they do love in the brave old way,
And for this, all honor for age and a day.

But mothers of Fashion! Oh, white, cursed mothers!
Yea, cursed as the Christ cursed the barren fig-tree,
With your one sickly branch where a dozen should be;
Ye are Cyprians of folly to Satan's own brothers,
Withered and barren and piteous to see.
Ye are dried-up peppers in a dried-up pod,
Ye are hated of men and abhorred of God.

New York, March 15, 1883.

YANKEE NOTIONS.

A Rhode Island girl of 16 recently married a

A New London barber has a razor which he believes to be 200 years old.

Mrs. Ruth Cummings of Greenwood, Me., whose age is 95 years, recently had four new teeth.

In a distance of about 100 rods on one street in Montpelier, Vt., there are now living fifteen widows. widows. Lucius W. Pond is now working for day wages in the machine shop of a former employe at Worcester.

Woreester.

One minister apparently doesn't like to work in Springfield. He told his congregation Sunday that he was tired of being a headstone in a cemetery.

A Vermont youth at his mother's funeral said to the neighbors: "Me and father are obliged to you all and hope soon to be able to do as much for you." A young man of Moodus, Me., who recently went West, writes home to his uncle to please send him \$1000 with which to marry a wealthy young lady

Last week Samuel Goodwin and wife of Hart-ford celebrated their golden wedding, and there has been no death in the family during the fifty years.

One hundred and fifty persons are living in one tenement block in Fall River. The families are mostly Irish and French, and are remarkably

The city marshal of Fall River told his police force that it was not consistent for an officer who had taken two drinks to lug to the station a prisoner who had taken four. A North Andover man boasts that he has a cat which sleeps on a cow's back. Now if he only had a cow which sleeps on a cat's back he would have something really wonderful.

How to GET SICK .- Expose yourself day and night, eat too much without exercise, work too hard without rest, doctor all the time, take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want How To GET WELL,—Which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters.

TO OUR READERS.

When you answer any of the advertiseto mention that you saw the same in THE BOSTON WEEKLY GLOBE.



Health Corset

Is increasing in popularity every day, as ladies find it the most comfortable and perfect fitting Corset ever worn. Merchants say it gives the best satisfaction of any corset they ever sold. For sale by all leading dealers. Warranted satisfactory or money refunded.

Price by mail \$1.50.

FOY, HARMON & CO., New Haven, Conn. ThM3modwy3m 115 WATCH CASES

Economy | Strength | Durability | ELEGANT DESIGNS |

GUARANTEED for 20 Years |

mh20ap3ap17my1my15 100 SONCS Given to Everyone who will send 19c. for 3 months' subscription to the Fireside Journal, Middleboro, Mass.

CHECKERS.

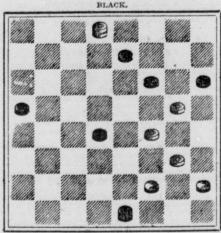
CHARLES F. BARKER.....EDITOR

Boston. March 20, 1883.
All communications for this department must be addressed to Charles F. Barker, No. 8 Houghton street, Cambridgeport, Mass.

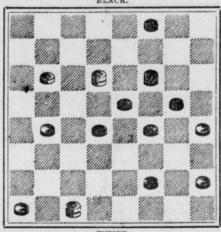
Chess and checker players' headquarters, No. 15

Now Ready, "Barker's American Checker-Player." comprising twenty-two openings, with 534 variations of the best analyzed play, together with thirty-five criti-cal positions, twenty-two of which have been contributed to this work by the celebrated composers, Messrs. Wardwell and Lyman, containing in all 179 pages, by Charles F. Barker, author of the 'World's Checker Book," etc. It is handsomely bound in cloth. Price, 75 cents (in silver, currency or American postage-stamps), post-paid. All orders promptly attended to. Address Charles F. Barker, No. 8 Houghton street, Cambridgeport, Mass.

BY WILLIAM WHITTAKER.



WHITE White to move and black to win. Position No. 1113. BY J. H. HARRISON.



WHITE. Black to move and draw.

Came No. 1555-Bristol. Played recently at the New England chess and checker rooms, between Mr. G. D. Bugbee and a

Came No. 1556-Glasgow. The following two games were played in the natch for \$50, between Mr. H. Z. Wright and Mr. John Busby. Busby's move. by's move.

4. 8 18..11
30..26 16..20
8..11 17..10
26..23 6..24
11..16 23..19
32..27 9..13
5..9 29..25
22..18 24..28
10..15-1 19..16 2..11 27..24 20..27 31.. 8 Drawn.

In a subsequent game Mr. Busby varied here with-9..13 18.. 9 13..22 27..24 2.. 6 3.. 7 6..13 11.. 7 14..17

Aame No. 1557-Old Fourts

ed at the New England Checker Rooms beMessrs. G. H. Powell and G. D. Bugbee.

5 1.. 6 26..30 3..10 9..13

49 22..17 19..15 8..3 15..19

11 18..22 30..26 26..30 26..31

17 25..18 15...8 3... 7 20..16

8 15...22 26...22 10...14 31...26

1.3 23..18 32..28 7..10 18...27

1.18 14...23 22..15 14...17 13...1

1.20 27...18 24...19 10...14 29...7

1.15 9...13 15...24 17...22 30...

8...24 17...14 28...19 6...1 23...

8...24 17...14 28...19 6...1 23...

8...21 10...17 13...17 22...26 17...

26...23 21...14 19...15 1...6 19

9...14 6...10 17...22 26...31 12

31...26 30...25 15...10 6...10 17

6...9 10...17 22...26 31...26 Br

13...6 25...21 10. 6 14...18 y

2...9 22...26 7...10 5...9

26...22 21...14 14... 7 10...15

to work monings, has been surprised to receive through a lawyer a bill for tweive rides at twenty-live cents each.

The Lewiston Journal tells of a milkman who "brings a load of milk to the city in the morning, and carries home a load of water at noon." This is very singular; if his customers carried home the water no one would wonder.

A family by the name of Andrews, consisting of four persons, residing at Parsonfield, Me., were all bitten by a mad dog of the hound species about a year ago. Recently the elder of the family was selzed with hydrophobia and died.

David W. Clark of Old Saybrook, Conn., has a tuchsia which has bloomed both winter and summer for the past four years continuously, is eight feet high and covers a space of six feet in width and has 140 open blossoms and a large number of buds upon it.

List of aged garments worn by lady at a Burnington (Vt.) sociable: Bonnet 36 years old, cap. 55, conlar and undersleeves 36, belt and silde 46, dress 39, skirt 59, stockings 58, boots 20, fan 42, bag tied netting work by a lady aged to 11. 16. 27. 11. 8. 11. 18. 15. 15. 24. 25. 22. 11. 15. 10. 16. 27. 12. 20. fan 42, bag tied netting work by a lady aged to 11. 16. 27. 11. 8. 11. 18. 15. 15. 24. 25. 22. 11. 15. 10. 16. 27. 12. 26. 21. 17. 21. 25. 9. 18. 19. 26. 21. 17. 22. 28. 29. 25. 15. 24. 30. 26. 5. 9. 11. 16. 27. 11. 8. 11. 18. 15. 24. 27. 22. 21. 18. 11. 22. 17. 4. 18. 22. 18. 25. 22. 11. 16. 20. 19. 20. 7. 11. 15. 19. 16. 29. 20. fan 42, bag tied netting work by a lady aged to 11. 16. 27. 11. 8. 11. 18. 15. 15. 24. 25. 22. 11. 15. 10. 16. 27. 11. 8. 11. 18. 15. 15. 24. 25. 22. 11. 15. 10. 16. 27. 12. 26. 31. 19. 16. 19. 19. 19. 16. 19. 16. 19. 16. 19. 16. 19. 16. 19. 16. 19. 16. 19. 19. 16. 19. 16. 19. 16. 19. 16. 19. 16. 19. 16. 19. 16. 19. 16. 19. 16. 19. 16. 19. 16. 19. 16. 19. 16. 19. 16. 19. 16. 19. 16. tween Messrs. G. D. Bugbee and G. H. Powell.

Solution of Position No. 1111. END GAME BY ISAIAH BARKER. 26..23 8..11-1 23..19 18..14 22..8 19..26 21..17 21..25 9..18 Drawn, 30..23 14..21

FAIRHAVEN, Conn., March 6.

FARHAVEN, Conn., March 6.

Checker Editor of the Globe:

DEAR SIR—Mr. Feidler, in his supposed correction of game No. 1542, variation five, leaves the position with black on 5, 11, 12, 19, 20, white on 14, 22, 27, 28, 29, king on 6, white to move, claiming a draw and sustaining his play in game No. 1536. But let him continue play by moving 6..10, 11..16, 27..24, 20..27, 10..15, 19..23, 15..19, 23..26, 19..23, and I think he will find the draw hopeless.

Respectfully yours. K. PRICE.

GREENFORD, O., March 9, 1883. Checker Editor of the Globe:

DEAR SIR—In game No. 1548, Glasgow, at twenty-seventh move, instead of 1..6 move 15..18, 22..15, 1..6—B. wins. 'At twenty-ninth move, for 5..9 move 15..18, 22..15, 2..7—B. wins. Yours. THEO. W. KIMLEY.

ATHENS, N. Y., March 10.

Checker Editor of the Globe: DEAR SIR—Game No. 1549, "Laird and Lady," at fortieth move, 26...22, go—
18..15 21...25 26...22 12..16 18...15
11..27 20..11 30...26 19...12 10...14
32...23 25...30 22...18 26...19 15...10 18..15 21..25 26..22 12..16 18..15
11..27 20..11 30..26 19..12 10..14
32..23 25..30 22..18 26..19 15..10

Game No. 1458, between J. Fussell and J.
Wyllie, at twenty-eighth move, 31..26, go—
16..11 18..17 19..12 31..13 25..18
7..16 20..4 10..26 18..22 14..32
24..20 12..16 W. wins.
Yours truly. H. T. VAN LOON.

Checker News. A match is talked of between Dr. Schafer of New York City and Mr. M. C. Priest of Philadel-

Mr. Wyllie played at Williamsport, Penn., re-cently, winning 113, losing 2, and 12 games were drawn.

drawn.

Mr. G, Simonson, who ranked at one time among the strongest checker players of New York, now ranks as one of the strongest players of the Manhattan Chess Club.

DRAUGHTS IN LEVEN.—Mr. R. Martins, the world-renowned draught-player, revisited Leven this week and gave the local experts an opportuity of testing their skill at their favorite amusement. Twenty-five games in all were played, of which

number Mr. Martins won 17, lost none, and drew 8. Of these latter Mr. C. Adamson secured 3 out of four, Mr. J. M'Farlaine 1 out of 2, Mr. Peter Dodds 1 out of 2, and Mr. George Izatt the single game he played. At the conclusion of the play Mr. Martins gave a very pleasing exhibition of his ability both as a vocalist and a musician.—
[Glasgow Herald, February 24.

The Blade operior. "The very idea of even com-

of his ability both as a vecalist and a musician.—
[Glasgow Herald, February 24.

The Blade queries: "The very idea of even comparing George Dick with Charles F. Barker is absurd, Where is his record!" It should "read the papers" and keep posted.—[Turf.

We do not profess to be the owner of "one of largest libraries" in the world, so of course we cannot trace Dick's record back to the time when his uncle or some other near relative taught him to manipulate the pieces. But, suppose we take the Turf for authority, what shall we find? It tells us that Dick visited Arnot, Penn., March 5, 1881, and played blingfold, winning 3 games and losing 3 games. At the same time J. Adam beat Dick 1 to 0 and 3 drawn. A few weeks later the Turf named players in the vicinity of McIntyre that could make it warm for Dick "with both eyes open." The next sitting between Messrs. Adam and Dick resulted in favor of Dick. But will the Turf kindly inform us how many weeks it would take Mr. Adam to win a game from C. F. Barker when the latter is doing his best? The next we hear of Mr. Dick, he visited New York and beat Messrs. Coakley, McEntee and Bain, but, according to the Turf, these gentlemen did not know who their opponent was until play was over. A very good way to play for a score. If the Turf can produce a great record for Mr. Dick, by all means publish it. Until we see that record, we shall class Mr. Dick below Messrs. Reed, Priest and others who rank second to Wyllie, Barker, Yates and Martins.—[Yankee Blade.

THE GRIST MILL.

EDITED BY "COMUS."

Send all communications for this department to W. H. Todd, 26 Lincoln's reet. East Somerville, Mass. Contributions and solutions solicited from

Solutions to the Crist Mill-No. 8. No. 1274.

MARTINMAS.

No. 1275.

OBEAH

BUDGE

EDGES

AGENT

HRSTN

No. 1278.

MAGOT

SUBAH

MONAS

EGRET

SETON

No. 1279.

No. 1322-Numerical Whole of 6 letters is to stroll.

My 1, 3, 5, is to haul;

My 4, 2 is the negative;

My 1, 2, 4, 6, is single.

Andover, N. H. U. GUESS.

No. 1323-Rhomboid. No. 1323—Rhomboid.

Across—1. A planet; 2. A bone of the foot; 3. A piece of ancient money; 4. A vessel; 5. An astronomical period.

Down—1. A letter; 2. A note in music; 3. To transport for a crime; 4. A genus of trees; 5. Removes; 6. A plant; 7. A pronoun; 8. A prefix; 9. A letter.

Boston, Mass.

REENE.

No. 1324-Ceographical Diamond.

1. In "United States"; 2. One of the Cape Verde Islands; 3. A town of New Jersey; 4. An island of Greece; 5. A lake of Switzerland; 6. A river of China; 7. In "United States."

Newark, N. J.

WILL A. METTE.

No. 1325-Word Syncopations.

(To "Uncle Will.")

1. Remove a measure from a combination of neilic or mellitic acid, and leave a companion.

2. Misfortune, from a wing or bracelet worn by persons in Africa, and leave a hair covering.

3. A snare, from attractive, and leave the operations of natural causes. ons of natural causes.
4. A money-drawer, from a dance, and leave an animal.
5. To furrow, from abridged, and leave a musical

6. To change, from cheating, and leave to throw.
Upper Gloucester, Me. CYRIL DEANE. No. 1326-Square.

1. An animal in one of its inferior stages of development: 2. Oxygen in a condensed state; 3. A river of European Russia; 4. Silly; 5. Marks.

East Boston, Mass.

MABEL.

No. 1327-Diamond. 1. Alletter; 2. To put in order (Prov. Eng.); 3. Limits; 4. Certain parts of the eye; 5. Small withdrawing rooms; 6. Divests of clothing (rare); 7. A nutritious substance prepared from the roots of the orchis mascula; 8. Society of Antiquaries (abbre.); 9. A letter.

Newark, N. J.

LANCELOT.

No. 1328-Charade. (To "Blackbird.") O that I had the ready pen Of Burns, or Gray, or Moore, To song-combat I'd challenge Elenn, Whose works entrance, I'm sure.

Had I the geometric skill
Of Humphrey or of Watts,
I'd lay mighty "Jarep" low,
And out of him knock spots.

Or had I Tiffany's whole stock.
To study and compare,
I'd give the "General" a fall,
A heavy one, I'll swear. Or, if I could invent a clock To stop the course of time,
I'd break "Ned Hazel's" Hour-Glass,
If 'twould not be a crime.

Murillo's pencil I would seek A "Rebus" to produce, That would upset bold "Cigarette" And make him feel quite loose. But Campbell's tongue of ruddy fire
Or Byron's mighty brain.
Would not produce a flat, I ween,
In "Krook's" most happy vein.
Though first, just now. I'd second them aside.
And whole the crowd, in all their strength and

pride.
New York City. CHARLEY. SOLUTIONS AND PRIZE-WINNERS IN FOUR WEEKS.

Prizes.
The Weekly Globe six months for first complete The Weekly Globe three months for next best list. Accepted Crists.

MYRON A. EDDY—Cross word, two numericals, double acrostic and sexdecuple cross words. A. T. WISTER—Two numericals and charade. INEZ—Two charades and two numericals. IDLER—Two

charades and three diamonds. Prize-Winners.

1. Not won.

2. Eddie A. Wheeler, Rutland, Vt.
The following sent correct solutions to the
'Grist Mill" of February 20:
Eddie A. Wheeler, Trebor, Mabel, Globe, A.
Reader, Mrs. A. J. K., George W. Warren, Skeleton, Jennie May. Paola, James H. Smith, Carrots,
Marble Table, Gem, X.Y. Z., A New One and L. E.

M. A. EDDY—We can use all but the rebuses, GLOBE—List and grist received. Have answered your questions by letter.

You KNOW WHO—In your list of words you would take the first prize if mistakes was what counted, as your list contained only 1800 mistakes. Chaff.

We have the pleasure of giving our readers another "Word Hunt," and this time we have taken for our theme the utterly too too OSCAR WILDE.

Let us have a jolly good time cutting him to pieces. Who can form the largest number of words from the letters found in the name "Oscar Wilde?"

That the contract of giving the contract of the contract of the contract of giving the giving the contract of giving the giving tha

Wilde?"
That is the question. The following prizes will be given for the largest lists sent in before April 1, 1883:
1. The Russian Empire—historical and descriptive. Price, §2.
2. A novel neatly bound in cloth.
3. A novel neatly bound in cloth.
4. One year's subscription to THE WEEKLY GLOBE.

GLOBE.
5. Six months' subscription to THE WEEKLY ONDITIONS.

1 Only such words as are found in the body of 'Webster's Unabridged Dictionary' will be al-

lowed.
2. No letter can be used more than once in a

2. No letter can be used more than once in a word.
3. Abbreviations, biographical, geographical and proper names, prefixes, suffixes and plurals will be rejected.
4. All lists must be arranged in alphabetical order and written on one side of the paper only.
5. In case of a tie between two or more contestants, the one having the least number of mistakes will be given the choice.
6. All lists must contain a three-cent stamp or such list will not be counted.
7. All lists must be received on or before April 1, 1883.
Address all lists to W. H. Todd, 26 Lincoln street, East Somerville, Mass.

"Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy?"

"I assure you it is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitters; and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die!"

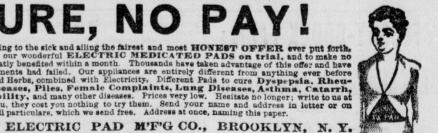
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[From Wm. Y. Bartlett, Postmaster for Twenty-five years at Belgrade, Me.]

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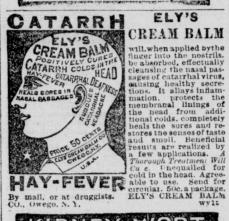
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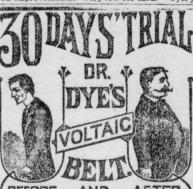
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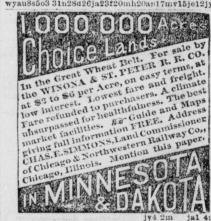
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